

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 768

AUG. 16, 1884

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

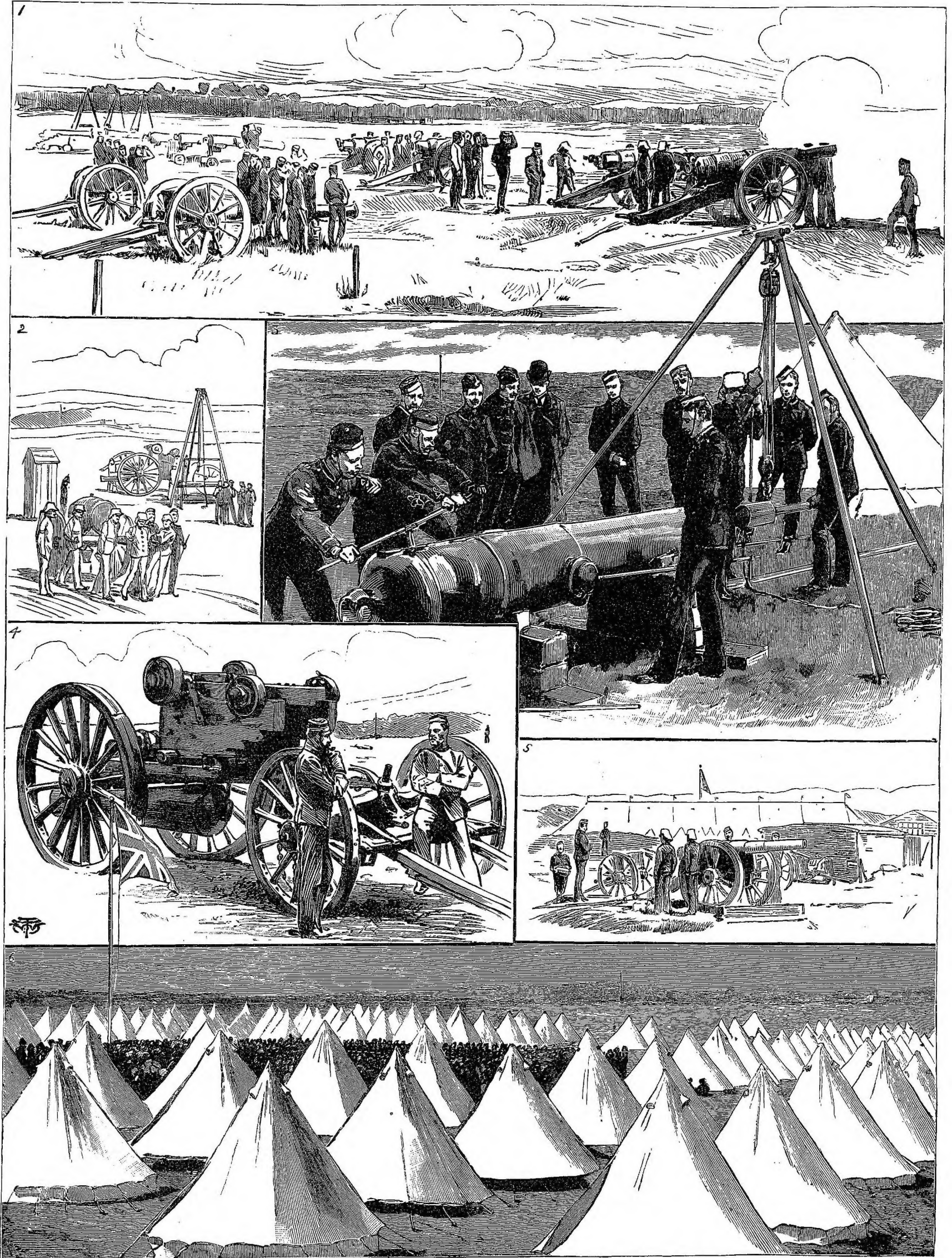
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1884

ENLARGED TO
TWO SHEETS

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1. Forty-Pounder Practice: "Direct Hit, Score 12."—2. Drill Parade: Gyn Drill and Sling Waggon.—3. Re-Venting 64-Pounder, M. L. R. Gun.—4. Sling Waggon —5. Forty-Pounder Practice: View from Range.—6. Church Parade.

THE CAMP OF THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION AT BARRY LINKS, FORFARSHIRE

Topics of the Week

PROROGATION.—If the Members of the House of Commons are glad to escape from Westminster, they may be assured that the public are equally rejoiced to be quit of their honourable representatives. Except for the Franchise Bill, skilfully pioneered by the Premier, but burked by the Lords, the Session has been barren and profitless. Floods of talk have been poured forth, but public legislation has been almost at a standstill. Whose fault is it? The Ministerialists accuse the Opposition of persistent and elaborate obstruction. The Irish Nationalist members undoubtedly occupy a vast deal of time in asking questions which are at once trivial and irritating. Mr. Gladstone himself, however, is probably the Arch-Obstructive of the House. Of course he does not mean to be so. But he takes everything so seriously. Where Lord Palmerston would have ended a matter with half-a-dozen jocular words, the Premier makes an elaborate oration half an hour long; and, as it is sure to contain matter provocative of retort, it brings Lord Randolph Churchill to his legs, and so a regular debate is initiated. Take up a file of one of our daily papers, and look back a month or six weeks. What poor, barren, ephemeral stuff, for the most part, these discussions seem! Yet this is the outcome of the business capacities, and the intelligence, and the eloquence of some six hundred and fifty gentlemen, who, at considerable trouble and expense, are selected to represent the will of the nation assembled in council. Some people are very eager about enlarging the electorate, and adding another two millions to its numbers. But will this reform render the future House of Commons less time-wasting and more business-like? Judging from foreign example, such a result is doubtful. The assembling of the House of Representatives in America, says a well-known authority of that nation, is regarded with undisguised anxiety, its dispersal is hailed with delight. Hard-working, quiet, and industrious Frenchmen take much the same view of the Chamber of Deputies. The truth seems to be that a Chamber consisting of several hundreds of persons, who are delegates rather than representatives, and who are elected by a wide suffrage, has neither the calmness nor the dignity required for legislative functions. A Council of five-and-twenty members nominated by the Crown, and clothed with the necessary powers, would accomplish more useful legislation in one Session than the House of Commons can effect in seven. And there is much legislation, especially of a non-partisan character, which is urgently needed.

THE BELGIAN SCHOOL WAR.—The Belgian Liberals having been well beaten at the June elections are, of course, clamouring for a dissolution. The cards being against them, they want a new deal. As certain English Liberal papers are accustomed to echo the declamations of Continental Radical journals as if English and foreign Liberals served the same cause, it may be as well to point out that the Belgian Opposition are contending for objects which would be utterly repugnant to fair-minded Englishmen. The point is simply this. Under the late Frère Orban Cabinet, an Education Bill was passed rendering primary instruction compulsory and free, so far as the children of the poor were concerned, but enacting also that there should be no religious teaching in the schools. The great majority of the Belgian poor, artisans or peasants (who, by the way, are not electors), objected to send their children to these schools; in fact, the proportion of parents who preferred schools where the teaching had a religious basis was as three-and-a-half to one. Nevertheless, the communes were rated and taxed for the maintenance of schools pleasing only to free-thinkers, and in many village communes the peasantry had actually to pay for erecting and endowing buildings which remained empty. This caused general dissatisfaction, and the Frère Orban Cabinet was thrown out. The Conservative Cabinet has now introduced a Bill remitting the control of communal schools entirely to the communes, but with this most liberal proviso that whenever twenty fathers of families shall differ from the majority in the Commune on the subject of education, a special school shall be opened for their children. Thus in Catholic communes twenty fathers might demand a school where no religion was taught, while in a freethinking district twenty Catholic fathers might claim a school with religious teaching. This seems fair enough, but the Liberals, throwing all their principles about local self-government to the winds, are now agitating for complete educational despotism on the part of the State. That is, they demand that in a country where the majority of the nation desire religious instruction, the teaching in the State schools shall be according to the views of the minority. They are not content that their own children shall be brought up by teachers "forbidden to talk of God;" they insist that religious people shall be compelled to subsidise anti-religious teaching. This development of Continental Liberalism is worth noting.

A THREATENED WATER FAMINE.—The recent hot and dry weather has seriously affected Father Thames. His volume is less than has been known for many years; in the

upper reaches the bed of the stream is clearly visible, while the purity of the water has deteriorated, as the low current stirs up impurities which otherwise would lie dormant. Thus we are told that, unless the weather changes, London may expect a water famine. This brings us once more to the much-discussed, but never amended, water-supply. Fifty per cent. of the water drunk by Londoners is drawn from the Upper Thames, whose purity, despite all the efforts of Conservators and Local Boards, is of a far from irreproachable standard. In rainy weather the flooded condition of the stream renders the water turbid and thick with impurities, while during a drought such as we are now experiencing the water becomes still more objectionable, and, in addition, threatens to yield an insufficient supply. Moreover, in view of a possible cholera epidemic, it is instructive to learn from previous records that this disease is wont to rage more or less virulently in proportion to the greater or less purity of the Thames and Lea water supply. That the Thames supply is impure as compared to that drawn by the New River from the wells of Hertfordshire and the Upper Lea and by the Kent and Colne Valley Companies from their chalk wells, is testified by the official reports. Various schemes have been broached during the past few years for bringing purer water to the metropolis, and numerous official inquiries have been held, but nothing has been done—nor indeed does there seem any prospect of a change. Meanwhile the population is increasing at an enormous rate, while the river, to say the least of it, is not improving in purity. It is clearly time that the matter should be taken seriously in hand, and that such an essential factor in the health and well-being of millions should not be left wholly to the mercies of private enterprise. The present Government are not renowned for their respect of vested interests, and, it is said, are addicted to measures of Radical reform. Is it too much then to suggest that they would do well to put some real pressure upon the water companies, and compel them to go, say to the chalk hills, or even to the Westmoreland lakes for their wares, in place of grubby Father Thames?

EGYPT.—As far as the land of the Pharaohs is concerned, the Session has begun and ended with a Mission. First, the Government sent out Gordon, an eccentric Christian hero; now they despatch Northbrook, the embodiment of Lombard Street. General Gordon's courage, and piety, and self-denying simplicity vastly took the popular fancy; but hitherto his journey cannot be called a success. The idea was that he could pacify the Soudan; but the Soudan remains unpacified, and Gordon—as far as we know—is virtually besieged in Khartoum, whither our Ministers are apparently about to send an expedition to rescue him. This expedition will assuredly cost life as well as money; and, if it is merely to be used to "rescue and retire," it would be better to leave Gordon to his own resources. Already, between the date of Gordon's departure and the present time, the sands of the Soudan have been stained with the blood of many victims who may be said to have died for no purpose whatever. The massacre of Hicks Pasha's Anglo-Egyptian force and of various Egyptian garrisons was followed by General Graham's hard-fought battles at Teb and Tamanieb. Yet, owing to the feebleness and vacillation of the British Government, the net result of these gallant actions is that we hold a wretched little scorching port called Suakim, where our soldiers are nightly "potted" by the followers of the Mahdi. Turning to Egypt Proper, everybody rejoices that the Conference has broken down; but, at the same time, it must not be forgotten that by merely summoning the Conference England has lost that independence of action which she might and ought to have assumed after the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir. The nations of the Continent now hold, not merely that they have the right, but that we have invited them to exercise the right, of meddling in the affairs of Egypt. Mr. Gladstone is mysterious about Lord Northbrook's mission; probably he does not himself know what he wants to do. The financial difficulty can only be solved in one of three ways. Either we must brave the wrath of the foreign bondholders by "cutting the coupon;" or we must go on squeezing the fellahs; or we must lend Egypt our credit. In the latter case we should, it is to be presumed, insist on managing the country for some years to come, and there can be little doubt that, if this policy were frankly announced, the Continental Powers would accept it as being in the long run the best for their interests; while Egypt itself might presently be placed on a level—as far as good administration is concerned—with an Indian Province.

MORE MARKETS.—Why there should be so much difficulty in creating new markets for London is hard to understand. There ought to be a large market in every parish, and more than one in the bigger parishes. Some day there will be, and people will marvel how we got on so long without these most necessary aids to victualling. The want of markets causes in two ways an enormous daily waste of food. Would-be purchasers, who cannot get what they want of their ordinary purveyors, are often deterred from going elsewhere because of the time it would take; and in this way much stock that might find buyers in a market remains unsold. Then small shopkeepers and the costermongers who supply the poor have seldom room in which to preserve perishable stock, which, for some reason or other, does not go off their hands fast, and the food has therefore to be destroyed. A wet Saturday, for instance, brings enormous loss to butchers, greengrocers, and fishmongers, because women of the poorer

classes do not care to go out on the tramp from shop to shop in the rain. They would go out if they could do their marketing in a covered building, with plenty of stalls offering a variety of choice. Paris has both a central market and district markets, which are a great boon to the poor; and Parliament will have to establish such places in London by compelling Vestries to move in the matter. There ought to be no local option about the creation of markets, for the Vestries being mostly under the control of tradesmen, who have a shortsighted idea that they would be losers by the institution of district markets, nothing will be done by the Vestries of free will. Markets should be recognised as parochial necessities—like paving, lighting, schools, and workhouses.

"DIVORÇONS."—In one of those amusing "matrimonial comedies" with which the French stage abounds, a husband and wife are anxiously awaiting the passing of the new law of divorce, in order to regain their freedom. But, by the time the measure comes into effect, they have made up their differences, and are once more a happy and united household. This has not, however, proved a true forecast of the actual state of affairs now that M. Naquet's long-pending Bill has become law, for some three thousand applications for the loosening of connubial bonds are at present before the Courts. On glancing over the new measure this, perhaps, is not astonishing. The French are prone to extremes, and from complete prohibition of divorce have now rendered it absurdly easy for ill-assorted couples to break the tie which hitherto has irremediably bound them together. Apart from such provisions that the wife of a condemned felon can claim a divorce as her right, and that habitual drunkenness or constant ill-usage are sufficient pleas for setting a consort aside, the Bill deals far more stringently with an erring husband than any divorce law on this side of the Atlantic. He must not even hurt his wife's feelings by unduly abusing his wife's relations. The ideal mother-in-law, therefore, will now be invested with new terrors. Moreover he will have to refund the invariable "dot," and is denied the privilege of trial by jury—for are not Gallic jurymen proverbially lenient, and prone to regard the sorrows of a "belle mère" with scanty sympathy? A more sweeping domestic reform has certainly never been introduced into any country. And then again, to think what a revolution will be caused in French literature and plays of the lighter kind! For the future the plots of all French novels will have to take place before 1884! To speak more seriously the new measure will probably have a salutary effect upon certain spheres of society in France which have been too apt to regard certain glaring evils with a lenient eye, simply because there has been no remedy for them. *Mariages de convenance* will not be so readily organised by parents now that one of an ill-assorted couple can so easily set himself or herself free, while the whole tone of French married life may be expected to attain a higher standard. One provision of the Bill we should like to see adopted in England. No details of divorce cases are to be published.

STREET WATERING.—This is one of "the things which they manage better in France." Here we are apt to have either a feast or a famine. On a Sunday, for example, when roads are left unwatered, the wayfarer may go forth, especially on a bright May day, with a boisterous east wind blowing, and come back a perfect "mask o' dust," as Sam Weller might say. Then on ordinary days we suffer from the other extreme. We don't know whether the fault lies with the water-cart men, or with the way in which their "hydrostatic" apparatus is constructed; any how they don't do their spiriting gently. The roadway is doused, so that people's shoes are soiled in crossing over, while the mixture of water with the horse-droppings, &c., makes the pavement dangerously slippery. On a rainy day nobody minds muddy boots, but on a scorching hot day, when one longs for a shower, it is especially annoying to go about with shoes and skirts bespattered with street-filth. Is it utterly impossible to substitute for the rudely-splashing water-cart that delightful man with the hose whom one meets with in such perfection in Paris? He always seems to be within an ace of dousing the passers-by, yet never sheds a drop on them. Let us have him over here next summer.

GERMAN ANTIPATHY TO ENGLAND.—There is no doubt that we are in evil odour in Germany, and that we have to thank Mr. Gladstone and his polychromatic policy in Egypt for it. Scarcely a week passes without some fresh grievance being discovered by the German Press against England, and made the text for urging Prince Bismarck to take steps to curb her overbearing pride and greed. Our latest offences have been the annexation by the Cape Government of the Wallfisch Bay district, and the alleged plundering of a German hawker smack by some British fishermen. To read the angry comments on the latter occurrence it would seem as though the North Sea fishing fleet were a piratical squadron with letters of marque from the British Admiralty, bearing instructions to ravage the high seas with a special eye to German merchantmen. This exaggerated tone is manifestly not unauthorised by the higher powers to whom Mr. Gladstone's European policy is gail and wormwood. Prince Bismarck is not likely to forget the refusal of his hint to England to cut the Egyptian Gordian Knot by simple annexation—an act which would have had

the desired effect of estranging France and England, while the tenderness shown to French susceptibilities would not be likely to allay any feeling of soreness which he might have on the subject. On the Continent the failure of the Conference is very generally attributed to the unfriendliness of Germany to England, and France is now speculating upon German help in checkmating British domination in Egypt. To all clear-sighted politicians it must be manifest that, while a close union with France may gratify our sentimental feelings, our real interests lie far more in the direction of an alliance with Germany, and the persistent scolding and ill-will of the German Press—of the inspired and the popular organs alike—cannot be looked upon without grave misgivings.

MATCHING STUFFS.—In a County Court case the other day, a lady who had ordered a new body to be made for a brown dress denied liability on the ground that the brown of the body did not match that of the skirt. She consequently returned the ill-assorted work. The puzzled judge thought that the browns did match; but scrupled to trust his own eyesight, and inquired of an expert how many shades of brown were known in the trade. The answer was: "About sixty; but we are always getting new shades." The rapid changes of fashion produce, indeed, so many new colours, that "matching" must be reckoned among the heaviest taxes laid nowadays upon the time and patience of ladies. To find towards the end of a season a piece of stuff that will match a dress bought a few months previously is often a work of insuperable difficulty, though it is utterly mystifying to spectators of the matching who happen to be colour-blind. As is well known to railway managers, who have to examine candidates for the post of signalman, colour-blindness, total or partial, is very common among men; but it seems to be much less so among ladies. A husband sitting resignedly at a counter whilst his wife is inspecting a box of "blues" will learn something about the sharpness of feminine eyesight, and his own horizon as regards "blues" will be so far enlarged that he will cease to use such out-of-date expressions as "sky blue" to particularise a shade. "Is it Italian sky or English, summer morning or sunset, April rain-washed or autumnal sun-streaked?" When a man has heard these interrogatories jump trippingly from the lips of an æsthetic shop-girl with a semi-disdainful eye, he will conclude that "matching" is one of those things which a gentleman had better not undertake to oblige a lady; and he will understand the remarks so often overheard at the Academy's Exhibition: "Nobody ever saw a sky that colour." Painters have sharp critics in milliners.

THE HOT WEATHER.—English people are more than usually talkative about the weather when it is either very hot or very cold. But, considering how interested they appear to be in the subject, they have rather short memories. They talk as if the tropical heat of the last few days was unprecedented. It must be admitted that since 1876 the English summers have been more or less unsettled and ungenial, but even during that interval in 1881 there was some very hot weather, though spoilt by a cold and weeping August. On July 5th, 1881, the thermometer reached 92 deg., and on July 15th 95 deg., the lowest maximum temperature in the shade during the week, from the 14th to the 20th, being 83 deg. In 1876 there was a "heated term," as the Americans call it, which extended from the middle of June to the middle of August with scarcely a break. During that summer the thermometer rose twenty-one times above 80 deg., and seven times above 90 deg., in the shade. But 1868 was still more phenomenal; there was a drought which lasted sixteen weeks, there were a hundred and seven days of thorough-going summer weather, and the heat began early and ended late. On May 19 the thermometer rose to 87 deg., and on September 7 to 92 deg. All these figures are taken from official records. That was the memorable summer which first shook the supremacy of the tall silk hat. Since that epoch many men venture to come down to their chambers and counting-houses in all kinds of head-gear, and reserve the "stove-pipe" for formal calls, and such other occasions as imply "go-to-meeting" garments.

MUSICAL TYRANNY.—The good citizens of Berlin are petitioning their Municipal fathers to limit the hours of pianoforte practice in their city—so great a nuisance has become the strumming of instruments by the budding Liszts and Bülows of the German capital. We English, with our dislike to grandmotherly government, have long borne this infliction, not exactly in silence, but in what we may term a spirit of grumbling do-nothingness, and with the same spirit have suffered from what neither Germans nor French have endured—the tyranny of peripatetic musicians. These modern tormentors come from all nations, and are armed with every possible instrument, from the tom-tom of the "mild Hindoo" to the "great Hieland bagpipe—the Pride of the Land." Few people would wish to abolish street music, as it undoubtedly affords enjoyment to thousands who have no opportunity of hearing it elsewhere, but many would earnestly plead for some regulation by which the mere possession of an instrument should not entitle a man to annoy, and often to bully, others. Even in London an organ grinder or a brass band will decline to cease playing under a sick person's window unless well fed, or peremptorily warned off by the not-often-at-hand policeman. In the

country, and particularly at the seaside, this evil is intensified tenfold. By all means let the niggers, the Punch and Judy man, and the brass band have their station on the beach, but surely such free lances as solo violins, concertinas, and flutes should be in some degree prevented from suddenly placing themselves before a nervous visitor, and compelling him to listen to what often proves to be "sour sweet music." If the sufferer declines to pay toll, a caustic remark, if not actual insult, is the result. Matters are not thus at foreign watering-places, where unlicensed musicians are stringently tabooed, and the authorities at our own would confer a great benefit upon a large number of visitors if they would set aside even a small portion of the sea front, where quiet-seeking folk could be free from the importunities of musical tyrants.

"BOSSING" THE PRESS.—The power of newspapers is supposed to reside in anonymity and in a certain environment of mysteriousness. These conditions of success will now be wanting to the seventeen journals which have been announced as the property of Mr. Carnegie, a naturalised American, bent on republicanising our institutions. Mr. Carnegie is, no doubt, a potent man in being able to raise a wind in seventeen directions at once; but he would have done better to let the names of his journals remain a mystery, and to keep his counsel about their general objects dark. He is not the first man who has aspired to wield a great journalistic monopoly, and been disappointed in his expectations. Napoleon III. and Prince Bismarck both tried the experiment under the most favourable circumstances, for they had it in their power to put down competition. But they found that the driving of many newspapers did not pay. One daily journal is as much as any one man—even a Bismarck—can direct by himself; as for using seventeen newspapers as vehicles for propaganda, by supplying them with leaders from a common centre, the idea is simply amusing. A leading article is nothing if it be not local and topical. To excite the inhabitants of Walsall and Stockton-Tees against our Monarchy, one should first ascertain what are the particular grievances of these good people; and even the fine fellows of Northampton will move straighter on the road to Republicanism if they be urged on with allusions to the rights and wrongs of shoemakers. Mr. Carnegie will be some day like the circus rider who, after bristling ten bare-backed steeds every day for years, took a disgust to equestrianism altogether, and could not even be persuaded to amble on a donkey; meanwhile his converts to Americanism will have been few. We admire many things in America; but in its political institutions we look for examples to avoid, not to imitate.



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" 18 " 9.30 a.m. " 9.35 a.m. " 10.0 "

" 19 " 10.30 " " 10.45 " " 11.45 "

" 20 " 11.30 " " 11.55 " " 12.20 a.m.

" 21 " 8.10 " " 8.20 " " 6.40 a.m.

" 22 " 8.45 " " 8.50 " " 6.40 "

EXPRESS NIGHT SERVICE.—From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. every Weekday and Sunday.

FARES—London to Paris and Back, 1st Class, £4 15s.; Second Class, £1 19s.

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Passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 12 hours.

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By Order. J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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Continent," price 6d., post free 8d.; "A Trip to the Ardennes," "Holidays in Hol-

land," "The Moselle," price 1d., post 1d.

For further particulars and Time Books (free) address F. GOODAY, Continental

Traffic Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

NOTICE.—The Number this Week consists of Two

WHOLE SHEETS, one of which is devoted to ILLUSTRATIONS

of LIFE and SCENES in CANADA, with a Descriptive Article

written by the Most Hon. the Marquis of Lorne, K.G.,

&c., &c., &c.

CAMP OF THE NATIONAL SCOTTISH ARTILLERY

ASSOCIATION

SHOEBURNESS, as every one knows, is the great school of

gunnery for the Royal Artillery, and when it was resolved to throw

it open to Volunteers, a fresh enthusiasm was kindled in all ranks

of the Artillery force. Men were no longer content with obsolete

smooth-bore guns after they had been brought into contact with

modern guns and appliances in artillery science, besides being

drilled in these by School of Gunnery instructors. They naturally

desired that the batteries of their several corps should be mounted

with ordnance similar in all respects to that of the Royal Artillery.

To some extent this has been done; but much more remains to be

accomplished.

It was also felt by those Volunteers who were ambitious of

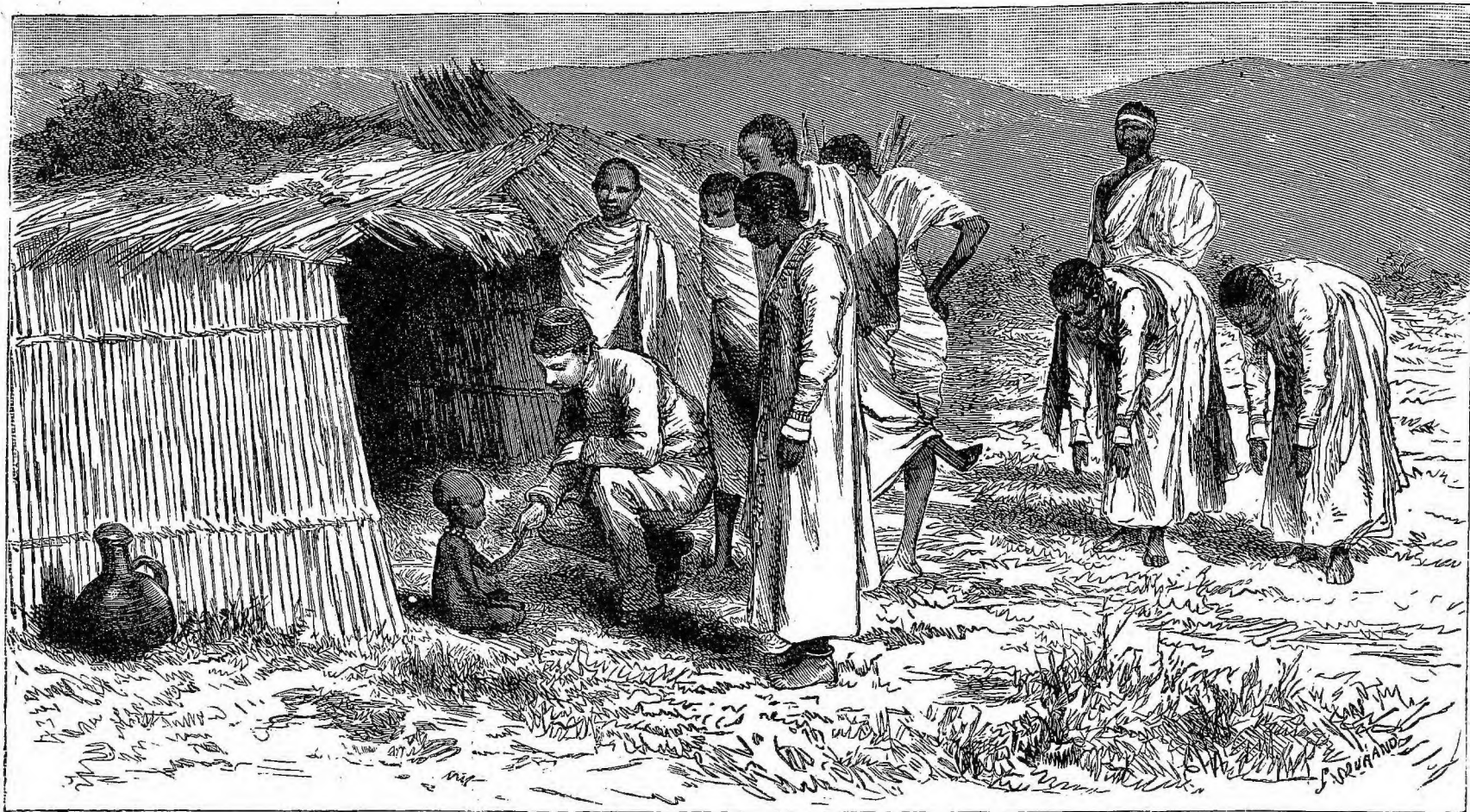
attaining genuine efficiency, that a much larger amount of good

would accrue to the force if instruction by trained men were com-

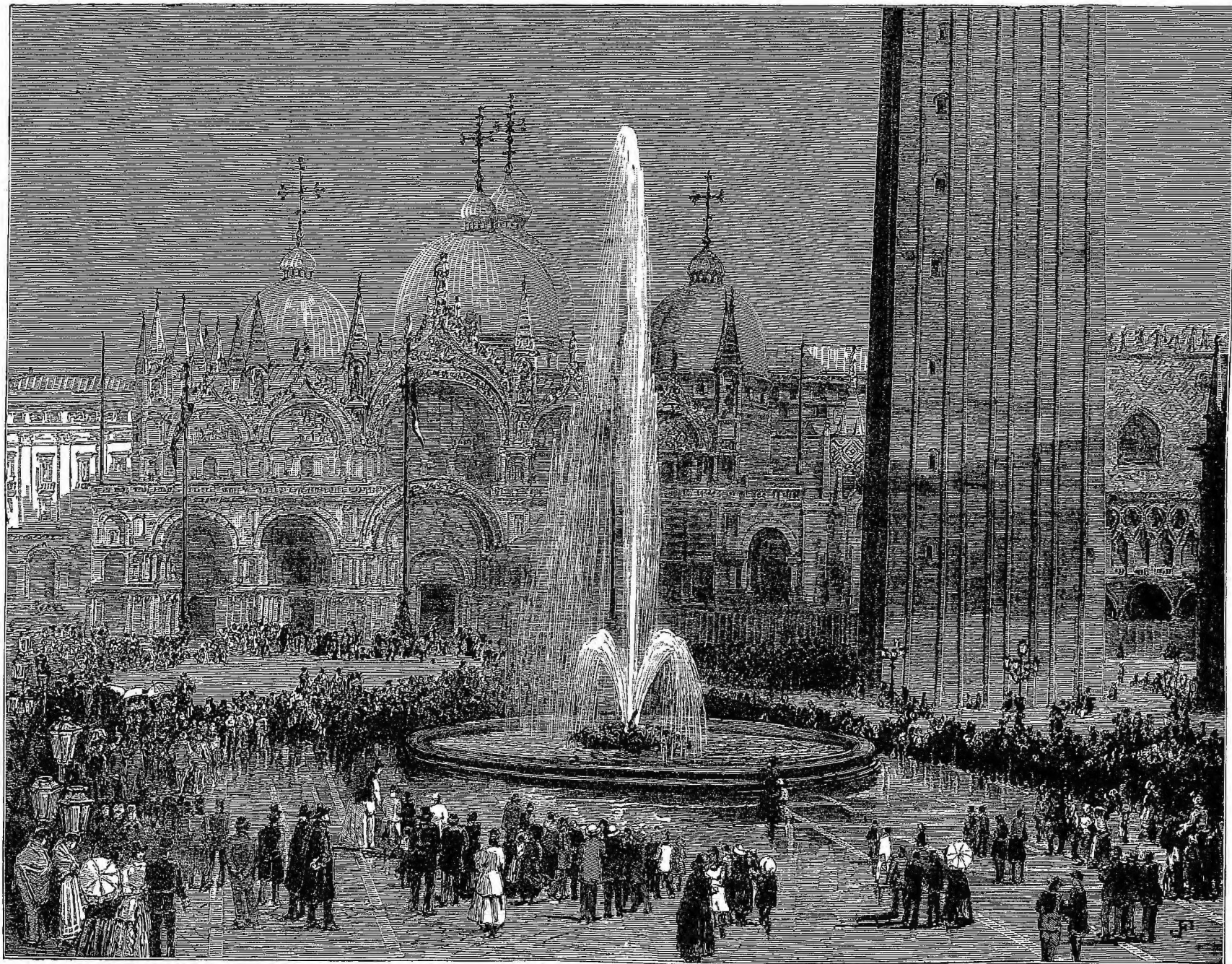
bined with gun practice. Besides drill and battery practice, other

(Continued on page 158)





WITH ADMIRAL HEWETT'S MISSION TO ABYSSINIA—DR. GIMLETTE AND HIS LITTLE PATIENT AT ADOWA
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



INAUGURATING THE NEW WATER SUPPLY OF VENICE IN THE PIAZZA SAN MARCO

SIR ERASMUS WILSON

JAMES ERASMUS WILSON was born in 1809. He studied anatomy and medicine in London and at Aberdeen, and became a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1831. He showed at an early period of his career great aptitude as a dissector, and afterwards as an operator. He had a steady hand, a calm nerve, and a power of acquiring moral ascendancy over his patients. But he was the very reverse of a reckless operator. He was, on the contrary, most reluctant to advise amputations unless every hope of saving a limb was gone. He had moreover a gentle, winning manner which attracted friendship, and he was an indefatigable worker. He took to writing as a relaxation from his professional business; and while still quite young won considerable repute by his "Dissector's Manual," "The Anatomist's Vade Mecum," and other publications.

But his fame was definitely established when he took up skin disorders as his speciality. He had come across most repulsive cases of this kind of disease among the poor, and his philanthropic nature, which often led him to relieve poverty-stricken patients with his purse as well as with his medical skill, caused him to pursue the subject enthusiastically.

Prosperous people are affected with skin disorders as well as the poor, and with these Wilson was very successful, partly because he really knew more about skin diseases than any man of his time, and partly because he possessed a wonderful power of persuasion. Diet is of the first importance in such cases, and Wilson not only knew what the diet ought to be, but, which is a far rarer gift, he had the art of making his patients keep to it. Thus he attained to a considerable practice, and amassed great wealth.

His enthusiasm for the special branch of the healing art to which he had devoted himself was such that, even during his holidays abroad, he was rather occupied in studying the cutaneous affections of the people than in admiring the objects which



SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.
BORN NOV. 25, 1809; DIED AUGUST 8, 1884

usually interest tourists. He wrote a popular treatise, entitled "A Healthy Skin," "The Student's Book of Diseases of the Skin," a "Report on Leprosy," and the article on "Skin," in Cooper's "Surgical Dictionary." He also wrote countless articles and reports for journals of medicine and science.

He became Fellow of the College of Surgeons in 1843, Member of the Council in 1870, and President in 1881. In 1869 he founded at his own expense the Chair and Museum of Dermatology in the College of Surgeons, and was elected the first Professor. He also instituted the Chair of Pathology in the University of Aberdeen.

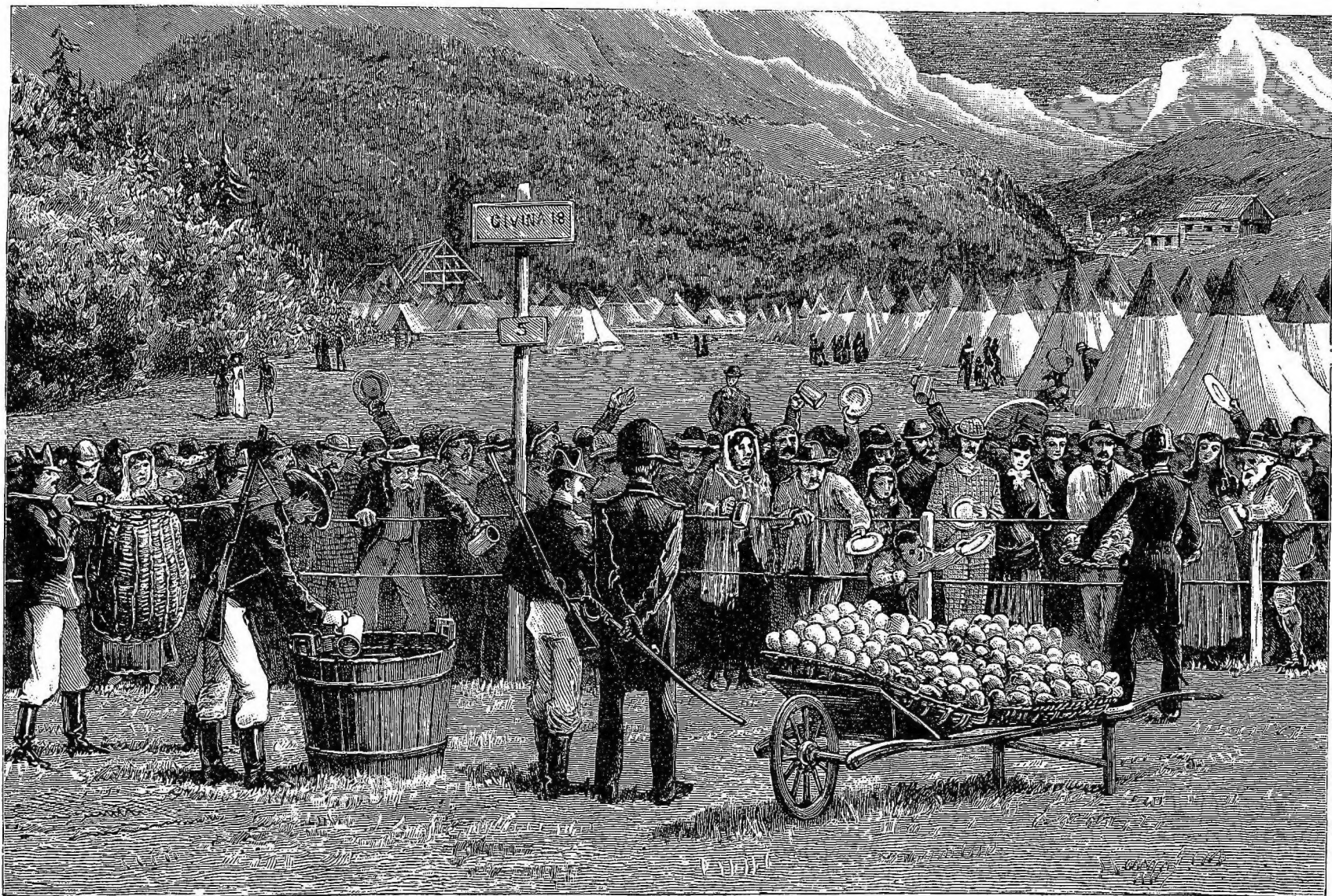
Wilson disbursed large sums of money in charity—some openly, as an example to others, but more often secretly. He erected a chapel and new wing to the Sea Bathing Infirmary at Margate; he built the Master's House at the Epsom Medical College; and he restored the church of Swanscombe, in Kent. But to the public at large he was best known (apart from his surgical renown) as the bringer-home of the Egyptian Obelisk, which, although offered to the British Government by Mehemet Ali in 1840, lay prostrate and unheeded for many years in the sands of Alexandria. Erasmus Wilson resolved to bring the ancient monolith to England at his own expense. The enterprise cost him 10,000*l.*, and six lives were sacrificed in the attempt, as the vessel had to be abandoned at sea, though it was afterwards recovered. Eventually, the Obelisk was brought to London, and set up on the Thames Embankment in September, 1878.

As a recognition of his fame and his munificence, the honour of Knighthood was conferred on Mr. Wilson in 1881.

Sir Erasmus had for some time been out of health, and he died at his residence, The Bungalow, Westgate-on-Sea, on the evening of Friday, August 8th.

He was married in 1841 to Miss Doherty, daughter of Mr. James Doherty. His wife survives him, but he leaves no issue by her.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Barraud, 96, Gloucester Place, W.



THE CHOLERA. QUARANTINE AT BARDONNECHIA, ON THE FRANCO-ITALIAN FRONTIER

duties have to be performed, and these duties can only be learned by men in camp when placed under the direct control of officers from the Royal Artillery. This view was strenuously advocated by Lieut.-Colonel Sandeman, of the 1st Forfar Artillery Volunteers, who has taken a deep interest in all that concerns Artillery Volunteers in Scotland. Colonel Sandeman obtained from the late Earl of Dalhousie (himself a Volunteer enthusiast) the use of the range at Panmure Battery, Barry Links, for gun-practice.

A better site for an artillery encampment could not be had in Britain. The camp is swept by every wind that blows, and the ground on which the tents are pitched is undulating, with a level parade ground in the centre of the men's quarters. The range is a magnificent one, as there is a wide sweep of links, fully three miles in length, between the battery and the nearest sandhill, and for miles further on a projectile can travel without endangering life.

Here for seven or eight years the East of Scotland Artillery Association held their meetings with great success. Last year, when they amalgamated with the West of Scotland Association, the camp was established at Irvine, with the understanding, however, that in 1884 the gathering-ground should be Barry Links.

At Barry, accordingly, the Camp of Instruction was held from July 16th to the beginning of August, and during this period nearly 1,300 men underwent training. Some of the detachments remained for four days, others for six, and others for the whole period. The camp was a complete success, exceeding the highest expectations of the authorities in charge. Both Colonel Keate, R.A., and General Alastair Macdonald expressed their satisfaction with what they had seen.

The battery was extended to meet the requirements of so large a meeting, and is admitted to be now the best in Scotland. On the battery were mounted four Armstrong guns, seven Palliser converted muzzle-loaders, while the repository park was well supplied with sling waggons, gys, and other military machines. These guns and stores are to be retained at Barry for future use, and it is hoped that hereafter weapons of even larger calibre will be sent from Woolwich to the battery.

The Government supply gratis the whole ammunition used in practice, and allow ten shillings per head for each officer and man

SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.

See page 157.

QUARANTINE AT BARDONNECHIA, ITALY

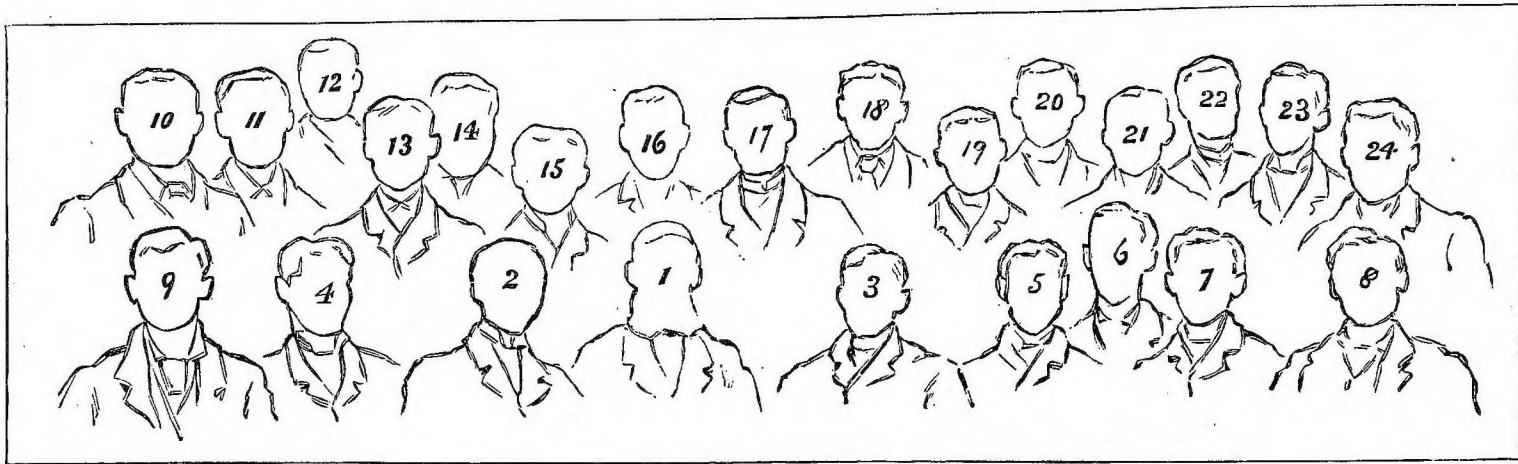
THE quarantine station at Bardonnechia is situated in a small valley hemmed in by mountains, the snow-capped Frejus and Mont Cenis bounding it on the north. Travellers coming from Switzerland, and who desire to go to Italy, are made to undergo a quarantine of five days at this station. Immediately on their leaving the train at the Italian entrance of the Mont Cenis tunnel, they are secured by gendarmes and escorted a few yards up to the camping-ground, where they pass through the fumigating room, which is filled with the fumes of burning sulphur; their luggage is also disinfected. They must then appear before the Commissionaire, who takes down their sex, name, age, country, and date of arrival. From this polite official every one is passed on to the plot of ground prepared for the new arrivals, separated from the plots of those who have put in one or more days up to the fifth day by a fence of wire and branches of trees, and no one is allowed to leave the ground until his quarantine is completed. Clean tents—the usual bell tents—are pitched to sleep in, provided with abundance of straw mattresses and rugs fresh from the magazine. The higher class of people get a tent between two, and the working-class go nine to a tent.

The Government feed the people three times a day—at six in the morning, at midday, and six in the evening. They allow coffee, half a bottle of red wine twice a day, a loaf of bread, macaroni soup, and some meat; this costs the Government 2 francs 75 centimes per individual per day. Those who can afford it get their meals from two restaurants on the ground, the same being very indifferent food. These restaurants are established in the abandoned houses of the workmen who pierced the Mont Cenis tunnel. The bugle sounds at nine o'clock at night for all hands to repair to their tents, no lights are allowed, and the last blast sounds at ten to enjoin silence. The Regiment of the Alps patrols day and night, and strictly prevents any one escaping. Gendarmes, also, with swords and revolvers, are constantly on the watch.

In a sanitary point of view the camp is well chosen. It is 3,400

Further help soon arrived, Lieut. Greely and his companions being removed to the ship on stretchers, only two being able to walk. The dead bodies of their less fortunate colleagues were disinterred and transported to the ship. Lieutenant Greely's rescue was effected only in the very nick of time. For two days the unfortunate men had eaten nothing warm, being unable to crawl out and build a fire. Lieutenant Greely had completely given himself up for lost, and all were lying in the tent utterly exhausted. Suddenly, amid the gale, something like the sound of a steam whistle was heard, and Long and Brainard were sent to the rocks, where a signal of distress was flying, to see if there was anything in sight. Intervening hills hid the ships from their view, and Brainard returned disappointed with his melancholy report. Brainard said that this was the bitterest moment of his life, and that he then gave up all as lost. Long, however, not yet fully satisfied, had remained on the rock, and climbing to the summit saw the *Bear's* steam launch approaching with the ships in the distance. He raised the flag-pole and flag which had been blown down, and held it for about two minutes until his strength gave out; then, too overjoyed to control himself, and almost too weak to stand, he tumbled, rather than ran, down the hill to meet the rescuers.

The vessels at once set sail for home, and meeting the *Alert* and *Loch Garry* on their way, arrived at St. John's, Newfoundland, on July 17th. Thence the news was telegraphed throughout the States, and after a stay of ten days the little squadron left for New York, where they arrived on Thursday week.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. J. H. Hayward, of St. John's, Newfoundland, to whom the materials were supplied by Lieutenant Greely, Sergeant Fredericks, and Captain Ash, ice pilot of the *Bear*. The portrait group represents the members of the Greely Expedition; four of those who perished, however, Dr. Pavy and Private Henry, who died on June 6, the Eskimos Frederik Christiansen, who died on the 5th of April, and Jens Edwards, drowned on 29th of April, are not represented, while we do not find any record either of Paul Grimm, D. C. Starr, or J. Ryan, who are shown in the group. Of the survivors we may mention that Sergeant Connell is an Irishman, having been born in County Kerry, that Long and Biederbick were both born in Germany, that Fredericks



- | | | | | |
|--|---|--|--|--|
| 1. Lieutenant and Brevet Major A. W. Greely, Commander of the Expedition (Rescued) | 5. Sergeant Edward Israel (Died 27th May) | 10. Private William Whistler (Died 24th May) | 15. Sergeant Julius Fredericks (Rescued) | 20. D. C. Starr |
| 2. Lieutenant F. J. Kislinsky (Died 1st June) | 6. Sergeant D. C. Ralston (Died 23rd May) | 11. Paul Grimm | 16. Sergeant D. Linn (Died 6th April) | 21. Corporal Nicholas Salor (Died 3rd June) |
| 3. Lieutenant James B. Lockwood (Died 9th April) | 7. Sergeant W. S. Jewell (Died 12th April) | 12. Private W. A. Ellis (Died 19th May) | 17. J. Ryan | 22. Hospital Steward Henry Biederbeck (Rescued) |
| 4. Sergeant David L. Brainard (Rescued) | 8. Sergeant George W. Rice (Died 9th April) | 13. Private Jacob Bender (Died 16th June) | 18. Private C. B. Henry (Died 6th June) | 23. Sergeant H. S. Gardner (Died 12th June) |
| | 9. Private M. Connell (Rescued) | 14. Sergeant William Cross (Died 18th January) | 19. Sergeant Francis Long (Rescued) | 24. Sergeant Joseph Ellison (Rescued, but died 6th July) |

KEY TO PORTRAIT GROUP ON PAGE 160

who remains under canvas for at least four days. They also pay the carriage of all stores to the camp, and allow 50% towards general expenses. Nevertheless, many items remain (money for prizes among others), which can only be met by voluntary subscriptions, and these will be thankfully received by the Secretary and Treasurer of the Association, Capt. W. Pollard, 2, York Place, Edinburgh.

Our engravings are from photographs by G. F. Rodger, of Broughty Ferry and Dundee.

DR. GIMLETTE AT ADOWA

"THE natives along our route seemed to be under the impression that we were more or less a travelling dispensary, and followed us with their sick from village to village. I was riding without my interpreter across country when I found a man running towards me. I pulled up, and he immediately began speaking in Amharic, which I do not understand; he then made signals, pointing to the sky, and fell on his hands and knees. I came to the conclusion that he was begging for his church—a common practice in this country—and offered him a dollar. This was not the case, though he pocketed the money. He again pointed to the heavens, then fell to the ground once more, imitating a lame person. I immediately understood him, and said 'Very good' in my best Abyssinian. My friend then rushed madly towards the village, and in a short time I saw him bounding across the fields with a little girl on his shoulder. On coming up to me he placed the child on the ground, and on seeing a stranger she became frightened, crawling towards and clinging to the knees of her father. I found that the poor little thing was a hopeless cripple, but motioned the man to take the child into camp to learn the worst from the doctor. Dr. Gimlette, of the *Euryalus*, had plenty to do, and some interesting surgical cases. Many of his patients were grateful, and brought some presents in the shape of bread or milk in return for his attention, but the majority showed nothing but indifference, carrying out the old Abyssinian adage: 'God gave you to give to me.' F. V."

INAUGURATING THE NEW WATER SUPPLY AT VENICE

FOR many years the water supply of Venice has left much to be desired, and the salt waves of the Grand Canal lazily lapping against the walls of the houses have mocked the thirsty soul, who, like Coleridge's mariner, could exclaim, "Water, water, everywhere, Nor any drop to drink." Last month, however, the works of a new water supply were completed. The water is now brought from a point some distance up the River Brenta, and is conveyed in large iron pipes which cross the lagoon in a shallow part to the water works at S. Andrea, the extremity of the City, where the railway station is situated. From the water works the pipes pass along most of the streets, over the bridges, and under the canals. They cross the Grand Canal twice. The undertaking has been exceedingly difficult, and has been carried out with the aid of French capital. The inauguration of the new supply took place on June 23rd, in the Piazza San Marco, where a temporary fountain with a large basin had been constructed. A jet of water, some seventy feet high, played for two days, "The effect," writes our artist, "being very strange and picturesque."

feet above the level of the sea, is very cool, and rather subject to high winds, which at night make the place very cold, necessitating winter clothing. There is a river running at the foot of the camp, and springs of pure water in every plot of ground. The sanitary arrangements are not so good as they should be, considering that there are over 700 people confined to this small space, but being mostly of the working-class of Italians it is presumed the arrangements are as good as this class is accustomed to. Certainly to the English it is felt as a very primitive and unpleasant style of sanitation. The people who come from Marseilles and Toulon are isolated far off up the side of the mountains from the rest. This enforced idleness to every one of five days and nights is a source of intense annoyance, but is a tentative measure against the introduction of cholera into Italy, which the Italian Government thinks will succeed. It is to be hoped it may.—The sketch from which our engraving is taken, and the foregoing details, were furnished by Mr. Frederick W. Moore, Brigade Surgeon, Valetta, Malta.

THE GREELY RELIEF EXPEDITION

WE have already given an account of the discovery of the survivors of Lieutenant Greely's ill-fated expedition by the vessels which had been despatched in search of the explorers; and now depict some of the leading incidents of the rescue. On Sunday, June 22nd, the *Bear* and the *Thetis*, two of the rescuing vessels, arrived in Payer Harbour off Cape Sabine, and made fast to the ice—parties of men being despatched to scour the adjacent hills for records of the expedition. In about an hour a cheer was heard, and a seaman came running towards the ships, crying, "We have found the Greely party," Lieutenant Taunt, of the *Thetis*, having discovered records in which the location of Greely's camp was described. The whistles of both vessels were at once sounded to recall the exploring parties, and the launch of the *Bear* despatched to the encampment. Here we will let Captain Ash, the ice pilot of the *Bear*, tell the story:—

"Our steam launch being out and ready, we were immediately sent away for the camp, which was about three miles to the north-west of Cape Sabine. In the mean time the *Thetis* blew her whistle to recall some of her men, and they heard it at the camp, and as we neared it we saw one man make his appearance where he could look down towards the Cape. He saw the boat, and came down to where we were going to land. Seeing only the one man, and the way he staggered down the snow, we thought it a bad omen. On jumping ashore the first question was, 'How they all were?' His answer was, 'There are seven of us left yet.' Sad news and a sudden reverse to our cheerful spirits of a quarter of an hour ago; but it was no time to reflect. We must try to save the living. I jumped into the launch and passed some food that we were prepared with, and we immediately started for the camp. It was blowing a strong gale of wind at the time, the camp was blown down, except a short prop under one end, and the poor fellows had not strength enough to put it up. What a sight! to look at six men lying there starving and not able to help themselves! Pointing to one, they said he was dying; but he rallied, and is doing well now. We cut a hole in the canvas and commenced to feed them, serving them all round gradually, not letting them have as much as they wanted."

was born in Ohio of German parents, so that Greely and Brainard may really be said to be the only Americans who have survived.

DUNNOTTAR CASTLE

Two miles from Stonehaven, Kincardineshire, a huge and almost isolated rock, 160 feet high, juts out into the sea. *Dun* means stronghold, and *tyr* a headland. The rock has an area of about four acres. A parish church once stood on the spot, then the Keith family, celebrated in Scottish annals, erected a tower there, which gradually developed into a castle, whose ruins remain to this day.

The annals of the castle are full of interest. Here William Wallace crept secretly up a little path, stabbed the sentinel, opened the gates, and admitted his followers. Here the Scottish Regalia was concealed during the Commonwealth, and the secret, though on the brink of discovery, was kept by the address of Mrs. Grainger, the minister's wife. Here, after the Stuart Restoration, scores of Covenanters, men, women, and children, were imprisoned. They were treated with frightful cruelty. Their hands were wedged into the stones of the walls, their fingers were deliberately roasted off, and the remnant who survived were sent as slaves to the plantations.

Shortly after the Jacobite Rebellion of 1715 Dunnottar Castle was dismantled, and its guns thrown into the sea.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Messrs. G. W. Wilson and Co., Aberdeen.

A SUMMER'S DAY ON THE ATLANTIC

A TRIP across the Atlantic is a very different affair now to what it was when Charles Dickens described the miseries of his fortnight's passage on board "the *Britannia* steam packet, twelve hundred tons burthen per register, bound for Halifax and Boston, and carrying Her Majesty's Mails." The "gigantic hearse," as he facetiously termed the saloon, has been replaced by magnificent and comfortably furnished apartments; the State rooms, with the "horse-hair slab or perch," have developed into comfortably sized bedrooms; "yellow boiled leg of mutton" has been replaced on the bill of fare by every delicacy of the season; and a fortnight's passage would now be looked upon as something abnormal—the latest record, as we chronicled last week, being six days and ten hours. Indeed, on a fine summer's day the scene on board a popular Transatlantic liner is the very ideal of holiday luxury, whether on deck, where a modicum of reading, a little gambling with deck-quoits, much chattering, and some, be it said, flirting, is going on, or below, where the musical spirits are gathered round the "grand" in the music-room. The main portion of the passengers is made up of Americans coming over for the inevitable European tour, and if any people can make themselves thoroughly comfortable while travelling, they are certainly our Transatlantic cousins. You will always find them ensconced in the snugest and most sheltered corners, reclining in the easiest of chairs, and wrapped up in the softest of rugs. Their conversation is—not now of dollars and cents, of Central Pacifics, and Vanderbilts—but of Paris and St. Petersburg, Rome and Jerusalem, the Pyrenees and the Romsdal Valley. An Englishman who has travelled is eagerly seized upon, and his advice asked upon all sorts of impossible points, not merely by staid mammas or long-legged brothers, but by

frank-spoken and light-hearted girls, whose Britannic sisters would not have ventured to look at, much less to catechise, a masculine stranger. Charming *compagnons de voyage*, however, are these damsels, and they form in no way the least attraction of a summer voyage from New York to Liverpool.

"FROM POST TO FINISH"

A NEW STORY by Captain Hawley Smart, illustrated by John Charlton and Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 165.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA

See pp. 169 et seqq.



PARLIAMENT STANDS PROROGUED to Monday, the 15th of September.

MOST OF THE MEMBERS OF THE CABINET have left London. Mr. Gladstone arrived at Hawarden on Tuesday evening.

SEVERAL ELEVATIONS TO THE PEERAGE with the close of the Session are spoken of. Rumour includes among the new peers five Liberal Members of the House of Commons—Mr. Samuel Morley, Sir Thomas Brassey, Sir Thomas Colebrooke, Sir Thomas McClure, Sir Arthur Hayter, and Sir A. Matheson, who has just resigned his seat for Ross and Cromarty.

AT THE COUNCIL AT OSBORNE ON MONDAY Sir T. E. May, Clerk of the House of Commons, and Admiral Sir Cooper Key, were sworn in Members of the Privy Council. The new judge, Mr. Justice Wills, and the Lord Provost of Edinburgh were afterwards knighted by Her Majesty.

SOON AFTER MR. GLADSTONE has addressed his constituents a Conservative Demonstration is to be held in Midlothian, at which Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote have promised to speak, and in which, it is probable, Lord Randolph Churchill will also take part.

LIBERAL DEMONSTRATIONS in favour of the Franchise Bill continue to be held throughout the country. Among the largest during the past week were those at Rochester, West Hartlepool, Wigan, and Bournemouth.—At a meeting at Wells, Dr. Freeman, the historian, who presided, argued in favour of a reform of the House of Lords, but against either its abolition or a diminution of its powers. Let the people, he said, stand fast in the old paths, casting away corruptions and novelties, and among them the superstition of hereditary right. They need not sweep away, they need only reform on the old lines, and they might again see among them, freshened with new blood, strengthened with new life, the ancient assembly of their forefathers, the mighty gathering of the wise.—At Oxford Professor Thorold Rogers, M.P., made a vehement personal attack on the Duke of Marlborough as morally unfitted to legislate for his countrymen.

NUMEROUS CONSERVATIVE COUNTER-DEMONSTRATIONS in support of the action of the House of Lords on the Franchise Bill have also been held, among them one in Chevening Park, near Sevenoaks, the seat of Earl Stanhope, who addressed the gathering. But the most important was that at Manchester on Saturday, the attendance at which was probably the largest that has been witnessed at any demonstration, whether Liberal or Conservative, since the present agitation begun. Both the principal and the "overflow" meeting were addressed by Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill. Referring to the fact that 120,000 tickets had been taken for the meeting, Lord Salisbury said that if Mr. Chamberlain marched his threatened 100,000 men from Birmingham on London, a Lancashire army of quite as great dimensions would be able to hang on his rear. To bring home to his audience the importance of redistribution, Lord Salisbury pointed out that, while Lancashire was now represented by only thirty-three members, it would have a right, under a strict computation, to fifty-four. He protested against the assertion that the Peers were trying to pit their privileges against the will of the people. The distinction between the position of the House of Lords and the House of Commons was simply this, the House of Lords is willing and anxious to submit its decisions to the arbitrament of the people, while there is nothing the House of Commons so much dreads. In the longer of his two lively and vigorous speeches, Lord Randolph Churchill arraigned the Government as administrators and legislators. Adverting to Lord Hartington's charge against him of inconsistency on the franchise question, he said that since he spoke at Edinburgh against the extension of the franchise, he had come to the conclusion that "the Tory party" was far wiser than himself in remembering the principles and the policy of Lord Beaconsfield, and in resolving not to resist the extension of household suffrage to the counties.

A MEETING OF "CITIZENS" on Saturday, in St. James's Hall, convened by the Democratic Committee for the Abolition of the House of Lords, Sir Wilfrid Lawson presiding, and making a characteristic speech, carried unanimously a resolution identical in terms with that passed by the House of Commons in January, 1649:—"That the House of Peers in Parliament is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished." Mr. Labouchere, M.P., who moved it, used some very strong language, pronouncing a hereditary legislator to be as great an anomaly as a hereditary brigand, and adding that in the last fifty years the House of Lords has done more harm than all the thieves' dens and thieves' kitchens in the United Kingdom.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT a series of National demonstrations will be commenced in Ulster, all the counties in which province are to be visited by members of the Irish Parliamentary party. The surveillance of Nationalist meetings by the police having practically ceased, fresh activity is to be shown in the extension of the organisation and operations of the National League. Its energies are to be devoted to the land question and the promotion of Home Rule, its leaders having decided not to encourage agitation in Ireland on the Franchise question.

MR. TREMAYNE, the Conservative candidate for South Devon, has been returned unopposed.—Mr. Munro Ferguson is the Liberal, and Mr. Mackenzie the Conservative, candidate to fill the vacancy in the representation of Ross and Cromarty, caused by Sir Alexander Matheson's acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds. A Mr. W. Macdonald has also presented himself as purely and simply a Crofters' candidate.

IT IS SAID THAT THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON SHIPPING, referred to in this column last week, will include four representatives of the shipowners, three or four of the body of underwriters, two in the interest of seamen, and two members from the Board of Trade.

ON SATURDAY, in the Manchester Town Hall, Mr. Mundella was presented with some plate, and Mrs. Mundella with an address and a marble bust of her husband by Mr. Boehm, on the part of 80,000 factory workers, chiefly women and children, in recognition of his services during the agitation of 1871-4 for shortening the hours of labour in factories.

AT A MEETING, on Tuesday, of the Mansion House Committee of the *Nisero* Fund, grants of from 60s. to 20s. each were voted to

the relatives of the Englishmen among the crew, the distribution being entrusted to the local authorities of the towns where they reside. As regards the relatives of the foreigners among the crew, it was decided to wait for information, and meanwhile to keep in hand for their benefit a considerable portion of the fund, which presented an available balance of 1,109l.—601s. coming from Holland, and 300l. from a Treasury grant.

THE WELLINGTON STATUE arrived safely at Aldershot, where it awaits the erection of the pedestal on which it is to be placed.

ADDRESSING THE PORTSMOUTH LIBERAL ASSOCIATION on the shipbuilding policy of the Admiralty, Sir Thomas Brassey instituted a detailed comparison between the Navies of France and England. When the present Board came into office the annual expenditure of the French in ironclad construction was much larger than that of England, so that the Admiralty had to increase its expenditure in that department, and was doubling in 1884-5 the armoured building of 1883-4. The aggregate tonnage of the effective armoured fleet of England was 329,520; and of France, 201,789. The total effective Naval Votes were—For 1883-4, England, 8,915,000l.; France, 7,508,700l.; and for 1884-5 England, 8,897,000l.; and France, 7,258,000l. The Admiralty was not neglecting the construction of torpedo-vessels, which were becoming so prominent a feature in the naval construction of other Powers. The peculiarities of torpedo warfare rendered incomplete the comparisons lately presented to the public in which the relative strength of armoured fleets was accepted as the only test; and, Sir Thomas Brassey added, the torpedo-boat was a naval arm, for the rapid construction of which the industrial capacity of the country would give a great advantage, while it was well adapted to the fearless and skilful seamen whom the British Navy had never failed to produce.

IN AN OFFICIAL REPORT TO THE BOARD OF TRADE respecting the recent and most disastrous accident on the London and South-Western Railway, between Downton and Breamore, Colonel Rich, R.E., impugns the accepted theory that it was caused by the breaking of a coupling, and attributes it to the too great speed with which the train was run over a weak road. The train engine then used he found deficient in steam-power, and too old for the work on which it was engaged. Reviewing recent cases of passenger trains leaving the rails on the London and South-Western Railway, and referring to the complaints of passengers being violently shaken on its lines, Colonel Rich is of opinion that reform in the management and improvement in the working of this railway is required. The Board of Trade has communicated to the Directors of the Company Colonel Rich's remarks and suggestions, and has pointed out the serious responsibility which they will incur by neglecting them.

THE SELECT COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS having rejected the scheme of the Joint Board of the Lower Thames Valley Drainage, which urgently requires to be dealt with, Sir Charles Dilke, as President of the Local Government Board, has signed a minute ordering a general inquiry into the matter.

IT WAS ANNOUNCED at the last meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works that the Governors of Dulwich College propose to devote about 72 acres of their property to the purpose of a public park in its vicinity, if the Board will procure for them from Parliament an enabling Act. The proposal was very favourably received by the Board.

THE NEXT ANNUAL GATHERING of the Royal Archaeological Institute is to be held at Derby.

A "STRONG" COMMITTEE, comprising representatives of the Society of Antiquaries (Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Roach Smith among them), of the Institute of Architects, of the City of London, including the Lord Mayor, and of the Metropolitan Board of Works, in the person of its Chairman, has been formed to raise a fund with which to protect and record monuments of antiquity on being discovered in London and its vicinity. An Executive Committee has been appointed, of which Sir John Lubbock has consented to act as Treasurer. Steps are being already taken to place in a public museum some interesting remains of Roman London, which have been found as part of the building material used in constructing a bastion of the wall at Bevis Marks.

ON MONDAY the temperature reached a height scarcely known for twenty years in London, the thermometer registering 92 degrees in the shade, and at the Crystal Palace 97 degrees. Cases of death from sunstroke throughout the country have been recorded. On Tuesday there were severe thunderstorms in various parts of the country, especially in the North, that in London, at 4.30 A.M., soon passing away, but not without doing some damage. In Edinburgh and Glasgow the injury done to property was considerable, both by the lightning and the flooding of districts.—Shooting on Tuesday afternoon over a farm in Midlothian, Lord Lauderdale was struck by lightning, rendered unconscious, and died the same night. Lord Lauderdale, who was in his sixty-second year, was the twelfth Earl, and unmarried. He was Heritable Standard Bearer for Scotland.

ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON the Duke of Wellington died suddenly on the platform of the Brighton Railway Station, on his way to Strathfieldsaye. The son and heir of the great Duke of Wellington, he was born in 1807, and was thus at the time of his death in his seventy-eighth year. Educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, he entered the Rifle Brigade, going on half-pay when becoming a Colonel. In 1862 he was appointed a Lieutenant-General, having for some time previously been an ardent supporter of the Volunteer movement; he was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Victoria Rifles (Middlesex). From 1829 to 1831 he sat in the House of Commons as Member for Aldeburgh, and represented Norwich from 1837 until his accession to the Dukedom in 1852. In 1853 he was appointed Master of the Horse, an office which he retained until 1858, in which year he was made a K.G. In 1868 he succeeded the late Marquis of Salisbury as Lord-Lieutenant of Middlesex. He was a staunch supporter of Lord Beaconsfield. In 1839 he married Lady Elizabeth Hay, fourth daughter of the eighth Marquis of Tweeddale. There being no issue of the marriage, his Grace is succeeded by his nephew Henry, elder son of the late Lord Charles Wellesley, who, born in 1846, has been Lieutenant-Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, and represented Andover in the Conservative interest from 1874 to 1880.

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK also includes the death of Viscountess Stopford, daughter of the fourth Lord Braybrooke, who completed only on Friday last week her twenty-seventh year, and leaves a young family; of Bishop Piers Claughton and of the Rev. Dr. Stallybrass, both of whom are noticed in our column of "Church News"; of Sir F. P. Barlee, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of British Honduras, who had recently arrived in Trinidad to administer that island during the illness of the Governor; of Mr. John Aitken, of Urmston, twice President of the Manchester Geological Society, and well-known by his published elucidations of the geology of Lancashire, in his sixty-fourth year; of Sir Erasmus Wilson, of whom a portrait and memoir appear on page 157, and, in his eightieth year, of General Sir William Codrington, whose father, Sir Edward Codrington, commanded the allied fleets at the Battle of Navarino. General Codrington, in 1854, proceeded to the Crimea in charge of the First Brigade of the Light Division, and distinguished himself at the Alma and at Inkerman, where he was severely wounded; afterwards, in command of the Light Division, superintending the unsuccessful attack on the Redan just before the fall of Sebastopol, with the successful attack of the French on the Malakhoff, and finally succeeding General Simpson in the chief command in the Crimea, which he retained until its evacuation.



"HERE CUSTOMERS CAN HEAR THE NOISE IN THE CONGRESS" is the tempting invitation placarded on the wall of a Versailles *café* close to the National Assembly.

BABY RACES ON THE SANDS greatly amuse the Ostend bathers this year, particularly King Leopold, who looks on with special interest. Some 150 little ones under six years old competed again this week, various prizes being given.

THE SELECTION OF ART TREASURES FROM THE FONTAINE COLLECTION made by the Syndicate at the late sale has been refused by the Government, on the plea that the British and South Kensington Museums have ample funds for the purchase.

AN IMPORTANT ALPINE ASCENT has been made in the Mont Blanc chain. An American tourist has scaled the Aiguille de Dru near the Aiguilles Vertes, which had hitherto only been climbed by Mr. Whymper. The ascent occupied twelve hours.

A HUGE ELECTRIC EEL (*Gymnotus electricus*) is now in the Zoological Gardens. It is evidently one of the largest of its kind, being nearly 6 feet long, while the biggest specimen measured by Humboldt was only 5 ft. 5 in. At present the eel can hardly show its curious powers, as it is in bad condition from its long voyage from South America, whence the poor creature travelled coiled up in a vessel too small to allow it to move without chafing itself raw. By-the-way, the Gardens have just lost their oldest inhabitant, a black Madagascar parrot, which was presented in 1830—two years after the Gardens opened.

NEXT YEAR'S EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON is already being planned, and the programme will shortly be issued of the "International Exhibition of Inventions and Music." The Prince of Wales is again President. The inventions are intended to illustrate the progress made within the last twenty years in the practical applications of science—those exhibits excepted which have appeared either at the Fisheries or Healthieries. Similarly the art and development of music will be illustrated from the beginning of the present century, and a historical collection gathered of all interesting material in this department.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY AT SOUTH KENSINGTON owed a large increase of visitors last year to its proximity to the Fisheries Exhibition. In 1883 146,187 persons visited the collection against 84,589 in the previous year. Fifteen pictures were transferred to South Kensington from the National Gallery, and a number of portraits, busts, letters, and autographs were either presented or purchased. Among the most important additions were Professor von Angell's likeness of the Queen, portraits of General Wolfe, Benjamin Franklin, Addison, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and Sir Thomas Lawrence's well-known picture of John Kemble as Hamlet.

GEORGE SAND'S HOME, Nohant, in Berri—where a statue of the French novelist has just been unveiled at the nearest town, La Châtre—is religiously kept in the same condition as when the writer was alive. In the drawing-room is the quaint old-fashioned desk where George Sand wrote her chief works, her study is filled with the minerals which she loved to collect, close by is her library, decorated in rustic fashion, and crowded with novels and philosophical works, and above is her studio full of odd artistic and plentiful inartistic knickknacks. The little theatre, where her son Maurice performed elaborate dramas with marionettes, is shut up, but another tiny stage, where several of Madame Sand's own pieces were played, still remains open.

THE BUILDINGS OF THE COMING ANTWERP EXHIBITION promise to be very handsome, and the works are being carried on with great energy. A colossal arch will occupy the centre of the *façade*, flanked on either side by two tall electric light towers, and small pavilions tipped by winged statues will be erected at each end. The prow of a galley carrying a figure of the Town of Antwerp will be carved at the top of the arch, round which will run the names of the nine Belgian provinces, while equestrian groups of Fame fill the sides. Above will rise a huge group of caryatides supporting a globe. One of the most interesting features of the Exhibition will be the Fine Art collection of Modern and Old Masters, which is certain to be thoroughly well arranged in an artistic city like Antwerp.

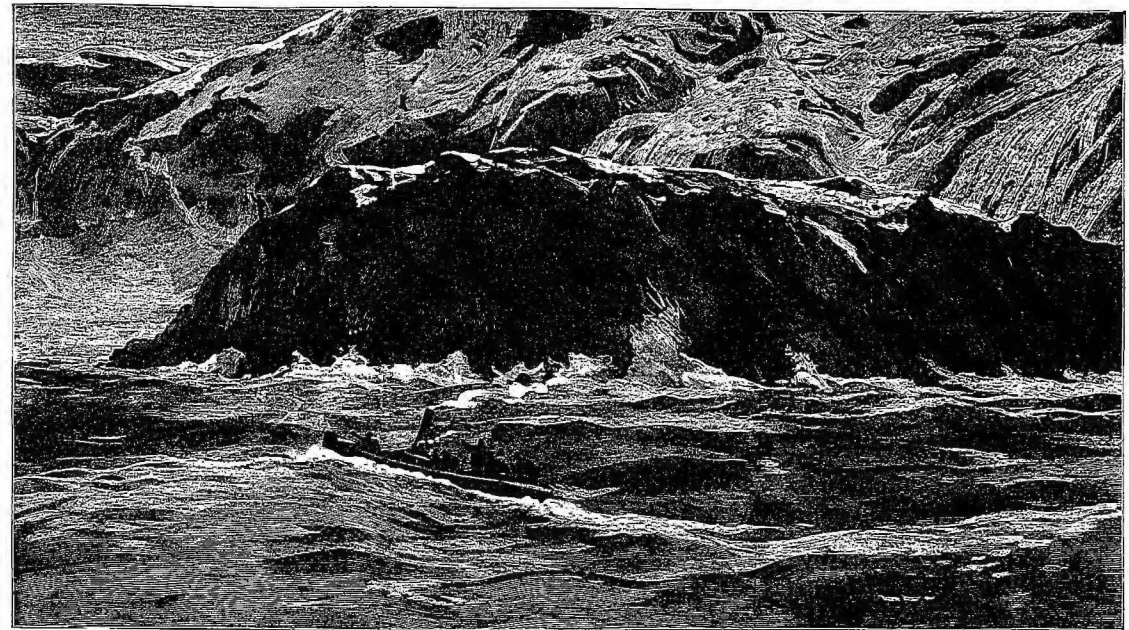
KELUNG IN FORMOSA, which the French have just occupied in return for China's refusal to accede to their demands, is one of the most rainy spots in this region, owing to the influence of the current from the Japanese seas, and the annual average rainfall exceeds eighty-eight inches. The port of Kelung—or Tai-wan, in Chinese parlance—is situated in the north of the island, nearly at the foot of the lofty chain of mountains which divide Formosa into two distinct parts. The mountain districts are inhabited by the aborigines, few in number, but very warlike. In the plains live some three millions of Chinese, descendants of the original Chinese invaders, who sought refuge there in 1662 from civil strife in their own country, and expelled the Dutch colonists from the coast. The mountains are richly carboniferous, and the only coal-mines in the Chinese Empire are those near Kelung. Thus the loss of the port as a coaling-station will be seriously felt by the Chinese.

THE ZEAL OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN INDIA has created a regular water war in a village near Ahmedabad. One of the leaders, Major Tucker, lately invaded the village, and found a community of Christian converts, whose spiritual directors, Church of England missionaries, had gone for a holiday in the hot weather. Accordingly Major Tucker set to work with processions and much tom-tom beating, and reconverted the majority of the converts, greatly to the disgust of the missionaries when they came back again. Thus the village was divided in opinion, and the missionary converts found a plan to revenge themselves on the dissenters. There were only two wells in the village, the public one ran dry, and the other was the private property of a non-Salvationist. He refused to let the Salvationists draw from his well, and his friends helped him to break all the water-vessels brought by Major Tucker's followers. So at present the Salvationists are boycotted from the well, and either have a daily fight for the water or a long walk to another village.

LONDON MORTALITY has decreased during the last two weeks, and 1,767 and 1,624 deaths have been registered, against 1,995 during the previous week, being 83 and 29 above the average, and at the rate of 22.9 and 21.1 per 1,000. Deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery numbered 301 and 219, and 16 and 8 from choleraic diarrhoea and cholera. There were 11 and 16 deaths from small-pox (1 and 6 above the average), 44 and 40 from measles (1 below the average), 31 and 30 from scarlet fever, 16 and 18 from diphtheria, 46 and 37 from whooping-cough, 1 and 1 from typhus, 17 and 17 from enteric fever, 1 and 1 from an ill-defined form of fever, 198 and 187 from diseases of the respiratory organs (17 and 14 above the average). Different forms of violence caused 57 and 66 deaths, 43 and 58 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 21 and 27 from fractures and contusions, 7 and 13 from drowning, 5 and 7 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Seven cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,589 and 2,212 births registered, being 4 and 349 below the average.



PORTRAIT GROUP OF THE MEMBERS OF THE GREELY EXPEDITION
See Key-block, page 158



THE LAUNCH OF THE "BEAR" SIGHTING THE FIRST SURVIVOR OFF CAPE SABINE, JUNE 22

"Our steam launch being out and ready, we were immediately sent away for the camp, which was about three miles to the north-west of Cape Sabine. In the mean time the *Thetis* blew her whistle to recall some of her men, and they heard it at the camp; and as we neared it we saw one man make his appearance where he could look down towards the Cape. He saw the boat, and came down to where we were going to land. Seeing only the one man, and the way he staggered down over the snow, we thought it a bad omen."—CAPTAIN ASH, Ice Pilot of the "*Bear*."

Lavrock

Loch Garry

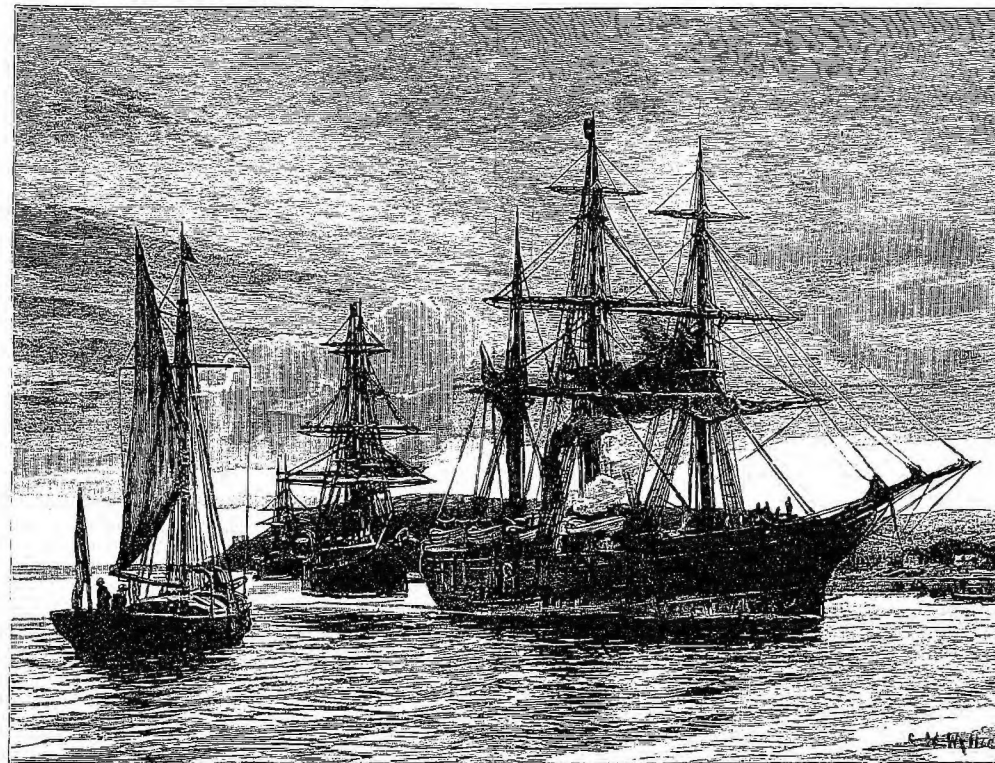
Bear

Thetis

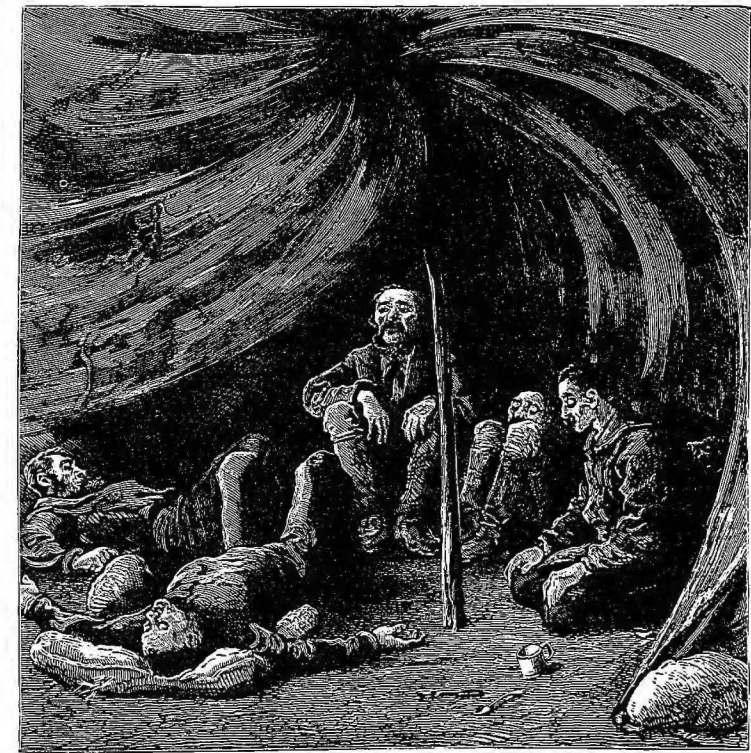


THE ARRIVAL OF THE RELIEF PARTY AT LIEUT. GREELY'S TENT, JUNE 22

"We started immediately for the camp. It was blowing a strong gale of wind at the time. The camp was blown down except a short prop under one end, and the poor fellows had not strength enough to put it up."—CAPTAIN ASH, Ice Pilot of the "*Bear*."



ARRIVAL AT ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, OF THE GREELY RELIEF EXPEDITION VESSELS WITH THE SURVIVORS OF THE GREELY EXPEDITION, JULY 17



SCENE INSIDE LIEUT. GREELY'S TENT ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE RELIEF PARTY, JUNE 22

"What a sight! To look at six men lying there starving and not able to help themselves. Pointing to one they said he was dying, but he rallied, and is doing well now. We cut a hole in the canvas to give us room, and commenced to feed them, serving them all round gradually, not letting them have as much as they wanted."—CAPTAIN ASH, Ice Pilot of the "*Bear*."

THE GREELY ARCTIC RELIEF EXPEDITION

FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY LIEUT. GREELY, SERGEANT FREDERICKS, AND CAPTAIN ASH, ICE PILOT OF THE "*BEAR*"



At last, active preparations are being made in EGYPT for an expedition to relieve General Gordon. According to present plans, a force of 3,000 or 4,000 British will start from Wady Halfa next month or early in October, and ascend the Nile to Dongola—338 miles away. Thence the river makes a huge bend to Khartoum, and navigation is difficult, so the expedition will cut across country instead of taking the longer water journey, as Major Kitchener has reported favourably of the desert climate and routes. There is a choice of two caravan roads, both well watered—one from Dongola to Khartoum, 268 miles; and another and shorter way from Ambukol, below Dongola, to the Nile at Shendi, below Khartoum, 176 miles. Suakim has proved unsuitable for a starting-point; while the proposed railway thence to Berber has been abandoned for want of time. Thus Wady Halfa—now strongly fortified to contain 1,200 men—will be the chief base of operations, with important depôts at Assouan and at Samneh, some distance further up the Nile. Warned by previous experience of native worth, any actual fighting will be done by the British soldiers, the Egyptian troops being used for garrison purposes along the route. Valuable assistance is promised by the Mudir of Dongola, whose honour and loyalty to the British Government have apparently been doubted without cause, for Major Kitchener confirms the accounts of his victory at Debbeli, and reports him to be of perfectly good faith, though a fanatical dervish, difficult to manage. Major Kitchener has been most enthusiastically received, and both Governor and inhabitants at Dongola appeal afresh for British help, declaring that the Mahdi could then be crushed immediately, as he steadily loses prestige by inaction. The Mudir would furnish 3,000 men, and pilots for the Cataracts, which prove serious obstacles to the steamers ascending the Nile. Indeed, one large Government vessel, with a number of British officers on board, went to pieces while being hauled over the First Cataract, although others got through safely. Owing to these difficulties, the troops will be conveyed in rowing-boats, while for the desert route camels will be largely used. Sir Evelyn Wood has gone up the Nile on a tour of inspection, and some of the British regiments also are being moved forward. It is hoped that, on finding the relief expedition approaching, Gordon may be able to leave Khartoum to meet the force; but nothing fresh has been heard lately from the besieged city, and native guides refuse to take Major Kitchener further than half-way there. Little good may be expected from our Abyssinian allies, judging from the statement that Ras Alula has successfully incited the Boghos tribes to rebel against the Egyptian Government.

Public attention in Cairo is divided between the Alexandrian indemnities and Lord Northbrook's mission. Claimants to the former have demonstrated before the British Consulate at Alexandria to protest against non-payment, and an important meeting has been held in Cairo with the view of obtaining the Powers' good offices towards a speedy settlement. Lord Northbrook's appointment is pretty favourably regarded in Egyptian official circles; and, though it at first caused some alarm in TURKEY, the Porte has been mollified by the British compliments touching the Turkish attitude at the Conference, and the assurance that the Sultan's rights shall be respected.

Political strife in FRANCE within the last week has been as high as the temperature. The Congress has fully carried out the promises of its riotous beginning, and Members have wrangled and fought day by day over a long array of amendments. The House itself was a perfect oven, and many Deputies have been made ill by the heat and noise, while no great eloquence enlivened the proceedings, naturalistic language of the Zola school predominating. The most important speech came from the Orleanist henchman, M. Bocher, who, as the virtual mouthpiece of the Comte de Paris, solemnly protested against the inviolability of the Republic, and declared that when France wishes to change her constitution she will do so legally, not by violence. One by one the Government have carried the different clauses of the Revision Bill successfully, although obliged to yield to the proposal that the necessary majority be fixed at half the votes of the Congress plus one casting vote—i.e., 429, which includes the seats temporarily vacated by death. The Republic has been declared eternally established; all members of ex-reigning families are excluded from the Presidency, and Life Senatorships and the public prayers at the opening of the Session are abolished. Finally, the Bill, as a whole, passed by 509 to 172 votes. Members can now get away to attend the Departmental Councils which open to-day (Saturday), and to discuss Chinese affairs in the Chamber. This latter debate is eagerly looked for, as it is believed that M. Ferry awaits Parliamentary sanction before adopting further measures. As we mentioned last week, the French occupied Kelung in Formosa on the Chinese giving no satisfaction by the specified time. Admiral Lespès bombarded the town and landed next day to destroy the forts, meeting with little opposition from the 4,000 Chinese in possession. As the Kelung coal mines supply the Chinese navy and the large arsenal at Foochow, this seizure is most important. Now France has reduced her demands to an indemnity of 3,200,000*l.*, payable in eight yearly instalments, and keeps Admiral Courbet, with the majority of the French squadron, before Foochow. Four ships also are stationed at Woosung to support M. Patenôtre at Shanghai.

The cholera epidemic decidedly diminishes in strength, but continues to spread. Returning refugees swell the mortality in Marseilles and Toulon, while the people themselves grow callous and eat unripe fruit, thus causing much sickness. Most sufferers now recover, and the comparative mildness of the outbreak is shown by the calculation that out of 8,000 attacked since the disease broke out only 800 have died. Now the situation is worst in the outlying villages and the small towns of the Department. At Gizean, near Montpellier, the attack has been so severe that the inhabitants fled in abject terror, and left behind their little children uncared for till Sisters of Charity came to their relief. Another small village, Daumergue, in the Basses Alpes, is nearly decimated by the scourge, twenty-eight persons having died in one day out of a population of 500.

In ITALY, too, the disease still spreads in the province of Turin, and isolated cases are reported from the province of Genoa. Altogether thirty-seven cases have occurred in the various Italian lazarettos, where over 30,000 persons have been confined since the quarantine regulations came into force. Dr. Koch has now laid the result of his mission before the Berlin Medical Society, and declares his conviction that the Ganges Delta is the real home of the cholera, and that no other permanent sources of disease exist in India. That neighbourhood is most favourable for propagating the cholera bacillus, and he attributes the spread of the disease to the Indian custom of drinking from tanks and to religious pilgrimages. To return to France for a moment on a kindred subject, the Government Commission charged to investigate M. Pasteur's hydrophobia discoveries entirely support his theories, and urge further experiments.

The dead political season in GERMANY gives scope for one of those outbursts of spleen against England which delight the Teutonic Press. Various grievances are brought against Great

Britain—her attitude in the Conference towards Count Münster's proposal to discuss the sanitary question; her 'supposed' jealousy of German colonisation and Angra Pequena; the Cape Government's annexation of the African Coast adjoining Wallfisch Bay; and the depredations of her fishing smacks, stated to have plundered a German cutter in the North Sea. The most violent Anglophobist journals abuse and absurdly misrepresent British feeling, while more moderate organs assert that though the two countries ought to be allies, England persistently works against Germany, striving to sow discord among the Powers. On the other hand much praise is lavished on Austria for her firm alliance and late warm greeting to the Emperor. A coming meeting of Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky is construed as an important proof of the union between the Empires, to say nothing of the Austrian Crown Prince being invited to join the Imperial elk hunt in October. Emperor William is resting at Babelsberg until he goes to the Autumn Manœuvres next month. Negotiations with the Vatican seem again at a standstill, judging from Herr von Schöller's severe remarks on the Roman obstinacy in delaying a settlement.

BELGIUM is in a perfect ferment over the proposed new Education Law. Since the Liberals in 1880 inaugurated the existing system, which abjures all religious teaching in primary schools, the Clericals have shown most bitter feeling on this point. Church schools were organised, teachers in the Communal schools were virtually excommunicated, and at the close of vacations priests vehemently warned parents from the pulpit not to place their children under State teaching. Now the Clericals wish to modify the law, though willing so far to meet their opponents' view as to propose that a majority of anti-Clericals in a commune may claim a separate school. But the Liberals are furious, opposition meetings have been held throughout the country, Brussels has been seriously disturbed, and crowds have mobbed the Chambers. A large number of provincial Burgomasters and Municipal Councillors met the Brussels Burgomaster to sign a protest against the new Bill, and the Liberals paraded the town to show their approval, while the Clericals simultaneously arranged a counter-demonstration. The Bill is now being discussed by the Chamber, which has also sanctioned the renewal of diplomatic relations with the Vatican.

While UPPER AUSTRIA has been visited by severe hailstorms, doing much injury to life and property, a terrible tempest burst over Hungary, and Pesth in particular, nearly submerging the opposite suburb of Buda. The neighbouring village of Zebegny was almost swept away.—The notorious Anarchist, Stellmacher, has been executed, meeting his fate with complete stoicism.—Another sensational trial will shortly begin at Cracow, where two Jews are accused of murdering a Christian girl—a repetition of last year's famous Tisza-Esslar case.

In INDIA the Afghan Frontier Commission has been ordered to be ready to start by the 26th inst. As yet, however, though full of friendly assurances and vague promises, the Ameer gives no definitive guarantee of safe-conduct, so that the Commission will probably go by Persia. After all, the Afghan tribesmen may not prove much worse than the Dacoits and Thugs, who are steadily increasing in Rajpootana and Central India, and sorely need stern and immediate repression. Regular gangs of professed robbers—estimated last year at over 13,000 in number—make raids from the Native States into British territory, and, by their admirable organisation and disguise, effectually baffle detection.

A serious earthquake alarmed the UNITED STATES on Sunday afternoon. The shock lasted from ten to fifteen seconds, and extended from Washington, through Virginia, up to Brattleborough, Vermont. No earthquake has occurred in the States for five years, and the late shock was considered the most severe known on the Atlantic seaboard within this century. Happily no great damage was done beyond buildings being shaken, chimneys falling, bells ringing, and windows being broken; but a convict died of fright in the goal at Hartford, Connecticut, where the shock seems to have been worst of all. People, however, were greatly alarmed, particularly in New York, Boston, and the various sea-side resorts, and rushed panic-stricken into the streets—congregations pouring out from churches and children from the Sunday schools. Another slight shock occurred on Tuesday.—A horrible report has been set abroad concerning the Greely Expedition, who are said to have actually practised cannibalism in their last extremity. It is declared that several of the seventeen men asserted to have died of starvation were actually killed for food, and their bodies, disturbed against Lieutenant Greely's will, were found to be merely heaps of well-picked bones. Lieutenant Greely himself gives a somewhat evasive explanation, and the *New York Times* positively asserts that the members interviewed do not deny the accusation. Both the Navy Secretary and Commander Schley, leader of the rescue party, decline to give any opinion, and an official inquiry will probably be made. Meanwhile the remains of the victims have been received at New York in great state, and delivered to the relatives for burial, except two unclaimed bodies, which were interred by the city authorities with military honours.—The Irish-American National League are holding a grand Convention at Boston.

In AUSTRALASIA New Zealand is in the midst of a Ministerial crisis resulting from the elections, and both the Queensland and Tasmanian Parliaments are petitioning for the creation of a Federal Council. Now that the British Government have virtually confirmed the annexation of New Guinea—which Queensland effected last year—and intend to appoint a High Commissioner for the island, special interest attaches to the report of a recent visit paid by the Deputy-Commissioner of the Western Pacific. He states that the natives are neither so friendly nor so peaceable as reported, and that should the lucrative *bêche de mer* fishery be developed, it will attract the lowest white population from neighbouring Australian ports. He also points out that a regular kidnapping system exists on the neighbouring islands New Britain and Ireland, natives being entrapped for three years' service in the Queensland sugar-fields. These natives, by the way, do not come under the new British protectorate, which only extends over the southern coast of New Guinea, east of the region claimed by the Dutch, and does not include the neighbouring islands.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS fresh suggestions are being set afoot in RUSSIA for the re-occupation of Kuldja, should war break out between China and France, as in that case the Chinese Empire would be too much occupied to oppose the measure. It is now stated that the Czar, Czarina, and Czarevitch will go to Warsaw about the 24th, on their way for a long tour through their dominions.—In DENMARK the International Medical Congress is being held at Copenhagen, attended by 1,500 members.—ITALY, too, has been visited by an earthquake on the Alban Hills, which frightened the inhabitants from their beds into the streets. The fifth great Italian ironclad, the *Ruggieri di Lauria*, has just been launched.—TURKEY is still vainly trying to persuade the Powers to admit her seven extra delegates to the Sanitary Board, and making fresh efforts to carry her own mails, the old Turkish boats arriving too late in each instance.—Diplomatic relations have now been re-established between England and MEXICO, after being suspended since the death of the Emperor Maximilian, and the British representative and the Mexican Foreign Minister have signed the preliminary Treaty.—In SOUTH AFRICA it is asserted that M. Joubert has been appointed President of the ceded territory in Central Zululand.



THE Royal circle in the Isle of Wight has been joined by the Duchess of Edinburgh, on a visit to the Queen, and the Duchess of Albany and her children are expected at the end of this week; while Princess Louise has left Osborne for town. Some of the members of the Royal Family generally dine with Her Majesty every evening; and on Sunday morning the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, with their daughters, came to Osborne House to attend Divine Service with the Queen and Princess Beatrice. The Bishop of Ripon officiated, and with Sir W. Harcourt dined with Her Majesty in the evening. The Queen held a Council on Monday, attended by the Prince of Wales, besides Lords Carlingford, Sydney, Granville, and Northbrook, when Sir T. Erskine May and Admiral Sir Cooper Key were sworn in as members. Subsequently Her Majesty gave audiences to Lords Carlingford and Granville, received the Venezuelan Minister and the Envoys from Costa Rica and Hayti, who presented their credentials, and knighted Mr. Justice Wills and Mr. G. Harrison, Lord Provost of Edinburgh. The Queen also gave audience to Earl Cowley, who delivered up the Badge of the Garter worn by his late father. In the evening Princess Beatrice and Princess Louis of Battenberg crossed to Portsmouth in the *Alberta*, to bring back the Duchess of Edinburgh to Osborne, and Lord Granville and the Bishop of Ripon joined the Royal party at dinner. Next day the Bishop of Ripon did homage to the Queen on his appointment, and the Duchess of Edinburgh and Princess Beatrice visited the Prince and Princess of Wales on board the *Osborne* and the German Crown Prince and Princess. Her Majesty does not go to Scotland till next week.

The Prince and Princess of Wales leave the Isle of Wight on their way to Scotland next Monday, being expected next day at Newcastle, where they stay with Sir W. Armstrong at Crayside. Meanwhile they remain on board the *Osborne*, with their daughters and Prince George, who is on leave while the *Canada* has gone into dock. He will, however, rejoin his ship next month. The Prince and Princess's eldest daughter, Princess Louise, has been confirmed at Osborne by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The ceremony was strictly private, but the Queen and a large number of the young Princess's relatives were present. The Prince of Wales and his son frequently cruise in the *Alone*, and at the end of last week competed unsuccessfully in one of the closing sailing matches of the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess and their family, with the German Crown Prince and Princess, and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, witnessed the regatta of the Portsmouth Corinthian Yacht Club, where the Prince of Wales' small boat *Belle Lurette* won one of the matches. In the evening the Prince and Princess George dined with the Naval Club at Portsmouth.—Prince Albert Victor comes home to-day (Saturday) for a short holiday, but will return to Heidelberg for the winter term. The Prince was lately serenaded by the Heidelberg Choral Society, at his residence at Neuenheim; and entertained the singers at supper.

The Duke of Edinburgh left Bantry Bay on Monday with the Channel Squadron for Galway. On her way home from St. Petersburg the Duchess went to Darmstadt to see the Grand Duke of Hesse, who will probably shortly come to England to visit the Queen.—Princess Louise is going to Germany, where Prince and Princess Christian are now staying at Prinknau, Silesia, to celebrate the majority of their nephew, the young reigning Duke Günther of Augustenburg.—The infant Duke of Albany has been ill, and it was thought necessary to baptise him privately. The formal christening, however, will take place on the Duchess's arrival at Osborne, whence she accompanies the Queen to Scotland.

The King of Sweden has paid a flying visit to Paris *incognito*, and is now staying with the Earl of Breadalbane at Taymouth Castle for the grouse-shooting.—The ex-Empress Eugénie has gone to Carlsbad.



BISHOP PIERS CLAUGHTON died on Tuesday, in his seventy-second year. A native of Lancashire, he achieved great distinction at Oxford, where he became Fellow and Tutor of University College, Public Examiner, and Select Preacher. In 1845 he was appointed Rector of Elton, Huntingdonshire, and in 1859 he was consecrated first Bishop of St. Helena, from which See he was translated in 1862 to that of Colombo. Compelled by his wife's ill-health to return to England, he was appointed Archdeacon of London, a selection made because it was thought desirable that the new Archdeacon should be able and willing to assist the Bishop of London in discharging the heavy duties of his Diocese. As practically coadjutor of the Bishop of London he worked indefatigably, besides exerting himself sedulously on behalf of the S. P. G. In 1875 he was appointed by Viscount Cranbrook Chaplain-General of the Forces, the duties of which he performed, in conjunction with those which had already devolved on him, so as to produce a marked improvement in the Church services of the Army at home. He leaves behind him the reputation of an amiable man and a most hard-working dignitary of the Church. His elder brother, Dr. T. L. Claughton, is the present Bishop of St. Alban's.

THE DEATH IS ANNOUNCED OF THE REV. DR. STALLYBRASS, a Nonconformist minister of note, in his ninetieth year. Educated at Homerton under Dr. Pye Smith, he participated in the early operations of the London Missionary Society, and was the first Protestant missionary to Siberia, whither he proceeded in 1816. The Emperor Nicholas having broken up the mission, he returned to England in 1841, and became Head Master of the Boys' Mission School, and accepted pastorates at Hackney and Burnham Market successively. In the year of his return to England appeared the translation, which he executed in conjunction with the Rev. W. Swan, of the Old Testament into Mongolian, and in 1846 it was followed by one of the New Testament, of which two versions the Russian Government not long ago authorised a re-issue. His knowledge of the many languages spoken in the Russian Empire, acquired during his long missionary career, was utilised by the British and Foreign Bible Society, which employed him in the work of translation and otherwise.

THE BISHOPS OF LONDON AND BEDFORD have issued an appeal for pecuniary aid towards defraying the cost of the London Mission which is to be held in the eastern portion of the Diocese in November, and in its western portion in February.

OF THE 15,000*l.* which the Bishop of Truro asked for by the 15th August to erect his cathedral, 8,000*l.* has been received. In the expectation that the remainder of the sum will be forthcoming, the Truro Cathedral Committee have decided to continue the work. Her Majesty has signified her intention of subscribing 200*l.* to the Building Fund.

AT THE OPENING OF THE CHURCH CONGRESS at Carlisle, the Lord-Lieutenant of Cumberland is to present to Bishop Goodwin, for the use of the See, a pastoral staff of elaborate workmanship. Niches below the crook will contain, with those of some early Northern saints, figures of Henry I., who founded the Bishopric, and of Ethelwold, the first Bishop.

ON FRIDAY, LAST WEEK, Mrs. Gladstone, who was accompanied by Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., laid the foundation stone of a new chapel, to be erected in the parish church of St. Mary-lebone, at an estimated cost of between 10,000*l.* and 12,000*l.*, of which sum about 9,500*l.* are now in hand. The 5th West Middlesex Volunteers supplied a Guard of Honour on the occasion.

ON MONDAY AFTERNOON, in pursuance of a bequest by a London citizen so long ago as 1611, the Vicar of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, preached in that church a sermon in celebration of the 296th anniversary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

A PARLIAMENTARY RETURN, just issued, gives a list of the clergymen of the Church of England, sixty-two in number, who, between 1873 and 1884, availed themselves of the Act to relinquish their clerical position. Two of the best known of the names are those of Mr. Leslie Stephen and of Mr. John Richard Green, the brilliant historian of England, who was at one time the Incumbent of an East End parish.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE CONFERENCE of the Evangelical Alliance to be held, as formerly intimated in this column, at Copenhagen, in the first week of September, are very promising. In the Scandinavian countries alone 1,200 persons have been already enrolled as members of the Conference. The Lord Mayor of London and Sir W. M^rArthur are to be among the British delegates, and the King and Queen of Denmark have announced their intention of being present at several of the sittings of the Conference.

LAST SUNDAY the Lord Mayor preached a sermon at the Brunswick Wesleyan Chapel, Linchouse, on the occasion of its reopening.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY, which has received from one sympathiser a donation of 2,000*l.* to extend its operations on the Congo, has decided on establishing ten new stations between Stanley Pool and Stanley Falls, and on sending out as soon as practical twenty missionaries to man them. Land for one new station has been already purchased from the International Association.

THE SECOND TRAPPIST MONASTERY IN IRELAND was opened last Sunday at Mount St. Joseph, near Roscrea. Several French monastic dignitaries, as well as Irish Roman Catholic prelates and priests, took part in the ceremony.



THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Another season of Promenade Concerts commenced last Saturday at Covent Garden, under the administration of Mr. W. G. Thomas and the musical direction of Mr. Gwyllyn Crowe. That, in the process of development, the only symphonic entertainment vouchsafed to the odd two millions who remain in London during August improves from an artistic point of view cannot quite be admitted. Indeed, save as to a few sturdy music lovers, who brave the heat of the amphitheatre stalls, Art matters scarcely seem to enter into the question at all. Promenade concerts, as musical entertainments, appear to be distinctly on their decline. General report attributes to the late M. Musard the establishment of this form of amusement in this country. The truth is quite the contrary. Ranelagh and Vauxhall in London were popular places of resort before Musard was born. Musard, accepting a British idea, started in Paris promenade concerts, in which dance music chiefly figured—a style of musical entertainment which the frequenters of the Health Exhibition can readily appreciate. It was an English orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Willy and the conductorship of Signor Negri, who first in England gave these entertainments as far back as 1838, at the old Lyceum, under the title of "Promenade Concerts, à la Musard." The programme consisted of four quadrilles, four light overtures, four waltzes, and some solos. Then in 1839 came Valentino, the rival of Musard, and in 1840 the "Concerts d'Été," under the violinist Eliason, with Jullien as sub-conductor. In 1841 Jullien, who may be considered the chief founder of Promenade Concerts, started the "Concerts d'Hiver," and until 1859, when he was arrested for debt, he continued them. For nearly twenty years the name of Jullien was a household word. His gloves, his frilled shirt, the magnificent *fautail* in which he reclined, and his laced handkerchief, can readily be recollected even by middle-aged men of the present generation. Jullien died in 1860, but he introduced at his concerts scraps of the symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, and he paved the way for the more advanced labours of Alfred Mellon, Weist Hill, Frederic Cowen, and Arthur Sullivan. Except on classical evenings, miscellaneous programmes are now the rule. People on Saturday night trooped in from the Floral Hall to hear Madame Rose Hersee, or Mr. Maas, or Mr. Santley, or to listen to the strains of a vocal waltz. But they soon returned to a domain where they could smoke and drink and converse without the distraction occasioned by the performances of a singularly fine orchestra, directed by Mr. G. Crowe. On Monday the theatre was not full, although the electric lights of the Floral Hall shone upon a tolerably crowded assemblage. On Wednesday a classical programme was given, with Raff's "Italian" suite as chief item of the programme. But the necessities of an amusement for the hour seem just now to override the claims of art, and the problem has yet to be solved of a higher class entertainment for the large number of music lovers who remain in London between late July and early November.

THE ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—A provisional receiver and liquidator was last week, on the motion of Mr. Alfred Emden, appointed in the matter of the Royal Italian Opera, Limited. The motion was granted in a suit in which Mr. Montague, a heavy mortgagee, was plaintiff. It is said that if outstanding accounts be collected a reasonable balance may be obtained. But it is an indisputable fact that another blow has been struck at the present conditions which rule Italian Opera. Only two years ago, in an appeal to the public to take shares in the enterprise, investors were informed that the average profits on the last six years of the late Mr. F. Gye's direction of the Opera exceeded 15,000*l.* per year. Mr. Ernest Gye estimated the forthcoming profits at 34,800*l.* annually, which sum would be the minimum, and, after paying all expenses, would go to dividend. Since then not only have artists largely increased their salaries, but other questions, artistic and operative, have intervened. To blame the director for the present situation of Italian Opera would therefore be unfair. Nevertheless, until the *prime donne* be disposed, and the wishes of the paying public for adequate casts, a newer repertory, and seats at a more moderate price be conceded, there is, it is feared, little hope for opera, whether in Italian or German.

WAGNER'S "PARSIFAL."—A large number of well-known

musicians have undertaken a sort of musical pilgrimage to Bayreuth, for the performances of Wagner's last opera *Parsifal*. A correspondent states that the English and Americans are numerous represented, and that the English language is almost as frequently heard in the streets as German. Mr. Joseph Barnby, who will direct the performance of the opera in concert form at the Albert Hall next November, has been present at every representation at Bayreuth. The audiences have likewise included Madame Alwina Valleria, and her husband Mr. Percy Hutchinson, Madame Minnie Hauk, Miss Mary Davies, the Viscountess Folkestone, Mr. Hueffer, Mr. Winch, and Herr Hans Richter. The performances have been so successful that they will be repeated next autumn. During 1886, being ten years since the production of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, that four-day opera will be revived.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Patti, MM. Nicolini and Bonetti, with Signor Tito Mattei, solo pianist; Mlle. Thérèse Castellan, solo violinist; Mr. Pittman, harmonium; and Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, conductor, were announced to appear at Swansea, on Thursday, at a concert in aid of the local hospital.—Señor Sarasate, the well-known violinist, writes from Spa to contradict the erroneous report in the French papers that he had been attacked by a nervous malady.—The library of the late John Hullah, which was supposed to be of considerable value, was recently sold by auction. 250 lots, among them MSS. by Mendelssohn, only fetched 160*l.* The harpsichord, by Andreas Ruckers, went for 28*l.* It is dated 1623.—The Bach monument in the square before the Georgenkirche, at Eisenach, will be unveiled on September 28th. Herr Joachim will then conduct a performance of Bach's great Mass in B minor.—Mr. Goring Thomas's opera, *Esmeralda*, will shortly be performed in French at Antwerp. The libretto has already been translated into German and Italian.—Mr. J. L. Hatton is engaged upon a new nautical cantata, entitled *The Incheape Bell*.—A French version of Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* is about to be produced at Brussels.—The highest awards (diploma of honour and gold medal) at the Crystal Palace Exhibition have been gained by Messrs. Chickering and Sons, Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons, MM. Heugel, and the Smith Organ Company.—The certificate of Verdi's baptism, recently published, shows that the date of the composer's birth has been post-dated a year. The correct date is Oct. 10th, 1813.—The application, under the new French law, made by Madame Patti for divorce against her husband, the Marquis de Caux, was appointed to be heard before the First Chamber of the Paris Civil Tribunal on the 14th instant. The ground of the application is, that the parties have been separated for three years and upwards. The case will be settled by three judges without a jury.—Sir Henry Ponsonby, on behalf of the Queen, has notified the Committee of the London Musical Society that Princess Beatrice will undertake the office of President of the Society, vacant by the death of the Duke of Albany.



THE Session of 1884 came to a close on Thursday amid the mummery of a prorogation by Royal Commission. This is a performance often described in this column. On Thursday it lost nothing of its more than childish absurdity. Five red-cloaked figures with three-cornered hats on the bench before the Woolsack; at either side of the table two figures in barristers' gowns and wigs chanting a duet, the refrain of which is *La reine le veut*; the black figures occasionally bowing to the ground, and the red-cloaked figures on the bench by the Woolsack from time to time raising their three-cornered hats; at the bar the Speaker, attended by the Chaplain and the Sergeant-at-Arms with the mace on the shoulder; behind, clustered round him about a dozen members, chiefly those who have joined during the Session, and who, like children at the theatre for the first time, insist upon waiting to see the very last act. The one recommendation of the performance is that it does not take many minutes. On Thursday it was shorter than usual, for the number of Bills still awaiting the Royal Assent fell below the average. Nevertheless, in what is known as a barren Session it is astonishing how prodigious a list of Bills, chiefly Private, are passed.

The Session died hard, in spite of the conviction that for all useful practical purposes it might almost as well have not lived. There was a sitting on Saturday, at which the Appropriation Bill was read a second time. As on the previous day, there had been a miscellaneous debate, in which the Irish Members had largely figured, and as Monday was solemnly set apart for debate on Egyptian policy, it was reasonable to believe the proceedings of Saturday would be purely formal. But this, as Lord Randolph Churchill said, when warning the Ministry against the belief that they would be able to devote the autumn Session exclusively to the Franchise Bill, was "a flagrant mistake." There were several Members who, on the understanding that the debate on Egypt would take place either on Thursday or Friday in last week, had arranged to leave town on Saturday. For the special convenience of Lord Randolph Churchill, who had to go to Manchester on Friday, Sir Stafford Northcote postponed his action till Monday. But there were Sir George Campbell, Sir W. Lawson, Mr. Labouchere, and one or two others with their speeches ready, and, as Sir George Campbell frankly admitted, they could not await the convenience of Lord Randolph Churchill. Accordingly they fired off their speeches on Saturday, and as soon as it was done, and when poor Mr. Newdegate had found a legitimate opportunity of expatiating on that letter of "the Admiral of the Fleet," reference to which a week earlier had brought him into conflict with the Speaker, the House adjourned in moderately good time.

On Monday Sir Stafford Northcote opened the long-talked-of debate on Ministerial policy in Egypt. It went forward under circumstances the most depressing imaginable. The theory is that at the end of the Session the Leader of the Opposition shall, generally on the second reading of the Appropriation Bill, review the policy and events of the year, making out, of course, that having looked upon them, behold! he finds that they are very bad. If the Opposition are likely to receive popular support, even though they know they will be in a minority, they move an amendment expressing censure. But in any case, the attack being the last parade of the Session, is invested with some pomp and circumstance indicating reality. On Monday Sir Stafford Northcote had no amendment to move, except the formal one imposed by the Rules of the House, and which at the outset of his speech he anxiously announced his intention of not pressing to a division. He rose in the presence of forty-two members, and he said exceedingly little about the existing state of affairs. The greater portion of his speech was devoted to consideration and condemnation of the Anglo-French Agreement, in order to justify which course he had to assume its continued existence, in spite of the Premier's distinct declaration made in announcing the results of the Conference, that the Agreement had now no binding force on either side.

This oratorical difficulty was indirectly answerable for the remarkable scene which followed. Sir Stafford Northcote, in order to establish his position and give some appearance of usefulness to his discussion of the defunct Agreement, stated that Mr. Gladstone had

informed the House that it was "only in a state of suspended animation." This would have been all very well in the country, but with the Premier sitting immediately opposite, with his terrible memory in full play, it was a dangerous experiment to make. Mr. Gladstone immediately rose, and quoted the exact words he had used, which the House remembered had been dwelt upon at the time by all the newspapers, Liberal or Conservative, as emphatically and unreservedly announcing the rupture of the Agreement, which had from the first been contingent upon a settlement being effected by the Conference. This misquotation in these peculiar circumstances set aflame the easily-roused passions of the Premier. As Sir Robert Peel, speaking later in the evening, graphically put it, he "trampled upon" Sir Stafford, taking up some of his arguments, showing whither they logically led, and contemptuously tearing them in pieces in sight of the House. But his chief outburst of passion was reserved for the detection of Sir Stafford Northcote's omission, when purporting to give an account of what had hitherto been effected under English management, of reference to Sir E. Baring's report on the state of Egypt. This omission the Premier denounced as scarcely fair, and, with uplifted voice and angry gestures towards the leader of the Opposition, deplored his attempts to belittle the efforts of his countrymen in Egypt because the instruments were chosen by his political opponents.

Here there were loud cries from the Conservatives, shocked at such a charge being brought against their Leader. Sir Stafford Northcote himself rose, and demanded that the charge should be withdrawn. Sir Henry Wolff shouted out that Sir E. Baring's report was "perfectly worthless." Lord Randolph Churchill cried "Oh, oh," and Mr. Warton and his promising disciple, Mr. Dixon-Hartland, cried "Withdraw! Withdraw!" When the uproar had ceased Mr. Gladstone, without withdrawing anything, substituted the statement that it was unfortunate (immense emphasis on unfortunate) that Sir Stafford Northcote, in reviewing the position of affairs in Egypt, should have omitted notice of the most important testimony yet furnished. After the Premier's animated address the proceedings drooped under successive speeches, many of them bearing evidence of preparation for the famous debate on the third Vote of Censure, which was vetoed by the majority breaking away from the control of their leaders. Towards midnight Sir Robert Peel slightly revived the dying debate by the delivery of one of his amazingly inconsequential harangues, in the course of which, after utterly demolishing Her Majesty's Government, he lightly passed over to France, and dealt a deadly blow at the French Republic and M. Jules Ferry.

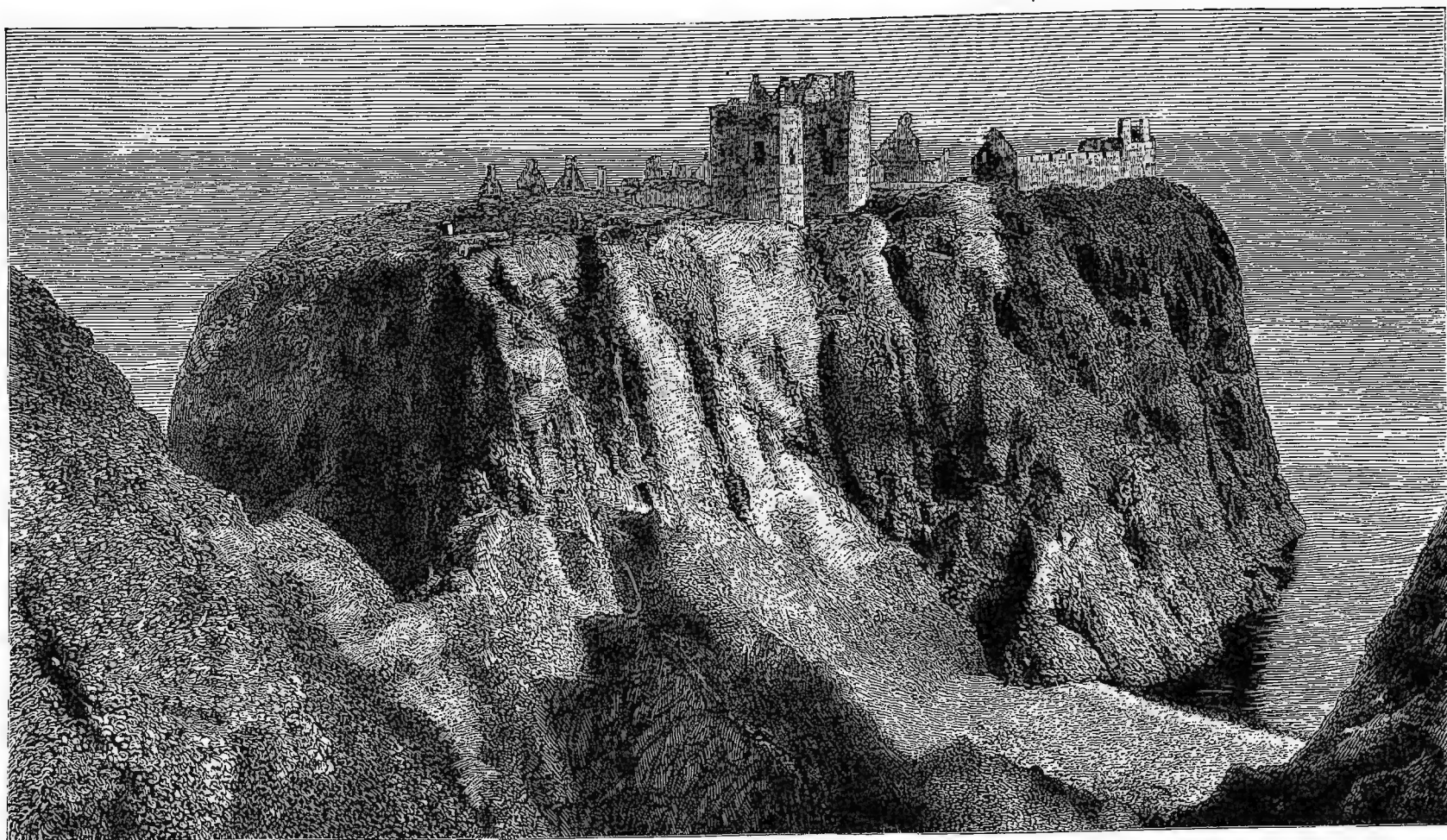
After this the Irish members came to the fore, and kept the House sitting till a quarter-past four in the morning. Mr. O'Brien, smarting under the penalties inflicted upon him by a jury for his slanderous attacks upon Mr. George Bolton, had returned to the safer quarters of the House of Commons. Here at least he was safe from embarrassing Rules of Evidence or fear of the Common Law. He now, upon the evidence of an informer, it would be too little to say accused Mr. Bolton of suborning witnesses in order to encompass the death of an innocent man, but assumed the fact, and savagely denounced the criminal. When this very man, whose testimony against Mr. Bolton appears at this critical period, gave evidence for the Crown he was denounced by Mr. O'Brien both in speech and writing as a worthless wretch whose testimony would only be believed by a Government such as that which now rules Ireland. But the moment the same man turns round and accuses Mr. Bolton of an incredible crime Mr. O'Brien clamours in the House of Commons for immediate action to be taken, and denounces the Government because they will not straightway believe this honest creature.

Tuesday's sitting was enlivened by the delivery of Lord Randolph Churchill's postponed speech, which was in more regular form than Sir Stafford Northcote's, not being confined to disquisition on policy in Egypt, but taking in order the various topics of the Session. On Wednesday the House of Lords had it all to themselves whilst they passed the Appropriation Bill through its final stages; and on Thursday the curtain dropped, to rise again in October.

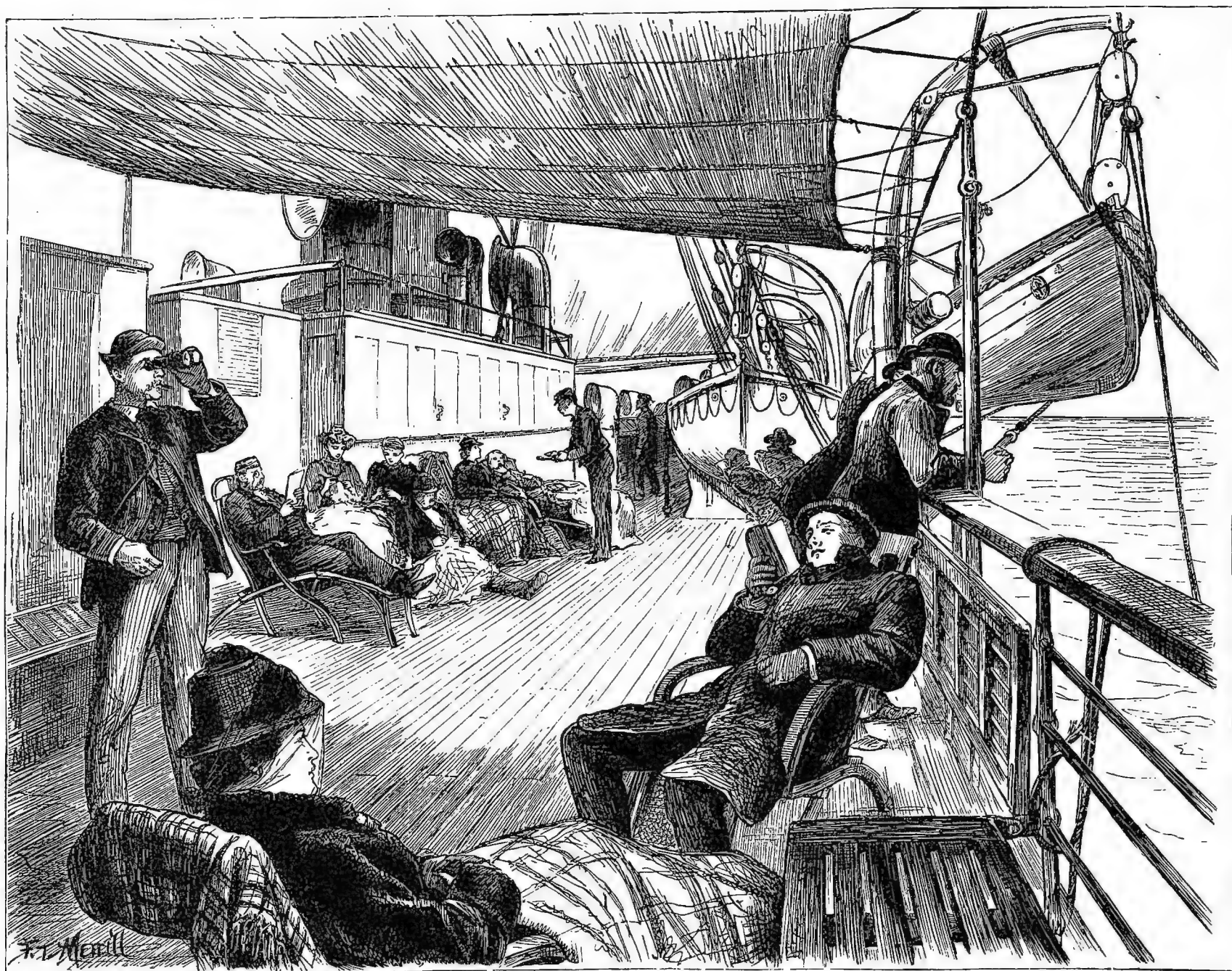


THE HAYMARKET Theatre reopened on Saturday evening, under the direction of that excellent actor Mr. Brookfield, who, in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, is adventurous enough to try his fortunes as a manager in the face of the heat of mid-August. Whether it is a point in his favour that his playbill presents features which distinguish it in a marked way from the playbills of other houses which still keep open doors we will not venture to decide. It must depend upon the proportion of playgoers who have a taste for revivals of bygone stage fashions. Dibdin's old opera of *The Waterman*, in which Mr. Herbert Reeves acts weakly, but sings the ballads assigned to the love-sick and despairing Tom Tug with welcome tokens of his father's careful training, is, for example, decidedly out of date; but there is nevertheless a pleasant, old-fashioned tone about it, and the songs are always welcome. For the middle piece of the programme Mr. W. H. Pollock has furnished a new and clever rendering of Bayard and Jaime's two-act comedy, *Le Réveil du Lion*, of which a rather clumsy version was produced on the same stage nearly forty years ago. In this piece, to which Mr. Pollock has given the name of *Evergreen*, Mr. Brookfield plays with an infinite succession of skilful artistic touches the part of an old beau, who, piqued by the insolence of a young puppy who has ventured to speak of him as an "old mummy," presents himself at a rather ricketty dinner and ball given by his favourite nephew, and there gives his detractor and the company in general a taste of his quality, and a few samples of what the "Muscadins" and "Incrovables" of his youthful days were capable of doing in the way of singing, dancing, fencing, and flirting—ay, even flirting, for the courtly and gracious old gentleman is able to win the preference of the lady on whom his insolent censor had fixed his attentions. Mr. Pollock has chosen to assume that all this takes place in the early days of the Restoration, whereby opportunity is provided for the display of quaint costumes, both of men and women, but particularly of men. Of this opportunity Mr. Brookfield has diligently availed himself, and the *soirée* at the lodgings of young Mr. de Fonblanche is accordingly curiously picturesque. Doubtless there were periods when fashions were more noble, but for all that the "Petits-maitres" of 1815, as here seen, are not wanting in grace, and their attire has the additional advantage of being a less familiar revival than the theatrical costumiers are wont to be instructed to prepare. There is very good and careful acting in *Evergreen*. Mr. Conway and Mr. Maurice sustain well their parts as young gentlemen of the period. Miss Julia Gwynne, who is also the Wilhelmina of *The Waterman*, plays very prettily a pretty *ingénue* part, and Miss M. A. Victor, an actress hitherto unknown so far West, acts with true comic power as a faded belle and "expect of the ballet," who, aroused by old M. de Fonblanche's example and gallant attentions, rekindles the old spirit, and dances a minuet with a zest that is refreshing to see. The story of the piece is somewhat conventional, and is set forth with a sort of prim ingenuity which belongs to the past. Still, it amuses, and it undoubtedly

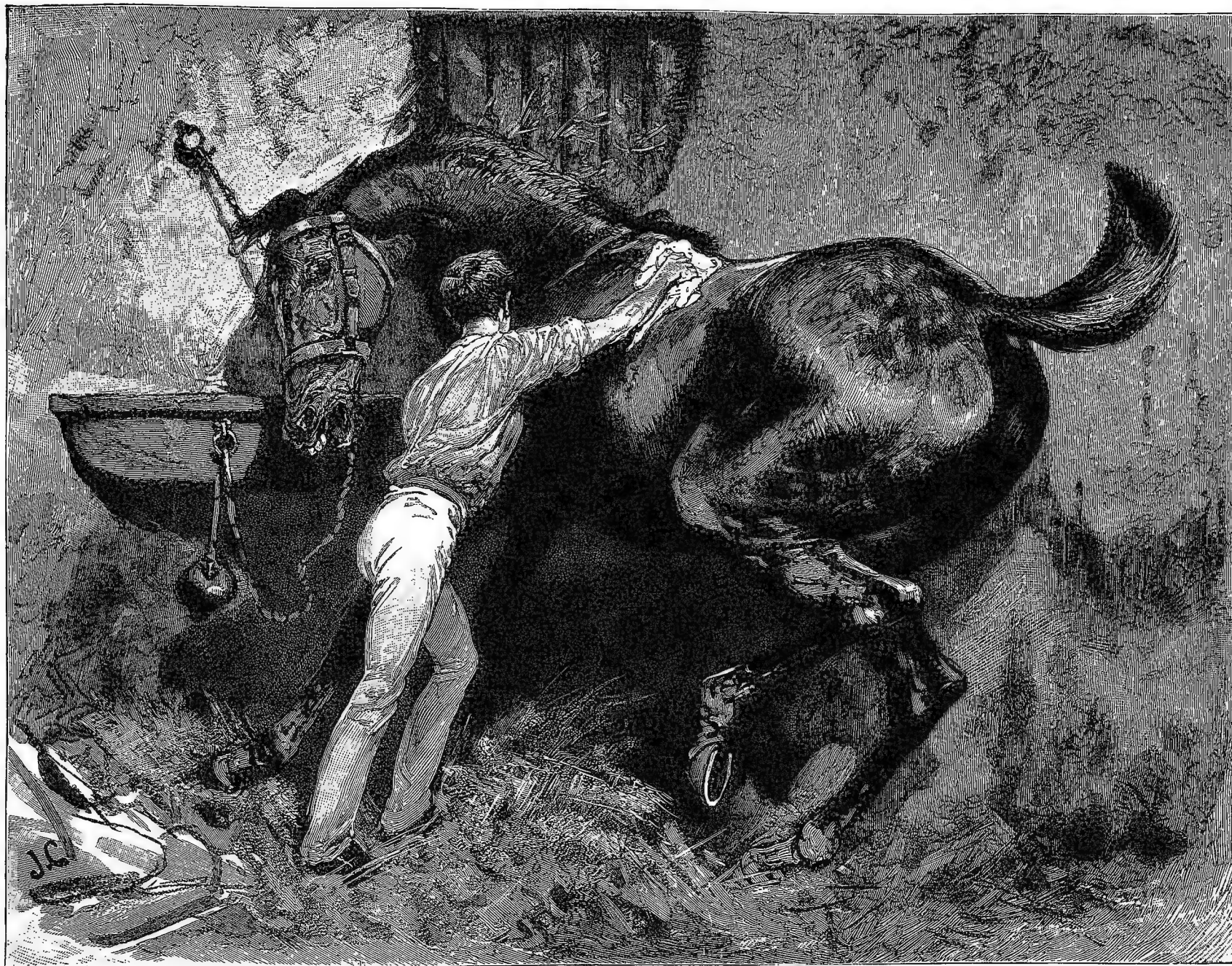
(Continued on page 166)



DUNNOTTAR CASTLE, KINCARDINE, SCOTLAND



FROM NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL—A SUMMER'S DAY ON A TRANSATLANTIC LINER



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

"Rubbing down the Dancing Master."

FROM POST TO FINISH:

A RACING ROMANCE

BY HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," "AT FAULT," &C.

CHAPTER IX.

SIR MARMADUKE MARTINDALE

IT was about this time that there suddenly rose above the turf horizon that bright particular star, Sir Marmaduke Martindale, and with the advent of Sir Marmaduke came what is generally known as the era of the "plungers." At twenty-one the young baronet found himself in possession of twenty thousand a year and one hundred thousand pounds ready money, the accumulations of a somewhat long minority. During his Cambridge career Sir Marmaduke had shown much more taste for the computation of the odds than the absorbing study of conic sections. He preferred the lore of Newmarket to the teaching of the schools, and no sooner was he his own master than he promptly repudiated a University which, truth to tell, had been more than once on the verge of repudiating him. Sir Marmaduke had never affected the slightest intention of taking a degree, but there are plenty of men who go up to Oxford and Cambridge without any design of that nature. The baronet's irregularities had been pretty notorious, and that he should have escaped the pains and penalties of his offending was due partly to luck and partly to the leniency of the authorities. The Dons of his college don't trouble their heads very much about a man of this sort as far as his reading is concerned; providing he is subordinate to the discipline of the University, and does not wax riotous, they ask no more of him. Never having expected him to be a credit to his college, they are content to rest satisfied as long as he avoids the other extreme, and does not become a disgrace to it.

In no man's blood did the fierce itch of gambling run hotter than in Sir Marmaduke's. He had exhibited this wild passion for play while at the University, and had even then contrived to have a few horses in training at Newmarket; but once emancipated from all restraint Sir Marmaduke embarked in racing on a colossal scale. He gathered together a lengthy string of thoroughbreds, and the boldest of bettors stared aghast at the magnitude of his speculations. He became the head of a small clique, who played almost as boldly as himself. Betting in those days was carried on on a scale of which the young men of the present day have no conception, and sums of such magnitude could be won over the great races as is now no longer possible. Amongst other equine celebrities owned by Sir Marmaduke was this colt Pibroch, of which Cuthbert Elliston had spoken to Pearson. The horse had only run once as a two-year-old, when he had won a small stake at Newmarket, defeating some four

or five very moderate opponents. From his performances he had not the slightest right to be first favourite for the Two Thousand Guineas, but first favourite he was, and, what is more, one of the hottest favourites that had been seen for many years. That the stable knew a good deal more about him than the public it was only fair to conjecture, and when Sir Marmaduke and his friends really fancied a horse the sheer weight of money that they invested upon him invariably brought him to the top of the poll. Both backers and bookmakers are exceedingly like sheep, and invariably follow the lead of two or three guiding spirits.

Sir Marmaduke was a man who already in his short career had made some marvellous *coups* on the turf; and that ravening section of the British public who indulge in such speculation were now keenly observant of everything he did, and excessively anxious to share his fortunes, consequently the public now were wildly backing Pibroch for the Guineas, although of course upon much less favourable terms than his owner and friend had contrived to do; though it wanted yet about a month of the day fixed for the race, seven to four was the latest quotation against Sir Marmaduke's colt.

Mr. Cuthbert Elliston had been early in the field, and had contrived to appropriate a considerable proportion of money at the same price as the stable for himself and Pearson. Elliston was a man who had quite a staff of horse-watchers and people of that kind in his employ, and undoubtedly often was in early possession of valuable information concerning stables other than his own. He paid well for such, and never inquired by what means it had been come by, but on one point he was relentless. If ever the information supplied by one of his myrmidons turned out false Cuthbert Elliston left no stone unturned to punish the offender. More than one of these jackals of the racecourse had rued the day when, either from design or carelessness, they had despatched false intelligence to Cuthbert Elliston.

Sam Pearson, as he read the weekly account of the doings at Tattersall's, felt well satisfied with what his partner had done about Pibroch. You may know nothing about racing, but to buy shares at a low price and find them going up forty or fifty per cent. is a thing understood by most people, and that is precisely what the quotations from Tattersall's represented to Pearson.

Ah, well! it is all over now, and horse-racing, according to many people who study the signs of the times, is in a fair way to share the fate of pugilism. The days lang syne when investors used to enjoy all the fun of watching the fancy they had backed fluctuate in the

turf share-market all through the winter are gone. We live in days of cant and mock civilisation, and are perfectly hysterical in our shrieks regarding cruelty to animals. We sacrifice our fellow creatures without the slightest compunction in the numberless petty wars in which we are everlastingly engaged, and yet shrink from putting the rope round the murderer's neck. Civilised, no doubt, —ever advancing in civilisation! But what is the outcome of it all?

Sir Marmaduke had opened the season in rare form. The Ring had winced at the settling over the Craven Meeting, and were now perfectly paralysed by another stroke of turf strategy on the part of this young Napoleon of the racecourse. A dangerous three-year-old made his appearance at this last meeting, and landed a Biennial Stake over the Rowley Mile in such handsome fashion as to suggest to the minds of the lookers-on that he was likely to imperil the victory of Pibroch in the Two Thousand, however good that colt might be. Before the ensuing week was over it became known through turf circles that Sir Marmaduke had bought this new comer for a fabulous sum, and after that, as the bookmakers said, who could say what this daring young gambler might do? That he had a wonderful clear, shrewd head, those who came most in contact with him were fain to acknowledge; that he was a very fair judge of racing was also apparent; while even his veteran trainer was often filled with astonishment at the information he possessed about antagonistic stables. Sir Marmaduke, indeed, employed a very army of horse-watchers. He eclipsed Cuthbert Elliston in this respect, and, though he might lack that gentleman's experience, he possessed a very much longer purse. Informers against horses, like informers against humanity, are ever at the disposal of the highest bidders.

It was curious to see the effect of Sir Marmaduke's appearance in the Ring, when, with his hat slightly pushed back, flower in button-hole, and cigarette in mouth, he stepped inside the roaring circle, and opened that betting-book, bound in the colours they knew so well; the bookmakers swarmed round him like bees round a honey-comb, and the quick, short nods with which, the price once adjusted, he would pencil down three or four pages of bets, was a sight to see. Men don't back horses in such fashion nowadays, and perhaps it is as well; but I never can help a lingering feeling of admiration for those bold bettors of the "plunging era."

I suppose in the old days of the Prince Regent and Crockford's, or when Charles Fox played hazard from sunset to sunrise, they

(Continued on page 178)

furnishes much that is very pleasing to the eye. The concluding item in the bill is a new farce by Mr. T. W. Speight, which is both conceived and written in a thoroughly—we must confess too thoroughly—old-fashioned vein. But, as we have said, the Haymarket bill taken altogether has a charm of its own. It is entirely unlike anything else now going on elsewhere, and the performances may be seen with pleasure if the visitor will only go in the right mood.

Mrs. Langtry, who has but just returned from the United States, whither it is understood that she will go again very shortly, has already begun another extensive provincial tour, and has been playing at Newcastle-on-Tyne during the whole of this week. The success of this lady must be a little puzzling to those critics who, in their haste to prove that they are not of those who confound fashionable reputation with histrionic genius, proclaimed her destitute of all talent. Mere novelty soon wears off, and public curiosity about the appearance of a professional beauty is apt to be quickly satiated. Clearly there must be something more in Mrs. Langtry than good looks and a well-advertised name.

Saturday, the 30th inst., is the date fixed for the reopening of the PRINCESS'S. No novelty, however, will be produced till later on, *Claudine* being still in the ascendant.

Mrs. Mary Anderson will return to the LYCEUM on the 6th of September, when the programme of last season, namely, *Pygmalion* and *Galatea* and *Comedy and Tragedy*, will be resumed.

On Monday the comic opera of *Dick* will be revived at the GAIETY, with a strong company.

GARDENS OF GIRLS

GIRLS! Shoals of them; short and tall, fat and thin, pretty and ugly, timid and forward, smart and shabby, careworn and careless, all streaming forth every day between eight and nine A.M. towards the centres of business in London and its suburbs. They fill the omnibuses; they rush into the trains; they crowd the streets. What is their daily life? what are their discomforts and grievances, their joys and aspirations? The dignity of work no doubt presses upon them; they have something else to do than to play tennis and read novels; they earn their bread as hardily as men earn it, from half-past eight in the morning till six, seven, eight, or even nine at night they are perpetually on the strain. Some of them are Government telegraph clerks, and these rank first, as they are better educated and better paid than their sister workers; they are occasionally allowed to leave off at five o'clock; they have a month's holiday, and they are entitled to a retiring pension. Next to them come the large class of shop-assistants, or "young ladies," as they are generally called. There is an enormous difference between those employed at West End shops and those who belong to the smaller shops in the City or in the suburban districts. In the West End the shops close at six, and at two on Saturdays, so that there may be a stroll in Kensington Gardens, or a trip to Kew with the inevitable 'Arry. But in the suburbs the shops rarely close till eight, and at Christmas they are often kept open till half-past ten, for then the greatest profits are made, as servants and those who are engaged during the day come in to buy. After this, there is the settling-up, which generally takes half-an-hour.

Last December I knew of one shop-girl who was turned out at half-past eleven to look for some lodgings which had been taken for her, as there was no room in the house for any more indoor hands. Being a stranger she lost her way, and did not succeed in finding the lodgings till close on twelve o'clock.

In the majority of cases the salaries of these shop-assistants are about 25s. a year, with board and lodging. Besides this there is the system of premiums, very common in the suburban shops. If the girls succeed in selling a certain class of goods, such as gloves or stockings, they get a percentage of perhaps a penny in the shilling, and when they are pushing saleswomen these premiums sometimes amount to ten shillings in the week. This system of course fosters that detestable habit of pressing goods on the customer, and putting those insinuating but often most aggravating questions, "What is the next thing to-day?" "What else may I show you?" "These are very much worn at present," and so on, *ad infinitum*. Truth is completely set aside. If a customer puts the searching inquiry, "Is this out of fashion?" the girl is sure to answer "No," even if the article in question were as old as Noah's Ark, not only on account of her expected premium, but if she were heard making any damaging assertions she would probably be turned off at a moment's notice. Fines are often inflicted. In some shops there is a fine of half-a-crown if a girl ventures to sit down. Of course, a great deal depends on the humour and character of the employer; or the "Governor," as he is always called. If he is hasty or hot-tempered, woe betide the girls! The most frivolous pretext may serve as a reason for dismissal. If they are not successful with their sales, or if they do not get on well with the others, the pretext of their being a few minutes late on a Sunday night is quite enough to cause them to be turned adrift, and then the difficulty of finding another place is not a trifling one. Should it be a bad time of year, such as October, it may be many weeks before they can find another situation. In the registry offices in the City, thirty and forty girls may be seen sitting with wearied faces and disappointed looks, waiting to be called in—hoping that the travellers, those potent friends, "gentlemen whom they knew" in former shops, will get them something, and, alas! they are often forgotten, and trudge home—if they have a home—to hope that to-morrow something may turn up. Ah, those to-morrows, how delusive they are! But to be dismissed without a character is almost fatal, and this fate is occasionally brought on by pure silliness and incaution on the part of the girls themselves. They are the most gullible beings in existence: bait the hook with a good spice of flattery, and they are certain to be caught at once, though they will probably rue their own folly for many a day.

A case in point is as follows: Two shop-girls, or "young ladies" we should say, were walking in Regent Street, when they were accosted by two men, apparently gentlemen, who asked them if they would take a walk. Of course they should have said "No;" but, as it was, they said "Yes," and the walk was taken. They were then asked if they would like some supper at a fashionable restaurant. The foolish girls again said "Yes," and a champagne supper was soon laid out. It was hardly over, when one of the gentlemen said he had an engagement in the next street, and would have to go away; he went, and soon afterwards the other said he must go to look after his friend, but would return presently. Time went on and he did not appear; the girls began to look rather blank; but they looked still more blank when a long bill for the supper, amounting to several pounds, was brought to them. Where were the supposed givers of the feast?—Nowhere to be found. The girls were told that they must pay; they answered that they could not—they had no money; they were asked where they lived, they refused to answer; at last they were allowed to go, but, unknown to them, they were followed by a detective, and seen to enter a large, well-known shop. The detective duly informed the proprietor, and next morning the girls were called down and dismissed without a character, to find another situation as best they could. This might be called a good hoax, a capital take-in; but it was a hoax that entailed terrible consequences on the unfortunate victims of it.

Occasionally shop-girls are lodged at private lodging-houses, which are not inspected; unoccupied houses are also used for this purpose.

I was told of sixteen girls who were herded together in one low, badly-ventilated room. To add to their discomfort they had to go down a long passage to the lavatory, and to stand shivering in the bitter cold of a winter morning till their turn came to wash. One delicate girl got typhoid fever, symptoms of consumption afterwards set in, and she is now quite unable to earn her bread again. Those who are strong are able to rough it like this; but the weakly ones generally go to the wall.

Barmains in refreshment-rooms have an easier life than shop-girls, and are better paid. It seems strange that during a rather extensive acquaintance with business girls, the best specimen I ever met was a barmaid. She certainly had not been long in London, she came up from a provincial town to be near her sister; she had been six years at a large hotel, and soon found a situation in the City. She was remarkably pretty, modest, gentle, and ladylike; she had a sweet, low voice, that "most excellent thing in woman," and altogether there was a sort of quiet dignity about her which enforced respect. She was like a primrose blooming on the edge of a precipice.

After the shop-assistants rank the shop-workers, and these are sub-divided into skirt-hands, button-hole hands, body hands, sleeve-hands. The skirt hands get twelve shillings a week and their food; the button-holers fifteen; and so on at an ascending scale. They generally sleep out of the house, and are not quite on a par with the "young ladies" behind the counter. Let us look in at a West End workroom during the season: the floor covered with increasing heaps of shreds and scraps, the machines going incessantly; lines of stooping heads, and how the needles fly! Some are engaged on a snowy ball-dress; others are finishing off an actress's costume, which is to be sent to America, others are busy at widow's crape. Some rich materials, such as velvet and plush, must be entirely hand-made, for the pile would be flattened by the friction of the machine, consequently more workers are required, and the price of dressmaking increases. The girls are well fed at these good houses, they have roast joints and pudding every day, beer, if they like it, and tea in the afternoons. But how weary and jaded they are when they leave off at half-past eight, perhaps later, if there is a wedding or a mourning order on hand! Philanthropists will talk zealously of singing-classes and French classes for these weary ones, but the fact is they are generally too utterly exhausted in body and mind to care for anything but rest. To lie on a sofa and doze seems to be the summit of their enjoyment. Societies, however good, cannot touch all the difficulties that underlie the lives of London shop-girls. A gradual improvement in the girls' own standard of right and wrong, earlier closing hours, and the influence of public opinion are waves which may land them higher up on the shore of progress.



AUGUST HEAT AND SUNSHINE are enabling Southern and Eastern counties' farmers to secure their wheat in fine condition; while North of the Trent, as well as in the West of England, the crops are rapidly coming to the full maturity which farmers wish. A few heavy thunderstorms have occurred; but they have been tolerably local, and the harvest has nowhere been seriously interrupted. In the rich wheat-growing counties of Lincoln and Norfolk five to seven quarters of wheat to the acre are spoken of on highly-farmed lands, and an average of 33 or 34 bushels is not at all unlikely. The west and south-west will again lower the average of the whole country, but if a mean of 30 bushels is reached on a wheat area of 2,750,000 acres, we shall have over 10,000,000 quarters of wheat, giving a full 9,000,000 for the food wants of the country against a bare 8,000,000 last year. This represents a saving of 2,000,000 sterling. The barley has much benefited in quality by the heat after rain, and maltsters will have less difficulty than usual in procuring good samples. Oats will be fair, and as there are larger reserves than ordinary of the 1883 crop, this staple is likely to continue for another year in steadily good supply. The great heat is telling on pasturage; but turnips and other roots do not yet appear to be flagging under the sunshine.

THE YORKSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY were favoured with exceptionally fine weather for the Exhibition which they have just held at Ripon. The yard was very compactly and conveniently arranged, and the display of stock both large and good. There were in all 732 entries of live stock, embracing 910 animals; the pens of sheep counted as one entry each, hence the excess of animals over entries. The horses were a grand show of 390 exhibits, while the cattle numbered 118, the sheep 130, and pigs 94. The shorthorns numbered 86 out of 118 cattle shown, and included a large number of prize winners at other Shows held earlier in the year. The dairy cows were a small but very good class. The sheep were remarkable for the very adequate and interesting show of Lincolns and Leicesters. In the class of shearling Lincoln rams the awards at the Royal Show were here dissented from and reversed. The Shropshires and the Southdowns were a small but good show; and Lord Ellesmere exhibited some splendid pigs of the large white breed.

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have adjourned till 9th November. Before rising for the vacation they elected as new members Sir William Williams, of Barnstaple; Mr. R. Woodward, of Arley Castle; Mr. Fenwick Clennell, of Harbottle Castle; the Hon. R. Baillie Hamilton, of Dunse; Colonel Justice, of Newport; and the Hon. George Kenyon, of Ellesmere. The Society is in a very prosperous condition, with a balance of nearly 11,000l. at the bank. Five experimental silos have been constructed at Crawley Heath by permission of the Duke of Bedford, and they have been filled up, two with aftermath of grass, one with green oats, and two with clover. At the next meeting Colonel Kingscote will move that the Stock Prizes Committee be requested to consider the desirability of attaching to the offer of prizes for thoroughbred stallions for getting hunters such a condition as will enable tenant farmers to use the horses to which the prizes are awarded.

FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE.—During the month of July there were twelve fresh outbreaks of disease, in which 152 animals were attacked. These outbreaks occurred in Norfolk, York, Cheshire, Leicester, Surrey, Worcester, Hereford, Hants, and Stafford. There have been no fresh outbreaks since the beginning of the present month. It will be observed that the outbreaks which occurred during July were widely separated, and in no case has the disease extended far beyond the centre of its origin. In Norfolk, Cheshire, and York the attacks have been confined to a small proportion of the animals on the farms where the disease has appeared. This dangerous malady has so far been got under that the total extirpation of the pestilence may be expected soon, and the new Act, if loyally administered, should effectually prevent its readmission into England.

INERT MANURES.—"Upon unmanured rotation fields at Rothamsted," writes Sir John Lawes, "where the floating capital of soil nitrogen has been largely reduced by thirty-six years of exhaustion, I have no doubt whatever that we could easily obtain a far

larger crop of wheat upon land where clover had been fed than upon that where it had been mown, and doubtless upon many very light soils the distinction would be at once apparent. I could bring forward several cases in ordinary practice where manures have become comparatively inert, and we may, I think, consider that the nearer the maximum growth of the season is approached the less will be the distinction between differing manuring agents. The better the land the less is the value of the manure applied to it, and the worse the land the more essential the manure."

"DOCKING."—Veterinary surgeons appear quite unable to agree over this question. The National Association, which has just concluded its sitting at Manchester, had a tremendous contest over it, a formidable minority opposing Professor Axe, who, however, eventually carried the following motion:—"That in the opinion of this meeting the operation of docking horses is a means of averting danger to man, and is not a cruel operation where shown to be necessary." The opponents of docking have over-estimated their strength in direct attack, but they should be strong enough to get an Act passed fixing the ages under which animals must be docked if docked at all, and also making it a rule that they should be docked only by regularly qualified veterinary surgeons. We do not apprehend that the veterinary profession would interpose a very obstinate resistance to either of these clauses, especially the latter.

THE SHIRE HORSE SOCIETY have passed the following new rules with only one dissentient:—"That the qualification for mares to be entered in the Stud Book, Vol. VI., be as follows:—1. That the mare is of a registered sire. 2. That her dam is registered, or is by a registered sire. 3. That she or her offspring have gained honours at one of the Shows of the Kingdom. 4. That the offspring so shown must not be of less age than a yearling." These rules relate to mares foaled in 1880 or previously. The first and second rules are obviously needed in the interests of breeders and of the Society, but the third rule is protectionism *in excelsis*, and would exclude from the Stud Book all private owners who have not taken prizes.



THE JUDGES rose for the Long Vacation on Tuesday. The Courts will reassemble on October 24, when the Michaelmas sittings begin.

THE RECORDERSHIP OF SHEFFIELD has been bestowed on Mr. Frank Lockwood, Q.C., who last year in the Liberal interest unsuccessfully contested with the Hon. G. C. Dawney the representation of York City.

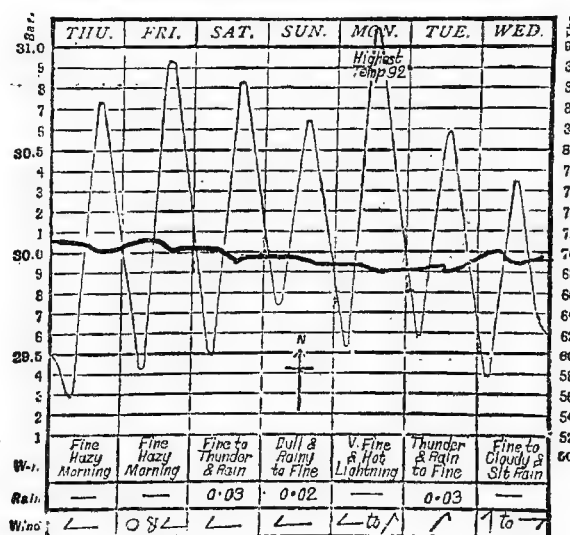
A ROYAL WARRANT has been issued ordering that every Judge of a County Court shall be called by the style and title of "His Honour," and shall have rank and precedence next after a Knight Bachelor.

AT SWANSEA, before Mr. Justice Grove, Dr. Price, the Welsh Druid, appeared in person in an action brought by him against a superintendent and sergeant of the Glamorganshire Police, the latter of whom had taken him to the police office, where he was threatened by an angry crowd, while attempting to cremate his child, and the former of whom had taken temporary possession of its body under circumstances more than once referred to previously in this column. Dr. Price charged them with false imprisonment, malicious prosecution, wrongful possession of the body of the child, and slander in imputing felony to him, and claimed 3,000l. as damages. The verdict of the jury was against him on all the counts save one, that of false imprisonment, and they gave him a farthing damages, the Judge refusing him his costs.

MR. HADLEY, to whom the Court of Aldermen preferred the present Lord Mayor at the last election for the Mayoralty, has passed his examination in Bankruptcy, the trustee professing perfect satisfaction with his accounts.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM AUGUST 7 TO AUGUST 13 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the greater part of the past week fine, bright, and hot weather has been experienced in nearly all parts of the United Kingdom, with local fog or mist in the morning hours, and frequent thunderstorms generally. Throughout the first half of the period pressure was highest in the far east and south-east, lowest off our western coasts, while readings over our islands remained very uniform. Light easterly and south-easterly breezes blew over England and Ireland, and southerly winds in Scotland, with fine warm weather generally. Temperature on these days was rather high over the south-eastern and inland parts of England, 89° being registered at two or three places on Friday (8th inst.), while 85° and 87° occurred in London on Thursday (7th inst.) and Saturday (9th inst.) respectively. Thunderstorms now became pretty general, but were not of a particularly severe character, although some of the accompanying falls of rain were heavy. On Monday (11th inst.) the thermometer rose to the high level of 92° in London and at Bantry, and to 93° at Hillington. Towards the close of the week pressure continued fairly steady, but there was a distinct tendency for changeable conditions to spread over the country. Light westerly or south-westerly winds blew generally, cloud worked up at most places, temperature fell (although still fairly high), and thunderstorms became more frequent, and in some cases unusually violent. The rain which accompanied some of these storms measured over 1.5 inches. The barometer was highest (30.08 inches) on Friday (8th inst.); lowest (29.97 inches) on Monday (11th inst.); range, 0.17 inches. Temperature was highest (92°) on Monday (11th inst.); lowest (56°) on Thursday (7th inst.); range, 36°. Rain fell on three days. Total fall, 0.08 inches.



TURF.—Racing under a broiling sun at Lewes was almost unendurable last week, and during the last few days it has been very trying at Kempton Park, Windsor, and Redcar. Moreover, few of the events decided were of much interest, or tended to throw much light on the future. It may be noted, however, that at Kempton Lady Beatrice secured the International Breeders' Two Year Old Stakes, and Doncaster Cup the Great International Foal Stakes. The last-named was, after his victory, supported at 33 to 1 for the St. Leger, for which race Scot Free and Superba still head the market quotations.—The entries both for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire show a falling off from those of last year.

CRICKET.—The Canterbury week was socially and otherwise perhaps the most successful on record, but it was a great disappointment to many that the Kent team, after beating the Australians, had to succumb to Middlesex, which so very recently had received one of the worst beatings experienced by an English Eleven at the hands of the Colonists. But so it was, Middlesex gaining a five-wickets' victory.—Sussex has beaten Derbyshire; and Hampshire Somerset by an innings and 169 runs, the winners making the enormous score of 645.—Gloucestershire made a good show at Clifton against the Australians, the Messrs. Grace again appearing in the field. The County first innings ran up to 301, Mr. W. G. Grace contributing 116. The Australians replied with 314; and then Gloucestershire made 230 with the loss of only two wickets. Unfortunately heavy rain caused the match to be abandoned; but it must be acknowledged much in favour of the County.—The third of the England v. Australia matches, played this week at the Oval, will be long remembered in the annals of cricket, especially for the sensational batting of the Australians on the first day, when they put together 363 with the loss of only two wickets, and with three of the scores standing at over 100 each. The total of the innings was knocked up on the second day to 551, Murdoch's figures being 211; and England got 71 for two wickets before the stumps were drawn. The English innings was made up on the third day to 346, of which W. W. Read got 117. This did not save a "follow on;" but 85 runs were got with the loss of two wickets before the game had to be drawn. The result of the three England v. Australia matches is thus a win for England and two draws.

POLO.—There was a great assemblage at the Phoenix Park, Dublin, on Saturday last, to witness the final tie for the All Ireland Challenge Cup, which was left to the 5th Lancers and the Scots Greys. Though the latter played with great spirit, the Lancers were too strong for them, and eventually won by four goals to one.

SHOOTING.—A prosaic but sure test of the grouse supply is the price of young birds in the large markets and at poultryers' shops. At the latter, in the metropolis, they were to be had at 11s. a brace on Wednesday last, and will undoubtedly soon be much cheaper. Reports from almost every grouse district in the United Kingdom are to the effect that the birds are most plentiful, and entirely free from disease. The only drawback to the success of the Twelfth was that

in some places thunderstorms and heavy fogs interfered with the operations of sportsmen.

ARCHERY.—For the first time in its history the Grand National Archery Society has held its annual meeting at Royal Windsor. Mr. C. E. Nesham, of the Royal Toxophilite and Grand National, won the chief gentlemen's, and Mrs. Piers Legh, of the Cheltenham and Grand National, the chief ladies' prize.

SWIMMING.—The annual long distance swim of five and three quarter miles from Putney Bridge to Charing Cross Railway Bridge was contested by seven swimmers, and won by G. Bell, the Half-Mile Champion, and Captain of the Sandringham and Unity Club. Titter, last year's Champion, was second.

ON TUESDAY, the twenty-first meeting of the British Pharmaceutical Conference was opened at Hastings. In the course of an interesting and discursive address the President, Mr. John Williams, referred to the practical benefits to be derived from the successes of chemists in liquefying and solidifying gases. Thus the snow-like solid carbonic acid had been brought at Berlin by great pressure into something in appearance like marble. In this condition it might be handed round at a dinner-table, and each guest, chipping off a portion, could not only cool his wine, but at the same time charge it with the agreeable carbonic acid. In this form it might also prove convenient for many pharmacists who require to make only small quantities of lithia, potash, or other medicated waters.

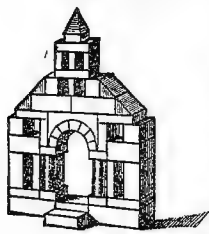
MISS WESTON'S GOOD WORK AMONG OUR BLUE-JACKETS is now too well known to need much recommendation, but it sorely needs something else—i.e., more funds, especially to reduce the deficit of 300l. While every single branch of her work prospers and is more appreciated by the sailors every year, the subscriptions have lately fallen off, and a glance at Miss Weston's interesting annual report will show how thoroughly the various institutions, societies, &c., deserve support. The Sailors' Rest at Portsmouth in particular wants enlarging, while, besides money, which may be sent to Miss Weston at the Sailors' Rest, Devonport, Miss Weston pleads for personal help. Her well-known "blue backs"—letters to seamen—annually increase in circulation, and special "fishermen's blue backs" are now issued by desire.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the National Artillery Association began on Saturday at Shoeburyness, to be extended over a fortnight. The five prizes competed for on Monday were won, in the following order, by the 1st City of London, the 2nd Kent, the 2nd Middlesex, the 2nd Kent (Plumstead), and the 2nd Middlesex, No. 8 Detachment. Of another series of five prizes, competed for on Tuesday, the first was won by the North Kent (Blackheath), the second and third by two detachments of the 3rd Middlesex (Lord Truro's Brigade), the fourth by the Gravesend men of the West Kent, and the fifth by the 2nd Middlesex, No. 11 Detachment. On Wednesday the prize given by the two Houses of Parliament and five others by the Association were competed for, and won in the following order by the 1st Gloucestershire, No. 1 Detachment; 2nd Middlesex, No. 2 Detachment; 3rd Middlesex, No. 11 Detachment; 1st Gloucester, No. 7 Detachment; 1st Cinque Ports (Folkestone Detachment). The practice throughout showed a very great improvement on that of previous years, and was closely watched by officers of the Royal Artillery to secure strict conformity to the rules of the "Book of Instructions."

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL BALLOON JOURNEY ACROSS THE CHANNEL has been made by the French aéronaut, M. l'Hoste, Secretary of the Académie d'Aerostation Météorologique. He travelled from Boulogne to New Romney—fifteen miles from Folkestone—in 1½ hour. M. l'Hoste took a similar trip last year. Talking of French aeronautics a new steering balloon lately ascended from Meudon, and was most successfully directed to a given point and brought back at will. It was cigar-shaped, and furnished with a screw and rudder.

DRESS AT TRANSATLANTIC WATERING-PLACES has reached the extreme height of extravagance this season, and men now seek to vie with women in the variety and completeness of their attire. Thus at Long Branch one New York dandy possesses sixty different suits, and is highly wroth with his chief rival in dress—the wife of a St. Louis grain speculator—because he cannot wear as many diamonds as she does, but must restrict himself to gorgeous studs, pins, and sleeve-links. He carries off the palm in numbers, however, for the St. Louis lady only owns forty toilettes. Still she has everything to match, from parasol to shoes, and even to the bouquet which she carries on her daily drive in an elaborate satin-lined carriage drawn by a white and a black steed ornamented with huge yellow collars. Two of her rooms in the hotel are used simply as wardrobes, and her trunks line the corridor. When all her costumes have been duly worn at Long Branch the fair American will go to Saratoga to astonish the natives there—this being the regular routine of toilette exhibition.

ST. GILES' CHRISTIAN MISSION.—We have already in former years called attention to the excellent work performed by this charity, under the able management of Mr. George Hatton, the superintendent, and Mr. W. Wheatley, the Secretary. Besides the good which has been effected in the evangelisation of a very poor and degraded district by means of schools and services and entertainments in connection with the Mission House, a most valuable work has been carried on during the last seven years among discharged prisoners. Any one who has given a minute's thought to the subject must be aware that in a crowded country like ours, where the honest and capable find it difficult to obtain employment, a person on whom the stain of the convicted felon rests, finds this difficulty increased a hundredfold. When such a person is discharged from gaol the temptation to revert to crime as a means of livelihood is often overwhelming. The plan adopted by this association is not to wait till the ex-prisoner applies for aid, but to take possession of him as he emerges from the prison gates. In the majority of cases the poor friendless creature is only too glad to be thus benevolently captured. He is first provided with breakfast, then his case is inquired into, and if employment cannot be found for him at home he is sent abroad, where, in many instances, he has a genuine chance of beginning a new and honest career. There are failures, of course, but there is also much success, the fact being that the majority of criminals are not innately dishonest, but have been led into thieving by parental neglect and evil example. An examination of the balance-sheet of the St. Giles' Mission shows that the great bulk of its modest income is legitimately expended on the objects for which it professes to exist—a point which is conspicuously deficient in some charitable associations; and if any of our readers are desirous to aid in a really admirable work, subscriptions will be thankfully received by F. A. Bevan, Esq., the Treasurer, 54, Lombard Street, E.C.



EDUCATE YOUR CHILDREN WHILE YOU AMUSE THEM. INSTRUCTIVE TOYS

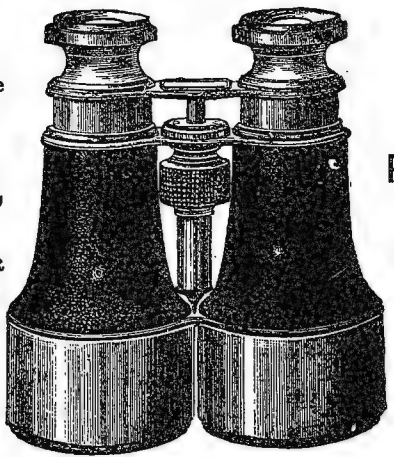
are now being adopted by all advanced and educated persons for their children, as they develop the intellectual faculties of children, laying a sound foundation for their educational training.

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EXTRA American **TOAST**
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EXTRA above any ever
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are not sweet and therefore
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EXTRA GET THE GENUINE ONLY **TOAST**



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Extracts from the Report for the Year, 1883.
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Premiums, after Deducting Re- 582,757 3 6
Assurances 603,432 1 1
Losses

LIFE DEPARTMENT.
Premiums, after Deducting Re- 454,879 0 4
Assurances

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SPINAROSA obtained a Prize Medal at the Paris Exhibition. This delicate and lovely scent is sold in all parts of the world, and is obtainable direct from the Sole Proprietors, NAPOLEON PRICE and CO. (late PRICE and GOSNELL), 27, Old Bond Street, W., and 8, Cumming Street, Pentonville, N.

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DENTAL SCALING POWDER.

As Invented by COPP, SON AND CO.
Subtle and powerful, luxu-
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of mechanical scaling. Its daily
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removes tartar, preserves, strength-
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Restores the Spirits from a Condition of Exhaustion
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A Honeymoon Under
Difficulties
Happily Jilted
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Mrs. Fox's Lodger
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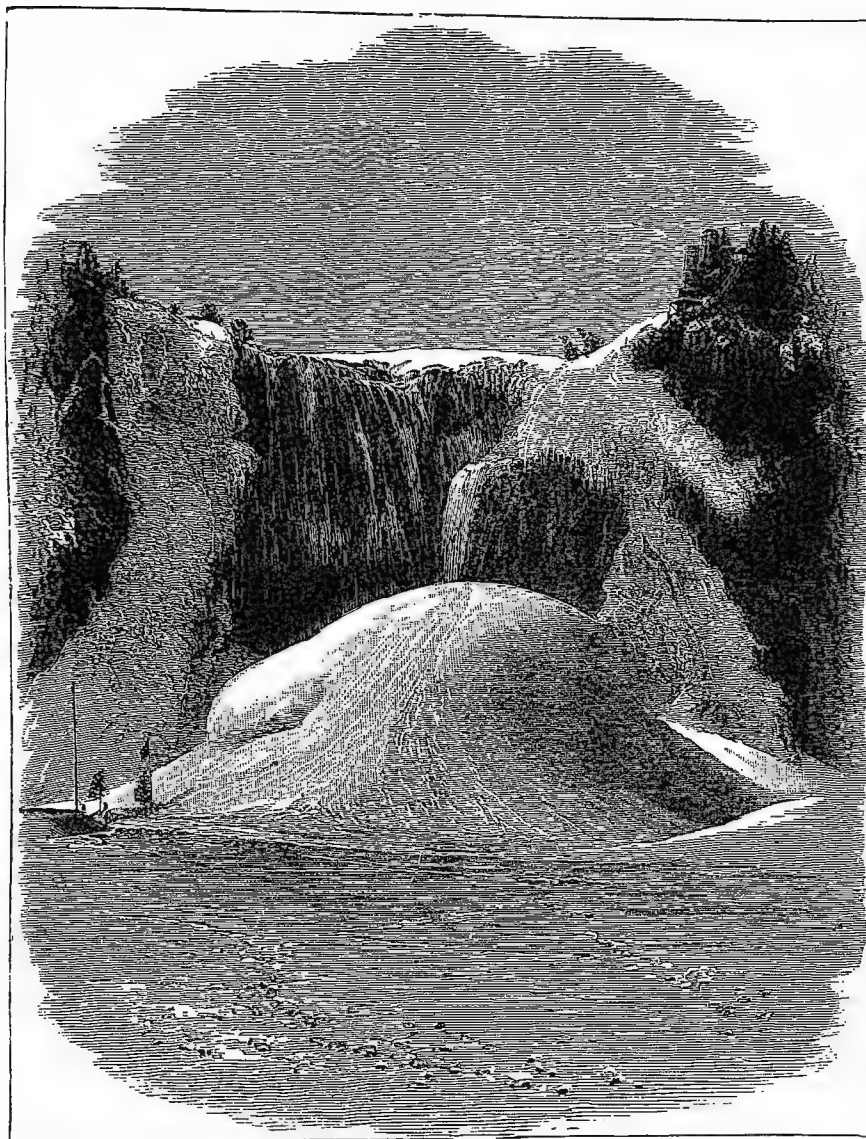
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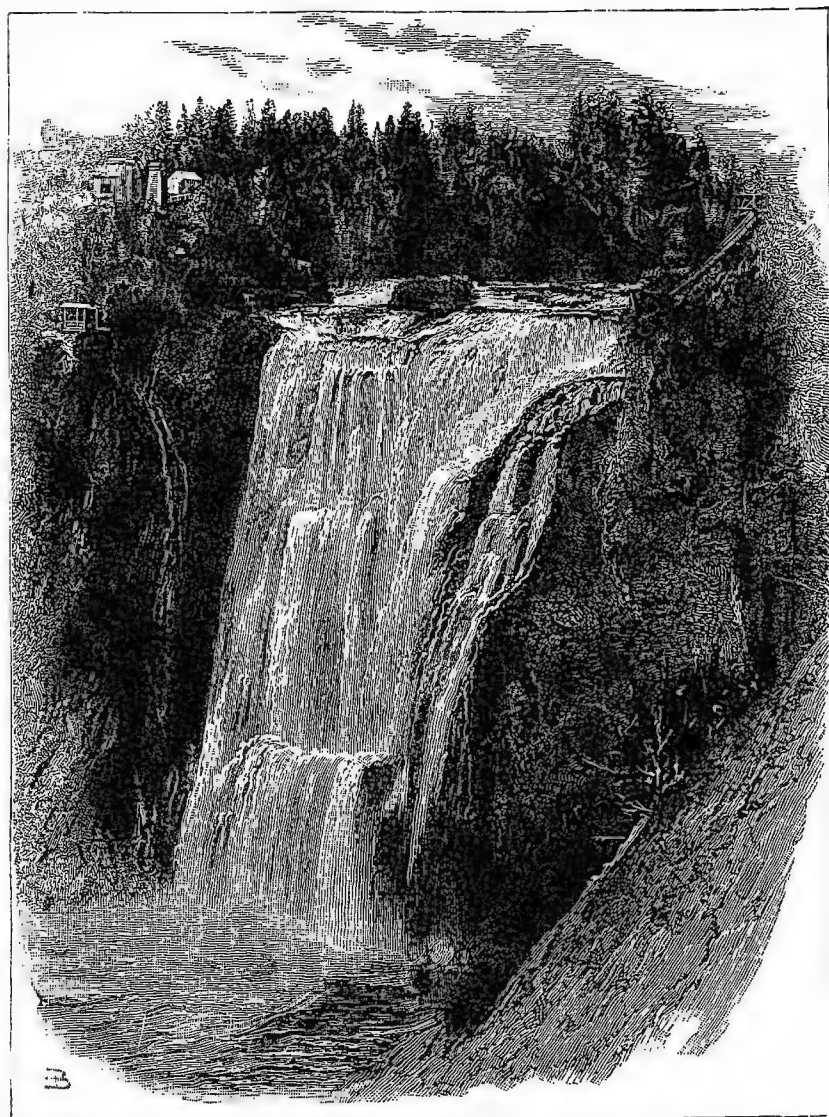
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THE DOMINION OF CANADA

By the Most Hon. the MARQUIS of LORNE, K.G., &c., &c., &c.

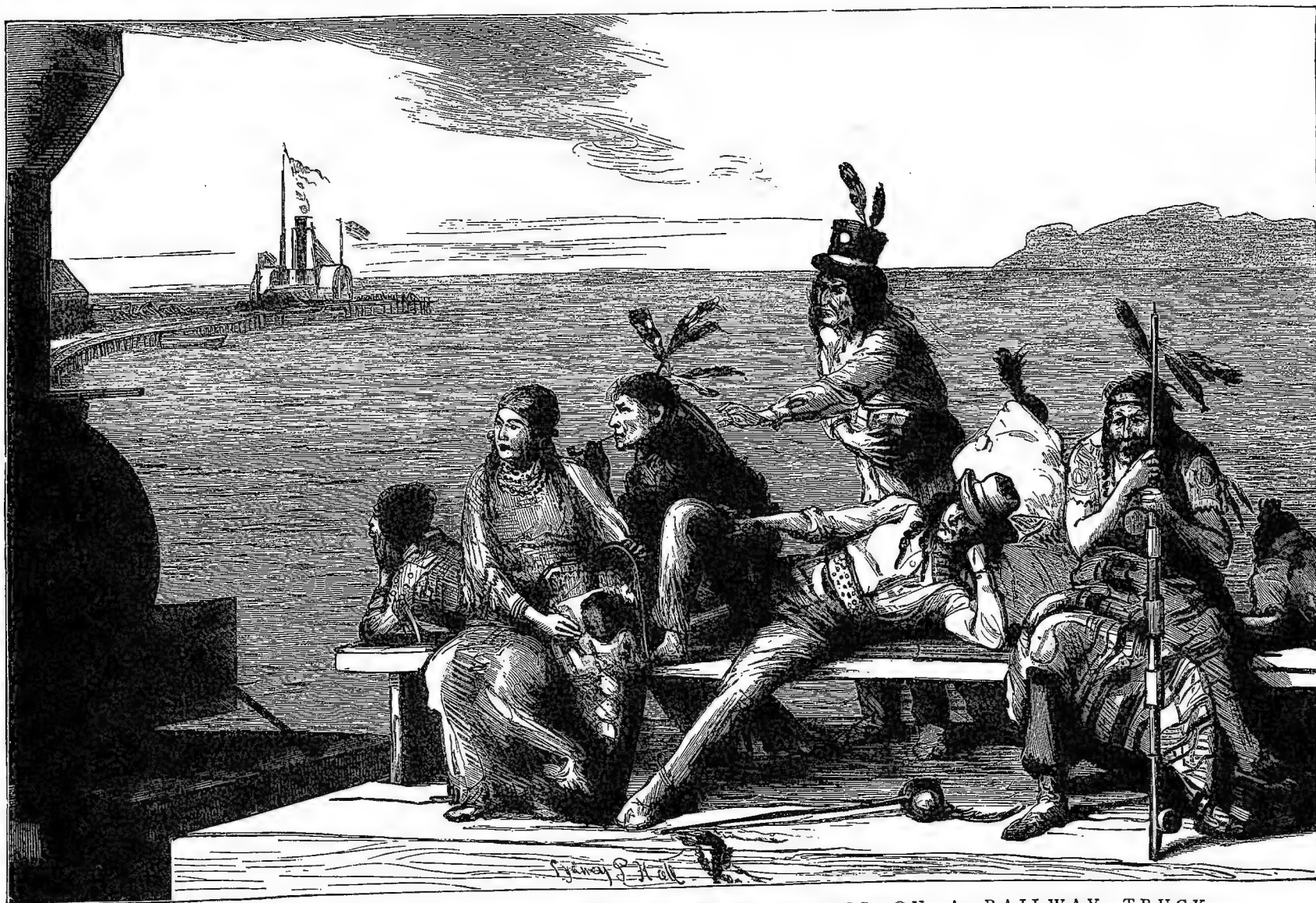


WINTER



SUMMER

THE MONTMORENCI FALLS, QUEBEC



ON THE TRACK OF CIVILISATION—REDSKINS RIDING ON A RAILWAY TRUCK

THE DOMINION OF CANADA:

IN RELATION TO

The Visit of the British Association to Montreal.

By the Most Hon. the MARQUIS of LORNE, K.G., &c., &c., &c.

OUR "SCIENTISTS" HAVE SHOWN that they can do more than read "the Testimony of the Rocks." They can read the signs of the times, and lead the way in those social relations which do as much as statecraft to bind communities together. They have given statesmen an example in deciding to hold the annual gathering of the British Association in Greater Britain. They have looked beyond our own island at the wider fields where we have planted the broad territories of our Empire. An invitation to visit Montreal, in Canada, has been accepted, and this acceptance has proved that men who lead in much of the intellectual life of England know that "England" is not only that country which lies between the Tweed and the Channel. Wherever the Union Jack floats, England lives, and the reciprocal courtesies of the great men of each locality in our Empire will serve to show to foreigners that one pulse of patriotism beats in the veins of each limb of our mighty Union.

As the Silurian and Laurentian rock-beds stretch under the seas from the mother land to Canada, so do the firm bonds of mutual interest and brotherly affection cause the two peoples to stand together on the ground of a common Imperial origin, a common present purpose, with equal hopes of a profitable and inseparable future alliance.

As with Canada, so it is with our sons grown strong in Australia and New Zealand. Empress of the Southern Seas, Australia is one with us, and nothing but the greater time necessary for a visit can stand in the way of a journey on the part of the British Association to the Antipodes. This, too, will be overcome; and as our Southern cousins have sent us their cricketers, we are bound to send them "a representative team" of men who can hit as hard with the weapons of the mind as can the batsmen of either country with the "willow." But to say the truth, there is a great deal that is trying to the average human being, even if he be a man of science, in the sea journey. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.

Not long ago I heard an enthusiastic Canadian speak to an assembly, in the Hall of the Society of Arts, on the subject of the proposed Montreal meeting. Many of the British Association were present, and the speaker endeavoured to show that the enterprise on which they were bent was a mere trifle in the matter of endurance. It was nothing; yet how much the audience evidently desired those two nothings in the way of sea journeys to be over! Yet he managed to imbue the trembling and doubtful geologists with some confidence. It is natural that a geologist should like to be on land. What can he do with his hammer at sea? The planks of the deck may be interesting to a botanist; but nothing about the ship can interest a geologist, unless it be the iron in the engine-room. And, from the contemplation of that, the evil smell must banish him. But the meteorologist, the mathematician, and men following physical scientific study, may find interest and amusement in the various problems suggested by the huge machine which so regularly beats out its path over the swinging waters. Yes, it was evident that among that audience there were some inspired with hope that even the Atlantic would not be so terrible. So the orator confidently began. "The voyage is after all not long. (Dead silence.) The ships belonging to the Allan and Dominion Lines are magnificent, and most comfortably provided in accommodation, in food (suppressed groans), and in an able crew. On leaving Liverpool (general depression visible) the first heavy waves are met off the coast of Ireland, and several fine days may assuredly be looked for, while on the seventh you will be beyond the Banks of Newfoundland (faintness visible among the audience). Then in the Straits of Belleisle you find shelter (applause). During the remaining two or three days you will be in smooth water. (Loud expressions of approval.) Quebec will be reached after a quiet time in the gulf of the river (enthusiastic and repeated applause), and you will walk to land and take the rail, and—" (the rest of the sentence was drowned in the storm of hysterical cheering which broke simultaneously from all parts of the Hall). Let us not be cruel enough further to describe the voyage.

Yet of one feature—a chilly one, certainly, although not likely to be seen in the late summer passage—we should speak. This is the ice on the Atlantic. This is either floe ice which drifts from the frozen bergs of the Polar Sea, and is only met in June by the steamers, or it is the berg ice broken off from the great glaciers of Greenland and the high coasts around Baffin's Bay. In spring the passage through Belleisle is full of floating pieces, and I have seen an iceberg grounded there even in November, its white glistening sides reflected in a deep indigo sea, while its cold peak stood forth in strong relief against the light saffron of a sky dyed with the reflection of the sunset. It was a late comer from the tall ice cliffs, which, driven downward and shoreward by the pressure of

the frozen inland masses, break off in immense fragments, and topple over into the ocean currents, to be carried by them southward until melted by the sun's heat, and the warmer waters along the coast of the United States. The boulders which strew the sides of the channel of the St. Lawrence, as well as every ledge on the floors of the ocean, have been carried by such agencies of ice and current, and often when the rivers break their winter chains and send them grinding along on the loosened torrent, you may see the geological problem which of old puzzled people solved before your eyes; for large stones are being rapidly carried along to be at last sunk below the tides, when the white chariot which has borne them has been dissolved. To the navigator these wandering bergs are a nuisance, for care has to be taken to avoid them. But even a collision with one of them is not enough to damage a good modern ship so as to destroy her power of making port. The *Arizona*, when she "collided" with an ice mountain on her way from New York, had her fore compartment stove in, but the water-tight doors prevented any further flooding of her frame, and she steamed to St. John as if nothing had happened, and thence, after a short delay, finished her voyage to Britain. With a good look-out, and with the care always taken by the Canadian Liners not to run too fast in fog or dirty weather, there is no danger. Indeed, the amount of risk incurred when a traveller puts himself on board a Transatlantic vessel of the first-class, is far less than that involved in an ordinary railway journey. The Arctic current is passed in about two days' steaming. It pours along the Labrador coasts, of which our voyagers will only see the southern fringe. But an interesting question is about to be solved in connection with the flocs. Do they, or do they not, stop the way altogether to the practical and yearly use of Hudson's Bay by blocking Hudson's Straits? The Fur Company of "Adventurers Trading" thither have for a century run sailing ships into the Bay once every year, and very few have been lost. It is naturally argued that if sailing ships can make their way with such certainty as to make it worth the while on the part of the Company to send them to Fort Churchill, it must surely be easier to traverse the Straits, pay the Fort a visit, and return in safety by means of steamers. If this be the case, the shortest route to the interior wheat lands of the continent is open for a time. But for how long a time? That is the question. Manitoba has been pressing for an answer, and the Canadian Government have acceded to her wishes in preparing an expedition which shall take scientific notes. The years probably vary greatly in affording a more or less open passage. Dr. Bell, of the Canadian Geological Survey, once left James's Bay, which is the southern portion of Hudson's Sea, on the 13th of September in a sailing craft. A week was occupied in crossing into the Straits, and then three more weeks went by before favouring winds brought the ship into the open sea. During the four weeks thus occupied the weather was so warm that the men attended on the Sundays the service on deck with no extra clothing, and very little ice was seen. Of course the late autumn of that year may have been an exceptionally mild season. But the fact that so much open water often exists proves the wisdom of the expenditure of some money in exploration and careful observation. Old Hudson Bay men are always ready to swear that there is nothing like the old method, and that the screws of "propellers" are certain to get crushed, and that wooden sailing ships are the only ships which can with safety and certainty make the voyage; but—*nous verrons*.

Let us leave these hyperborean problems and look at the shores of Labrador or Newfoundland. Those of the northern land are low, those of the southern island bold, indented, and picturesque. It was upon these that the gaze fell of the first European who discovered the New World, when Eric the Red's son, Lief, coasted along them in his Norse galley in the days when, as Humboldt says, "the Caliphate of Bagdad was still flourishing under the Abbassides, and while the rule of the Samanides, so favourable to poetry, still flourished in Persia." Nine hundred years have since come and gone, but these shores remain as they were, for the thick woods of light firs are uncleared, and the deer on the land, and the seals, the white porpoises, and the wild fowl of the waters have almost as "good a time" as they enjoyed in those old days. Newfoundland still receives with loyalty a Governor sent out by the Old Country, instead of following the example of the Provinces of the Dominion, which, with equal loyalty, receive a Governor nominated as the representative of monarchical democracy by the Canadian Government. For two terms she has had the happiness of having a distinguished sailor and Colonial statesman, namely, Sir John Glover, to preside over her councils. Sir John has lately

returned to his first Transatlantic love after a brief connection with a group of the fair West Indian Isles. As all the world knows, he was to have led the expedition against King Coffee in Ashantee. But at the eleventh hour a change in the views of the military authorities of England took place, and Sir Garnet Wolseley with regular troops was sent out, leaving to Sir John Glover the task of making an attack to divert the attention of the enemy by a parallel march with his gallant black "Houssa" levies. The part thus allotted to Sir John Glover he undertook with the greatest success, but at one point of the march Fortune seemed to declare against him. A native chief living some distance up country swore that he could not provide the necessary transport. It was well known that he was perfectly able to do so, and after a conference which had proceeded uselessly for a whole morning a flat refusal was given by the black sovereign. Sir John's ire was up, and he rose, and with dignity and precision hurled at the dark dignitary a rough chair on which he had been sitting. It caught him in the right place, and in two hours the necessary number of porters were ready. This story, like many another, became distorted in the telling of it. Sir John was nominated for the Newfoundland Government, and some one in England wrote to a friend in Newfoundland, saying, "Look out for your next Governor, for he is not a man to be trifled with. *He knocked his last Prime Minister down with an armchair!*"

As Sir John is now in calm water in his gubernatorial armchair, and we have accompanied the British Association into the smooth waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, this point of the journey is not a bad one for considering the political character of the country whose waters we have entered. We may travel on land from any point on the right or left bank of the sea-like river until we find ourselves on the Pacific coast, and yet we shall always be under the Union Jack with the maple wreath on its blue field, and within the Canadian domains.

The whole of this enormous territory is divided into Provinces, whose limits are probably not all permanently fixed. For instance, among those which originally formed part of the Confederation, it is possible that Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, or one of them, may amalgamate with Prince Edward Island. Again, in the newly-settled country of the Central Continent great spaces have been provisionally named, but as time fills them with people their bounds may be found to be ill-set, and a readjustment may be made. On the other hand, it is curious to observe with what tenacity the several States of the American Union, whether they be small or big, have kept to the original lines marked out for them when much of their land was unexplored forest or unknown prairie. The Americans gave in the beginning the title of "Sovereign" States to the members of their Union, and it was a moot point whether a State had or had not the right to secede from the Federation, disastrous as such a proceeding must prove to national life. That point was settled in favour of national autonomy by the Civil War which raged between the North and South from 1861 to 1865. The Canadians when they drew up their scheme of Federation were careful to eliminate as far as possible the dangers which might spring from weakness of the Central Power. They provided fully for local rule and for a National Government. Each Provincial Government was given full power to make laws for the education of children, for the manner in which property should be held and devolve, and for the raising of revenue for local purposes. But it is not allowed to any but the National Power to alter the Criminal Code, which is uniform throughout the Dominion. No individual Province can arm and maintain troops, lay on export and import duties, control navigation, or make a railway beyond its own borders, without Federal authority.

The Union was not brought about in a day. It was the result of long and anxious discussion. It was born of the necessity to have greater common strength, not against an enemy, but against the impotency inseparable from disorganisation. Railway and navigation works were wanted, and isolated colonies could not execute them. But there was much opposition. Many in the French Province did not like the plan, fearing that it might diminish the security of the Treaty rights of the French for the preservation of their laws, language, and institutions. Nova Scotia, too, had a strong party against the proposal. Prince Edward Island only joined her sisters after they had joined hands, and Newfoundland has consistently kept to her resolve to remain alone. But the rights of all who joined, or may join, are carefully guarded. Quebec was made the "Pivot Province," in that she had a certain number of representatives, and the representation of the others was based on the numbers she sent. In Sir John MacDonald's words, spoken in 1865, "The whole thing is worked by a simple Rule of Three. For instance, we have in Upper Canada 1,400,000; in Lower Canada 1,100,000. Now the proposition is simply this:—

Lower Canada has a right with 1,100,000 to 65 members, how many members should Upper Canada have? The same rule applies to the other Provinces, the proportion is always observed, and the principle of population carried out. . . . If an increase is made in the numbers in the House, Lower Canada is still to be made the pivot on which the whole calculation will turn." But all these safeguards could not prevent misgivings among some of Quebec's worthiest sons. Their feelings were like those which prompted the old Scottish peers at the time of the Union with England. It was, in their fears, "the end of a noble old song." "Confederation," said one of them, "only exists as a scheme. But when the different Provinces shall meet in the Federal Parliament as on a field of battle, when they have there contracted the habit of contending with each other to cause their own interests, so various and so incompatible with each other, to prevail, and when, from repetition of this undying strife, jealousy and inevitable hatred shall have resulted, our sentiments towards the other Provinces will no longer be the same; and should any great danger, in which our safety would depend upon our united condition, arise, it would then, perhaps, be found that our Federal Union had been the signal for our own disunion."

Such gloomy views were met by the firm and confident language of another French Canadian statesman. "If we remain alone," he exclaimed, "we can aspire to no position, we can give rein to no ambition, as a people. We have at the present time as many systems of judicature as we have Provinces; with Confederation, on the contrary, this defect will be removed, and there will be but two systems, one for Lower Canada, because our laws are different from those of the other Provinces, because we are a separate people. . . . There are also now as many different tariffs as there are different Provinces—as many commercial and customs regulations as Provinces. Currency and the interest of money are also regulated by different systems in the several Provinces. But with Confederation all these matters would be under the control of one Central Legislature. . . . There is another alternative that is proposed to Confederation—annexation to the United States. I do not believe there is a single member in the House or out of the House who would consent to the annexation of Canada to the United States. I now come to the other alternative proposed—that of independence. Men may be found, both in the House and out of it, who will be disposed to say that we had better have Independence than Confederation. For my part, I believe that the independence of the British North American Provinces would be the greatest misfortune which could happen to them; it would be to leave us to the mercy of our neighbours, and to throw us into their arms."

The tone of this speech was in complete harmony with that which was delivered by Sir John MacDonald. "If we wish," he said, "to form a great nationality, commanding the respect of the world, able to hold our own against all opponents, and to defend those institutions we prize; if we wish to have one system of government, and to establish a commercial union, with unrestricted Free Trade, between the people of the five Provinces, belonging as they do to the same nation, obeying the same Sovereign, owing the same allegiance, and being for the most part of the same blood and lineage; if we wish to be able to afford to each other the means of mutual defence and support against aggression and attack, this can only be obtained by a union of some kind between the weak and scattered boundaries composing the British North American Provinces." And later, in the same speech, he continued, "I am strongly of opinion that year by year, as we grow in population and strength, England will more see the advantage of maintaining the alliance between British North America and herself. Instead of looking upon us as a merely dependent colony, England will have in us a friendly nation, a subordinate, but still a powerful people, to stand by her in North America in peace and in war."

And now, in looking back upon this speech, it may be well to remember that Lord Derby, speaking in 1884, said that he did not know where the public man could now be found who would venture to propose the separation of the colonies from the mother country. Already, therefore, the prophecy that the tying together of the separate sticks into one faggot would provide fuel for patriotic ardour among the colonists, and respect in the mother country towards her great dependencies, has proved true. Canada presents to the world the spectacle of a united people, daily and hourly growing in strength and union. Her alliance will soon be a prize, her dependence is a lessening fear even to the most nervous and responsibility-hating politician. In her institutions she has kept to the model shown by the three kingdoms. There is the representative of the Sovereign in the Governor-General, who is bound to be a Constitutional ruler, giving to the Ministry, representing the majority of the House of Commons, his loyal support. It is his duty to use his moral influence with his Ministers for what he conceives to be the public good; but his opinions as expressed to them must remain unheard beyond the Council Chamber. Where he sees danger to the Imperial connection, it is also his duty to make known his views; perhaps, if occasion require it, to a larger audience. There is a Senate, having the attributes, but hardly the strength, of the British House of Lords; and there is the People's Assembly, the House of Commons, chosen by a low but not by a universal suffrage. The number in the popular House is at present 212. The debates in the Commons display great talent, and among no section of the population is forensic ability more frequently shown than among the French Canadians. Lawyers and physicians are perhaps in a majority in this assembly, and it is said that when one of the members fainted on the floor of the House, one half of the representatives of the people rushed up to render him their medical assistance! Most of the Provinces have two Chambers, although the most populous, namely Ontario, is content with one. The nation represented in these assemblies will have a wide continuous belt of populated territory stretching right across the continent. The only sections where their numbers will be sparse are those also which are strong in defensive positions, and in the difficulties the country presents to an enemy as well as to the swarms of settlers. These two tracts are, first, the region along the north of Lake Superior; and, secondly, that where the triple chains of the Rocky Mountains, the Selkirk and the Cascade ranges shut out from the mild Pacific coast the severer temperatures of the central continent.

If we compare the capabilities Canada shows for the possession of a continuous belt of population from sea to sea, with the capacity of any given belt belonging to the United States, and stretching across from the Atlantic to the Pacific, we shall find that the comparison is favourable to the Northern land. Although what the maps call "the great American Desert" has been proved to be in many places capable of settlement and cultivation, yet there are vast spaces on any given line from East to West in the United States which cannot be profitably used. There is an aridity which defies the agriculturist, if he cannot procure water sufficient for irrigation. There is nothing more curious in the physical problems of any country than that furnished by some of the great plains of America. It seems as though the whole surface were being raised and desiccated. There is evidence enough that in remote ages there was an abundance of water in these parched regions. To the south the sands of New Mexico, Southern California, and Arizona are the sands of an old sea bottom. In Wisconsin the country, now bare and dry, shows the traces of many lakes; and innumerable mounds, the work of old dwellers in the land, prove that numbers of human beings lived, worked, and died on the enormous steppes. On the other hand, to the north, while the same process of the raising and drying of the land is evidently in progress, it has not proceeded so far. There are dry, cactus-covered plains along the frontier of Assiniboia, the central Province of the Canadian North-West; but as soon as the Saskatchewan valleys are reached, and in general far to the south of this limit, the moisture is evident in the luxuriance of the grasses, until beyond the North Saskatchewan the moisture is great enough to support the dense growth of fir forest which clothes in a wide flat arch the whole of the country below the sub-arctic circle. Therefore, through an almost unbroken belt, the Canadians have a territory which should support 40,000,000 of people. It has a varying depth of from 450 to 100 miles, and in all parts of it the climate has been proved to be most healthy.

Little was known of the Northern New World until a comparatively recent date. Within the memory of middle-aged men Chicago was the frontier post of civilisation. Maps compiled by French geographers in the seventeenth century gave up all the country west of Hudson's Bay to an imaginary and indefinite ocean. Around this Englishmen placed "New South Wales" and "New Caledonia," while no one disputed that "New France" was all the St. Lawrence valley. To be sure the New Englanders did not like this, and were determined to alter it if possible, but they never succeeded in doing so. In maps of the time of William and Mary you will still see that everything to the north of the Gulf of California is marked as unknown. On the Pacific the ignorance of California was so general until recent years that when in 1849 the first strong influx of Americans took place into that State, men in New York derided the folly of friends who proposed to settle in that "unprofitable wilderness!" The land which is far to the north of California, namely, British Columbia, is one of the best valued of the Canadian States.

France has become too Parisian, or she might have colonies. But she loves the Boulevard, hides even the street view with trees, and shuts up the end of the vista with a museum, or a monument to national glory. She plants out her view of things at home, and she does not plant herself abroad. This is a mistake. What she could do if she were not always turning to the looking-glass she showed in the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth centuries! Then she sent her people to subdue the earth. They began the work, and have continued it, but the mother country again took to the looking-glass, and in her contemplation of herself forgot her children. They did not at that time contribute to her *menus plaisirs*, which might occasion a fresh wrinkle, so they were *congéed*. But what gallant children they were who thus remained forsaken, yet fortunate! The names of the first pioneers, soldiers, and martyrs of New France will be as honoured as are those of the early warriors and saints of the Frankish kingdom. . . .

Around a headland to the south lies the Baie des Chaleurs, so-called because it was in the hot July of 1534 that Jacques Cartier cast his anchor in the Basin of Gaspé. In the following year he ascended to Quebec and Montreal. Nearly eighty years afterwards the same track was followed by Champlain, while other adventurers, notably De Monts, made themselves at home in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The advent of the first farmer who began to sow and reap in the new land, by name Louis Hébert, took place in 1617, and four years later matters had so far progressed that a register was opened for births, marriages, and deaths. The Church was ever in the skirmishing line of the advance, ordering, regulating all enterprise, and working for the good of the native and of the invader.

For a long while "Canada" was the Province of Quebec only. Then when the present Ontario became peopled, "Upper Canada" was the name she received, and these two large Provinces were governed separately from the maritime Provinces. Where all the English-speaking communities are devotedly loyal to the Imperial connection it is difficult to specialise the patriotism of any in an especial degree. But it should always be remembered that Halifax, St. John in New Brunswick, and Toronto were founded by men who went there because they were British loyalists. These cities began their existence in the sad days when the American colonies revolted against the abuse of the right claimed by England to tax her dependencies. It was natural that she should imagine that right would remain to her for a time, for she herself had poured out blood and treasure without stint in defending her children against the French. Aid was never lacking from the mother country, and she reaped the benefits of this in the devotion of many in New England who, in spite of the arbitrary measures adopted by the Government at home, clung to the old connection, and would hear of none other. Persecuted, insulted, and banished they fled northward, and it is to their spirit we owe the foundations of that loyalty which England has since known wisely to cultivate. In 1837 the French Canadians, with reason, demanded a wider constitutional privilege than they possessed, and this was practically secured by the measures taken after the mission of Lord Durham. To Lord Elgin must be ascribed the credit of having in time of trial and provocation resisted the party which would have made him go back from the doctrine of Ministerial responsibility. He faced a riotous mob in order to give Executive sanction to the measures of his Government, and from that day pure constitutional Government, and with it a freedom, unknown elsewhere on the

American continent, has found its home in Canada. From that time great works have been undertaken by a people recognising each year more and more the necessity and use of union. The Intercolonial Railway, binding Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to Quebec; the Grand Trunk, traversing a great part of the older portion of the country, and having its termini in the American cities of Portland and Chicago, with other lines, have been undertaken by the young nation. Immense labour has been bestowed on the creation and deepening of canals and river channels. The prosperity of the country and its vast undeveloped resources have combined to attract emigrants to an extent heretofore unknown. The numbers of the emigrants have risen of late from 40,000 per annum to 100,000 and 135,000. Our enterprising neighbours, the Americans, have of course a far larger share, which nobody grudges to them. Not long ago a United States official, whose patriotism had outrun his discretion, was anxious to make it appear by his subordinate's returns that the Canadians were all running away from their own territories, and were passing over at Detroit to Uncle Sam's embraces. Yet the numbers who passed over steadily diminished, and the patriotic official's wrath at his man's reports increased. "There were less this year, sir," "No, no, you fool, there must be more," "There are still fewer now!" "What, you don't mean that there are even less women and children?" "Yes, sir," "Well, then, if there are none, you must make them up in your report." And "made up" they were—on paper.

The infant colony did not get through its early years without trouble. The New Englanders were the bitter foes of the French, who at first had the best of it in many a tussle. The Indians usually sided with the Catholics against the Puritans, and their aid was very material assistance. In the maritime Provinces the Acadians could make no successful head, but Louisbourg remained a tower of strength, and a rallying point for the French, until the year before the fall of Quebec. Numbers were, however, greatly on the side of the English. In 1689 the Iroquois Indians proved that they could hate all white men impartially by perpetrating a terrible massacre at Montreal. It is related that the savages crossed the river during a great thunderstorm at night, and put to death man, woman, and child. More happy in 1690 the French of Quebec managed to defeat Admiral Phipps, who, in his retreat, was overtaken by a tempest, and only regained Boston with half of his armament. Winthrop, also advancing upon Montreal, was compelled to give way, and by the Treaty of Ryswick France became mistress of Hudson's Bay in addition to her former possessions. History repeated itself in the expedition of Admiral Walker, whose vessels were lost on Egg Island, a spot visible on clear days from the steamer. Even now balls and cannon of these ships are sometimes recovered from the grim, boulder-strewn northern channel of the river. There was war again in 1743, a war which was to be continued with brief intervals until the little army of Wolfe carried Louisbourg by assault, and then secured Quebec by the memorable battle causing its surrender in 1759.

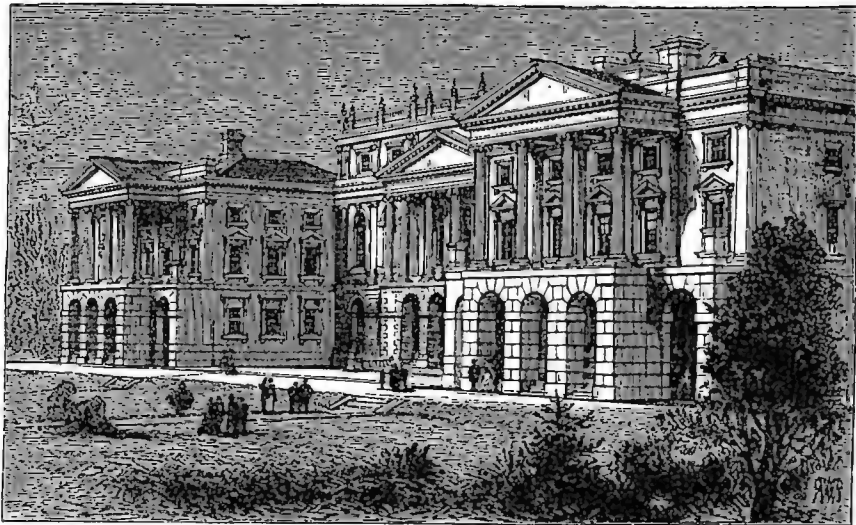
The entrance to the Saguenay is visible from a great distance, and an excursion up its deep gorge, hemmed in by the rounded mountains, is well worth the two or three days which should be given to it, nor should the tourist be satisfied until he has penetrated as far as the Grand-Décharge, where Lake St. John pours forth to fill a channel far deeper than the St. Lawrence, into which it leads. At the mouth of the Saguenay the first Canadian church was built, and a military post established.

And now, in our ascent of the river, we see the mountains plainly on the northern side, and the stream is only a few miles wide. Presently it narrows, where a long, low, green island fills its centre. This was called the "Isle of Bacchus" by the first explorers, because it was full of wild vines. When this has been passed, a fine view opens of Quebec on its headland, parting the valleys of St. Lawrence and St. Charles. The massed buildings of the city crowd the steep slope, which descends abruptly into the water, that bears a scattered freight of shipping. On the southern bank there is a considerable town, called after Montcalm's Lieutenant, the Marquis de Levis. Here the steamers disembark emigrants, and the passengers desirous to proceed by rail to Montreal. But it would be a sin not to see Quebec at closer quarters.

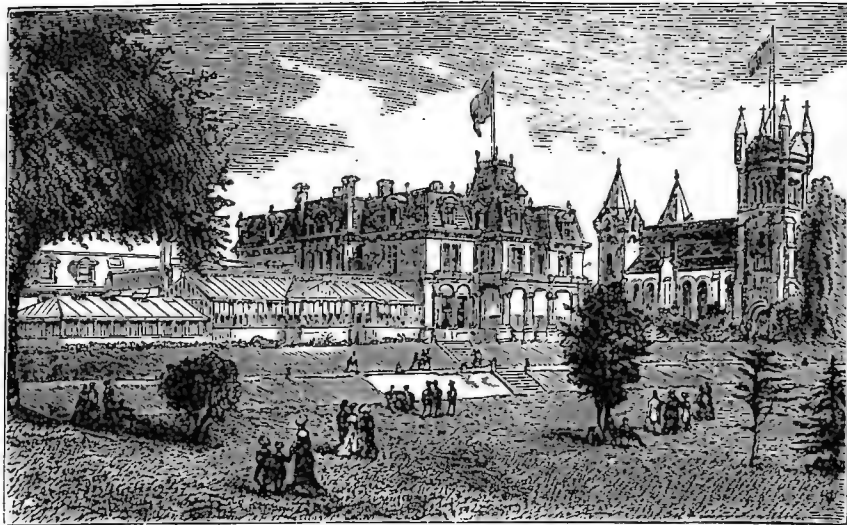
The points of greatest interest are the following: The Dufferin and Durham Terraces give a walk with a view which is one of the "great views of the world." Athens, Prague, Edinburgh, Salzburg, Venice, and Quebec have, perhaps, the most beautiful sites; and travellers will agree that the last is not the least in possessing the attributes of grandeur. From this terrace a circuit should be made along the "Old Town Lines"—ancient embrasured defences, still showing the cannon of a past age pointed to the approaches by which assaults were made in the last century. If such a promenade be taken, the tourist will pass the wing of the old Chateau de St. Louis, where dwelt the French Governors and Commanders, and, passing the Post Office, should note a curious stone inlaid in the new wall—a stone which came from an old building, and whose story forms the motive of a charming novel, written by W. Kirby in English, called the "Chien d'Or," a book which should be bought and read at Quebec.

The Archbishop's Palace is a goodly pile of stone, wherein lives the Prelate, who most worthily represents a Church which governs the conscience of as hardy, pure, and happy a population as exists anywhere in the fold of the Catholic Communion. The Palace, a great seminary, and a University—that founded by Bishop Laval, and named after him—all stand together, enclosing a pleasant garden above the rampart walls. A good Museum, rich in Indian pipes and other remains of the Red men, a Library, and excellent Lecture Rooms, fill this fine University building.

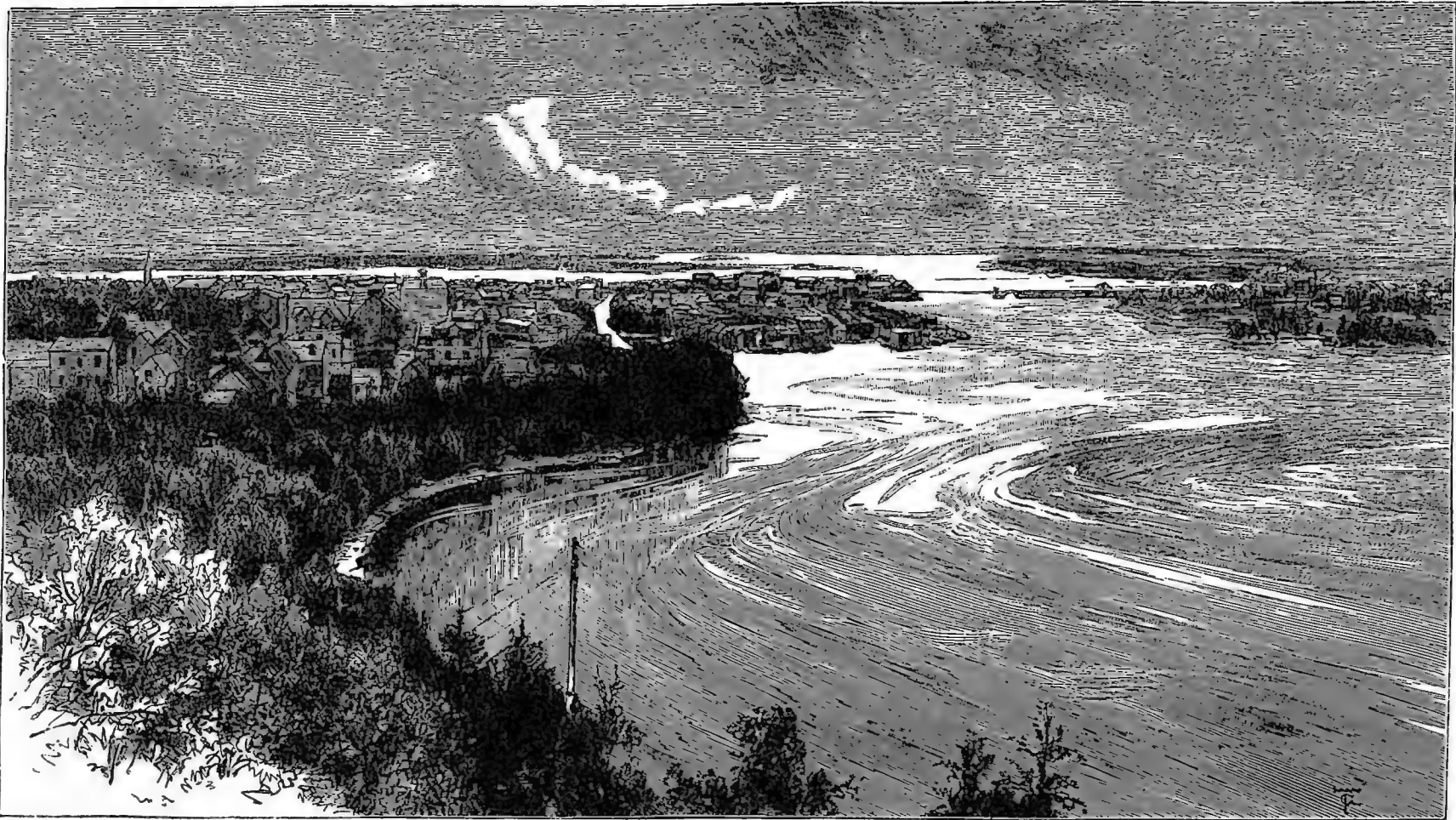
Beyond we come to the Hôtel Dieu, a hospital tended by nuns, who dwell in this building from the day they enter it to the day they die, seeing the outer world only from the windows of their simply-furnished cells, or from where the long corridors, adorned with the memorials of early martyrdoms, or with the pictures of the foundress, the Duchess d'Aiguillon and of her followers, look out on harbour, river, and the blue Laurentian hills. Just below is the great wet dock, the quays of which are soon to be covered with warehouses, taking in the freight of the railway led hither from the West. The hospital has for a neighbour other old French buildings devoted to a very different use. Crossing the road which leads out past what was once a fortified gate, we see the



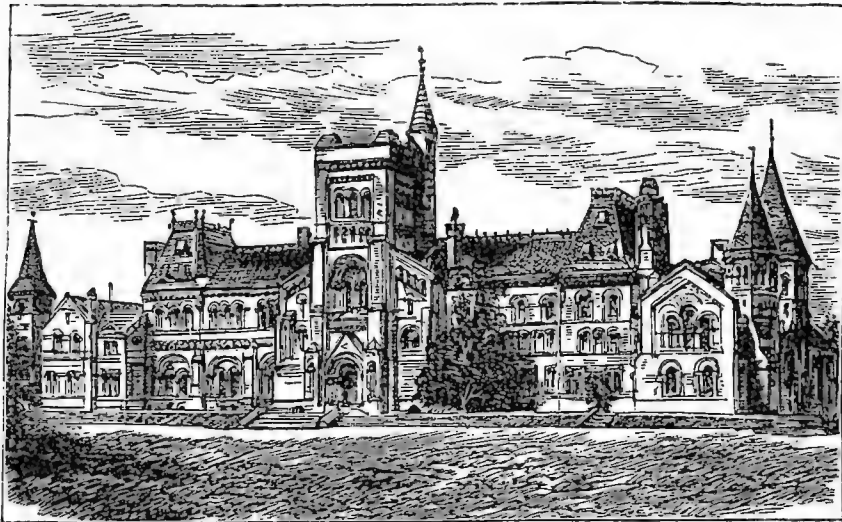
OSGOODE HALL, TORONTO



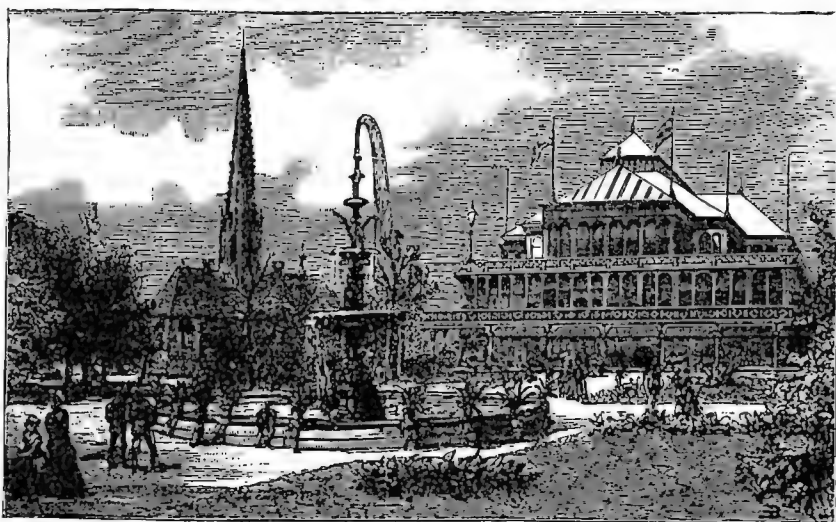
GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TORONTO



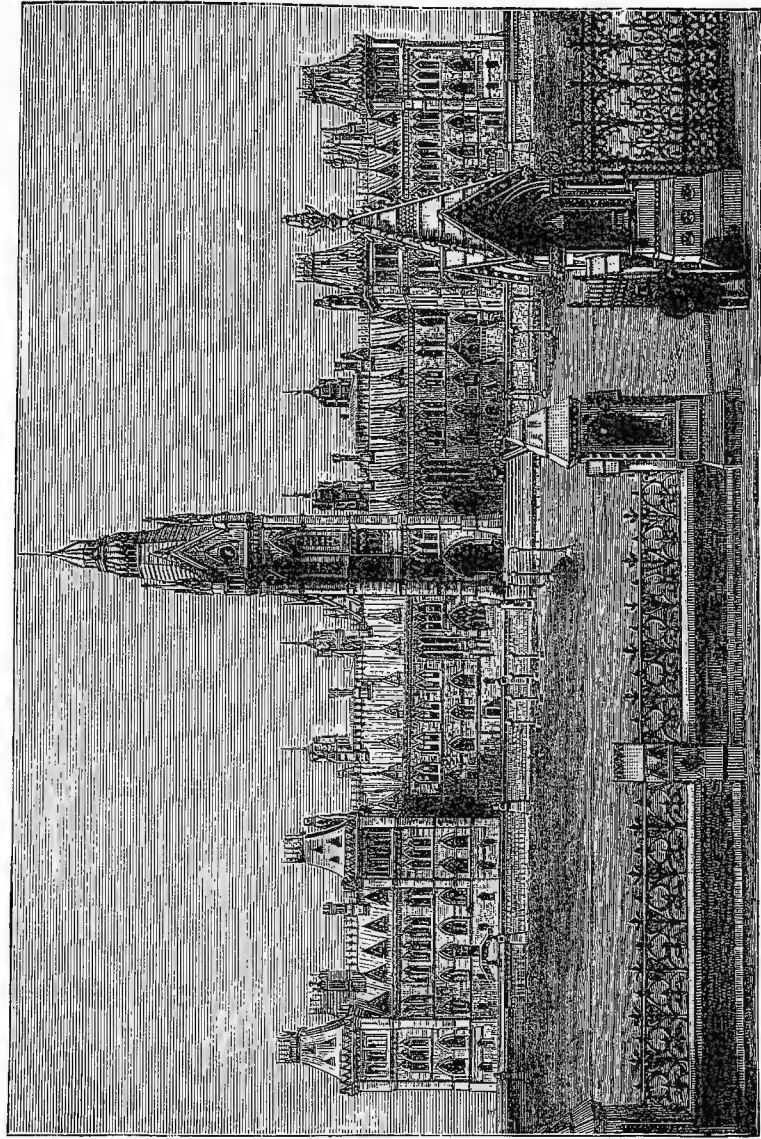
LOOKING UP THE OTTAWA RIVER FROM BARRACK HILL, OTTAWA



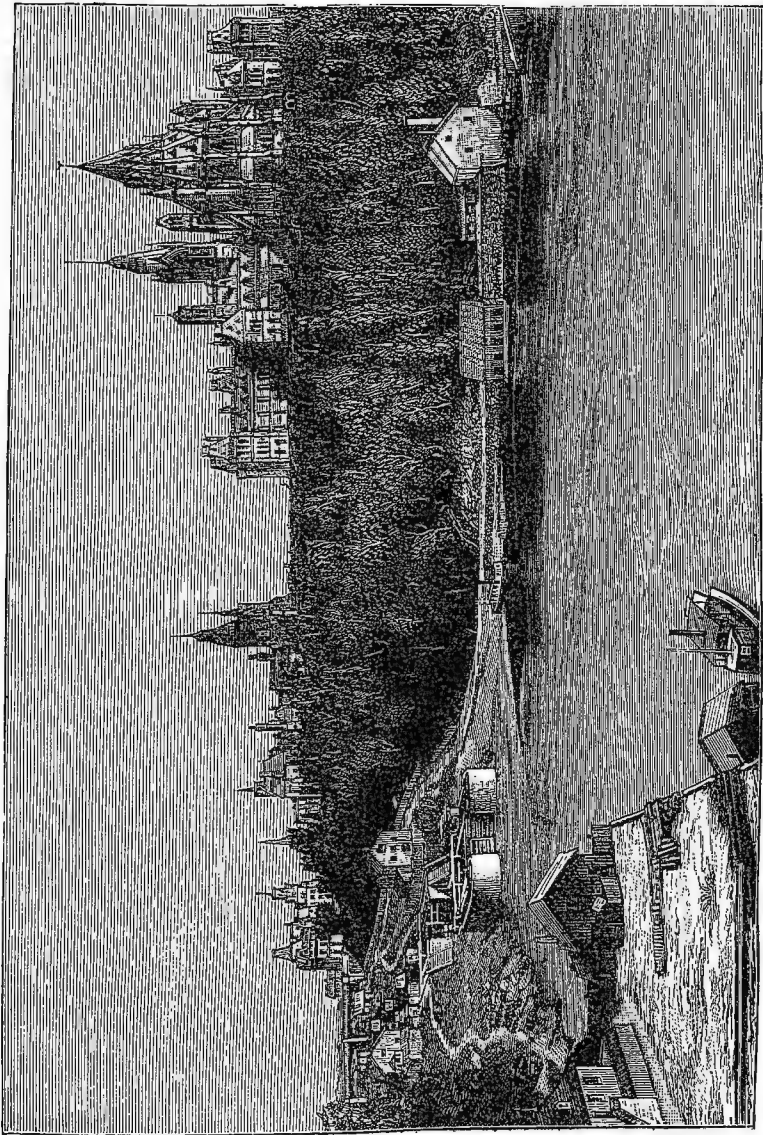
THE UNIVERSITY, TORONTO



HORTICULTURAL GARDENS, TORONTO



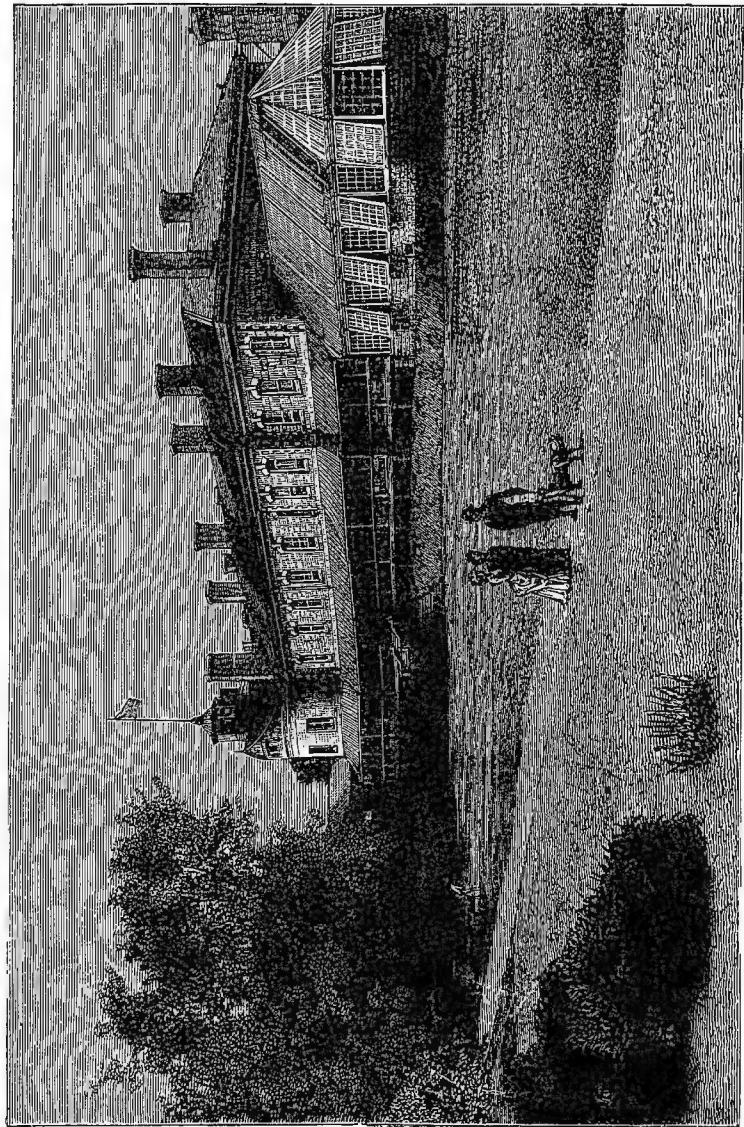
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT—FRONT VIEW



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT FROM THE RIVER



CHAUDIÈRE FALLS



RIDEAU HOUSE

arsenal buildings, now mainly used as a cartridge manufactory. With high, sloping roofs, pierced by gabled windows, they stand now as they did in the time of the siege, and both these and the hospital show marks of cannon shot fired by English ships lying off the Isle of Orleans. Near the arsenal, a tall house was the headquarters of the British Artillery Staff, until the Imperial troops were withdrawn in recent years. The path around the rampart now ascends the hill, and passing the St. John and Kent gates, the Parade Ground is reached near the gate of St. Louis, a fine archway, through which passes the road which leads to the Plains of Abraham.

Nearly a half of the circumference of the citadel has now been traversed in our walk, and from the fortress we obtain the best all-round view. Looking up the river just in front of us is the grass-covered plateau on which was fought the famous battle. Beyond is a curve in the river, and it was in that bay that the redcoats landed, to swarm up the wooded cliff before the grey dawn came on the famous morning in September, 1759. A very ugly prison building stands near the place where the English general died. To the right the city has extended far beyond its old limits, and its upper fringe of villas encircles the handsome new Parliament buildings of the Provincial Legislature. The citadel itself is a good specimen of the fortifications in fashion in the early part of this century, but its masonry must now be backed and aided by an extensive system of earthen outworks, if the Canadians intend to hold it as a strong place. There are interesting institutions and good shops to be seen, notably the fur store of Renfrew, where a souvenir of Canada in the shape of a "robe" or article of any kind of fur may be obtained at a reasonable price; but the great attraction of Quebec is outside of the city, and lies in the drives which may be enjoyed around it. The picturesque villages of the "habitants" and the pleasant country houses of the merchants and the members of old French families dot the neighbouring country. The "Seigneurs" of this Province had of old all the rights which were derived from the privileges of the *noblesse* of the days of Louis XIII. Although these have been altered and "improved away," there is much good land and forest left in the hands of some of their descendants. For instance, M. Joly, who is justly called by the Canadian poet Fréchette a "grand citoyen," has several square miles, and there is no one in the land who is more the ideal country gentleman. A great arboriculturist, he has made a good stand against the waste of the native forests, and has recently encouraged the planting of that most valuable tree the black walnut, which is steadily increasing in value and diminishing in quantity. Another Seigneur living in the rich country to the south of Montreal has a curious family history, for he is the only man who has claimed the old title of "Baron," and has had his claim sustained. When the Treaty ceding Canada to Britain was ratified, it included a provision that all privileges pertaining to the "Old Regime" should be maintained. The Seigneurie of Longueuil had been represented by an heiress who had married a descendant of a gallant Scots officer, belonging to one of the regiments of Wolfe's army. The right to the title, although well known, had been allowed to lie dormant, but it was revived by the holder of the Seigneurie. Now came a difficult question. Could the title be recognised? Although the matter was of little importance to any but the gentleman concerned, if the name only were given, it perhaps involved consequences in the giving of precedence, a thing not lightly conceded. In Canada, as in all our colonies, precedence means absolute rank in the State, and not, as in England, a social and fictitious precedence. The lawyers, French and English Canadian, soon determined that the claimant had a right to the Barony, but old French usage only proved that a Baron and Seigneur had the privilege to receive first at the hands of the priest the consecrated bread in the Sacrament if the church he attended was upon his property. What was the place of a proprietor with the title of Baron at the French Court could not be ascertained. In England place was given to him, and on one occasion he was ranked with Imperial Privy Councillors, but Canadian rule must regulate Canadian place, and this gentleman, worthy in all respects of his distinguished ancestors, remains titled, but with no additional step in social status. Perhaps he felt that it was more dignified to receive nothing but what was undoubtedly his own.

Between Quebec and Montreal there is little to arrest attention. Lake St. Peter spreads its broad expanse between the flat and fertile farm lands of the upper portion of the Province, and a deep channel is dredged in its shallow bed to ensure the safe passage of Transatlantic steamers.

With Montreal only need we now concern ourselves. This city is the bourne to which the members of the British Association are bound, and from which we may hope that they will safely return, happier, although it would be difficult to imagine them wiser, than before. The town is noticeable from a distance by the cloud of smoke rising from its factories, and on a nearer approach is seen to line with handsome stone-wrought wharves the river bank, while the houses extend far along the shore, and are spread to the foot of a wooded hill, which rises a mile from the river, solitary and picturesque, a main feature of the thirty-mile-long island on which the city is built.

The most conspicuous features among the buildings are the two towers of the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Notre Dame. It is worth while to attend one of the great choral services to hear the magnificent bass voice of one of the singers belonging to this church, and to see a typical French-Canadian congregation. As more than 3,000 can find room on the ample floor and in the galleries, a better opportunity cannot be found. There are many Irish in Montreal, and they manage to succeed as well as most people. Here, as elsewhere in America, they prefer town to country. It is to be observed that in San Francisco some of the richest of the citizens are men who came to the Golden Gate with no advantage but their native wit to back them. The edifice which will interest the British Association's members the most is perhaps one of the newest—the Museum of the McGill University, where an excellent collection of the native fauna, conchology, and geology has been well arranged under the auspices of the learned Principal Dawson. The specimens shown here and at Ottawa of the *Eozoon Canadense*, a coral, supposed to be the earliest created thing preserved to us in the rocks, will arrest

attention. Look also for the charred remains of the grain used by the Red man who inhabited the palisaded circular Indian town of Hochelaga, where Montreal now stands. Compare the carvings of the pipes and pottery of these aborigines with those from other parts of America, and notably with the remarkable work of the Pacific Coast people, whose wood-cutting and shell inlaid work remind one at once of the trophies of the New Zealanders. Principal Dawson is himself a Nova Scotian, and many of the fine plants and ferns of the coal measures have been personally selected from that province, and brought for exhibition by him.

The great nunneries are not, of course, open to the public, but visitors may see the excellent girls' school at Villa Maria, where the nuns have many hundreds under their charge, and in the Hôtel Dieu the hospital is a model of cleanly and careful tending of the sick. Some of the citizens' houses are sumptuous, and pleasantly situated, but there are none furnished better than the big hotel—the Windsor—which is one of the best houses of entertainment on the Continent. The St. Lawrence Hall is also a good house, kept by a gentleman who was well known to all army officers in the days when two or three British regiments were permanently quartered at Montreal. But as in Quebec, the chief attractions are the places outside the municipal boundaries. What more beautiful drive can be had than that around "the Mountain" or that to Monklands, or along the strong-flowing St. Lawrence to the village of Lachine, passing on the way the wooded islands which listen all the year to the rush of the Rapids, and are the favourite summer picnic grounds of the citizens? Engineers will admire the constructive faculty of Stephenson in the Victoria Bridge, but the party which goes up river to take the steamer to run the Rapids will almost be sorry when it appears ahead, for it tells that the last and heaviest Rapid has been passed by the steamer, and that the pleasant excitement of a day passed amid all the appearance, and with none of the reality of danger, is over.

It is not long ago that vessels of the size of those which now run down these water stairs and up, about 300 tons, represented the tonnage of the ships which could reach Montreal from the sea. The channel was so shallow and tortuous that it was dangerous to bring bigger ships to the port. Now many are to be seen at the wharves of from 1,000 to 5,600 tons.

The commercial capital of Canada has only about 180,000 inhabitants, and it is fortunate for the country that the population is so largely rural.

Ottawa, the political capital, is so easily reached by railways running on either side of the Ottawa River that no visitor to Montreal should grudge the day or two days necessary to see a place which has year by year an increasing interest. It is the home of sawdust and of Civil Service. Fine Parliament and "Departmental" buildings rise on a bold cliff overlooking the wide river, which narrows where the stream gushes over a steep ledge of rock forming the Chaudière Falls. The waters led into the mills above these falls drive many saws, which cut into planks the rough logs felled in the northern forests and floated down to this point. Immense piles of planking wait their turn to be demolished by embarkation in the canal boats, which take them to Montreal, or through the artificial water channels of New York State. The demand is enormous, and the supply is still ample; but every ten years sees a decrease in the "square timber," and "lumber" must gradually rise in price, as the forest sources from which the best of it is obtained diminish in area.

It is during the winter, when the plank-cutting is no longer sending wood-dust to float on the stream, and when the woodmen are all away felling trees in the distant north, that the Parliament assembles. The Houses usually sit for about three months. Everything outside the well-lighted Legislative Palace is muffled in white snow. The stars sparkle at night through the keen clear air, and when during the day the thermometer is very low you see all the smoke rising from chimneys of the city like white steam. Most exhilarating is it to drive over the snow in such air, whether in starlight or bright sunlight, with the sleigh bells ringing a delightful chime on the horses' backs in front of you. An eminent Canadian statesman is reported to have denied that there was any pleasure in this, but he has been too patriotic to publish his opinion. Therefore, with the indiscretion of a Briton, I give it. "There is nothing particular," he is reported to have said, "in the sensation of sleighing. You can have it any winter, anywhere. All you have to do is to open a window on a frosty cold day, seat yourself in front of it with your feet in a tub of ice-cold water, and then have a small hand-bell rung somewhere in front of your lap. There you have the pleasure of sleighing." To others this seems severe. But the statesman whose remark it was is the most high-spirited and happy-minded in Canada. Nevertheless, ninety-nine people in a hundred will disagree with him when this topic of Canadian conversation is introduced.

A Room which does not give room enough to its contents, namely, that containing the models for patents, gives an idea of the variety and number of inventions protected by the sensible Patent Laws. Instead of a payment of 100*l.*, as in England, a Canadian patent may be procured for from 10*l.* to 20*l.* A model is deposited at Ottawa, and the collection of these, though badly housed, is most interesting.

If possible, the visitor should also ask to be shown the department where the surveys of the new lands opened up in the north-west are being digested and reduced to proper size and position in the great Government maps, which show how much land has been "taken up," and how much at any given time remains "the gift of God to the people," as Mr. George would say. The Canadians and Americans fully realise that land is "the gift of God to the people," but, oddly enough, the first thing the people, as represented by their freely-elected Government, do with it, is to sell it to that terrible monster—the individual. The individual becomes a landowner, and the more of them there are the better, say this irrational people, who have found out to their cost the expense of managing any property otherwise than through the agency of "the individual." Government management, such as the "nationalisation of land" would entail, would mean its management through an army of officials, changed with the varying changes of political life and its attendant patronage.

Canadians tried to manage the making of railways in such

fashion, and were very glad to get rid of the incubus when they could, and they are too wise to deluge their landownership with the evils of an unnecessary bureaucracy. Whenever Mr. George's adherents are strong, they must explain how they wish to manage the management, that is, how they could "nationalise" land without creating a host of expensive officials to overlook it, creating an amount of party patronage which would be evil for the nation and good only for political "wire-pullers."

A digression into politics is in order when we are contemplating a political capital.

Let us look into the Legislative Chambers. These are very handsome Gothic halls, lighted by windows filled with glass coloured in Canada. The columns which divide the wall space, and rise to arch in the galleries, are of a grey marble found at Arnprior. Between the Senate Chamber and that devoted to the House of Commons are reading rooms, and a fine library, with high domed roof. This apartment is a model of what such rooms should be; for it is as light and bright as a lady's drawing-room, and the books, instead of making it look musty and gloomy, are so arranged as to add to the comfort and cheerfulness of the place.

Unluckily there is not space enough in these buildings, apparently commodious though they be, for the rapid augmentation in the number of the members of the Civil Service consequent on the constant enlargement of the business of the country.

Another Government building is devoted to geology, and, under the able superintendence of Dr. Selwyn and Dr. Dawson and their colleagues, has become a very complete exhibition of the mineral resources of the Dominion. Among the latest curiosities, note the fine Devonian fishes from the Bay of Chaleurs; the gigantic bones of Dinosaurian monsters from the cretaceous measures of Alberta, the fine tertiary leaves from Manitoba, and the carboniferous plants from Pictou.

Among the marbles it is observable that the red and variegated kinds from Beauce, in Quebec, are quite equal to many which have obtained possession of the European market, while the dark-green serpentines are often quite unequalled in beauty.

Specimens of gold and silver, copper, iron, and lead ores from almost all parts of the wide territories are to be seen, as well as examples of the coals of the Far West. The most remarkable gold nuggets come from Quebec and from British Columbia, the latter being by far the richest Province in all the precious metals. But in silver the country around Thunder Bay, on Lake Superior, runs it hard, for the richness of the ore there is often surprising, although the area over which it has yet been found is small.

Copper, also from the same lake's shore, shows every kind, from the pure block of native copper to the earthen rocks in which large percentages of the same is found. A small tray containing "arquerite," or an amalgam of silver and mercury in lozenge-like pieces, is interesting as again demonstrating British Columbian treasures; but the pure ore of mercury, the red, close-grained, heavy stuff which delights the heart of the Californian miner, has not as yet been discovered in Canada in quantities that would repay the working of it.

The coals from the mines between Medicine Hat and the Rocky Mountains display an ever-increasing excellence as the hills are approached, until in one glen anthracite itself has cropped up in a thick vein. Nothing can exceed the importance to the welfare of the North-West of these discoveries.

But we must "hurry up," and need not delay in looking at the Governor-General's house, which is hideous and very comfortable. Its only beauty lies in the endless happy memories associated with it in the minds of those who, in being privileged for a time to take part in the rising national life of a people destined to be great and strong, have found their duties become pleasures through the hearty manner in which their efforts to further the desires of the people have been met and recognised, with an unbounding and unfailing generosity of acknowledgment.

If the journey to Ottawa has led the traveller up the river, he should go to Toronto by the Rideau Canal to change his route, and get an idea how, by joining lake to lake, long stretches of water communication may be made available for the transit of goods. The lakes in the autumn are pretty enough with their coloured fringe of trees, and after a day spent among typical scenery, the tourist can find good accommodation at Kingston, a charming little town, the training-place of the young officers of the Canadian militia. Here again the Grand Trunk Railway is met, or the steamer may be taken to Toronto. The same place may be reached from Ottawa by rail *via* Brockville.

If further time can be given a run up the Canadian Pacific Railway from Ottawa to Lake Nipissing will well repay the trouble of the journey, for the scenery of the Upper Ottawa is very fine.

Of Toronto so much has been said that one feels tempted to leave local description to local books. Its situation is pleasant enough, close to the blue waters of Ontario, and having at its back and along the shores a fine country, full of apple and peach orchards, while the climate is far milder in winter than that of Ottawa, and in summer has a tempered heat from the great body of fresh water so near at hand. Dr. Scadding in "Toronto of Old" has well portrayed its early history when "muddy little York" was the home of the United Empire Loyalists driven from the United States.

The railway, unfortunately, runs along the lake, preventing any pleasant "Strand" street, and spoiling, as it does at Genoa, the access to the shore. Here, as at Kingston, the French were first in the land, and the place is mentioned in old reports of skirmishes with Indians and English. Yet there are men now alive who are old enough to remember hearing when the first buggy was driven through the streets, which are now broad, well-paved, and lined with houses, giving evidence of all the prosperity of a pushing and thriving commerce. Toronto had its troubles and excitements during the American War, and not far off, across the water, the battle of Queenstown Heights gave the British General Brock a grave, and the Regular and Provincial troops a well-earned victory over an enemy strongly posted.

A less agreeable reminiscence is the indecisive fight between a greatly superior body of Fenians and a Toronto battalion in 1866 near the Welland Canal, when both sides, after firing much, retreated; the Fenians to Fort Erie, the Toronto men towards the

Canal. The object of the Canadian attack was attained, for the cutting of the Canal, which was the object of the invaders, was frustrated. Several gallant youths belonging to the University were killed, and a monument in the pleasant and shady park attests the respect of the citizens for those who were foremost in giving evidence at that time of the patriotic spirit which animated all Canadians. Osgoode Hall, where are the Law Courts, is a fine building worthy of the learned Bar which meets there, and of the ability of the judges who preside over the Provincial Courts. It was named after the first Chief Justice of Upper Canada, and is memorable to me for an imposing ceremony in which Mr. Blake, the Leader of the present Opposition in the Federal Parliament, and one of the ablest lawyers in the Dominion, welcomed in an impressive speech the American Secretary of State, Mr. Evarts. That remarkable statesman and orator delivered to the assembled company in the Library a most eloquent reply, dwelling on the part taken by the exponents of law in the affairs of nations, and emphasising his hearty desire—a desire for which Mr. Evarts, through his high official position, was able often effectively to labour—for the continued harmony and good understanding between the United States and the British Empire.

This reception was one of the historic events which will live in the memory of the men of Toronto, where politics are as eagerly pursued as are the material gains of trade, and where neither the one nor the other is able to efface a love for letters, learning, the Arts, and the Sciences. When the University is visited the Observatory of the Federal Government for Meteorology should not be neglected, for from such headquarters come the "storm warnings" which so wholesomely affright our sailors, keeping them to safe ports, and giving them warning of tempest. Dr. Carmel is at the head of this establishment, and it is the only one which is very well provided with instruments and house space, being better even than that at Washington in this respect. Dr. Daniel Wilson, the author of many learned and excellently-written works, such as "Old Edinburgh" and "Primæval Man," and Dr. Hutton, with many able men, are Professors of Toronto University, a seat of learning daily growing in popular favour, and destined to be the Metropolitan University of Ontario. The buildings are good, but will need enlargement, if we may judge from the ever-increasing number of students. There are colleges affiliated to the University, and King's College, Trinity, and others, attest the powers the denominations possess in attracting to special establishments the sons of those who fear to embark their offspring on the unshepherded fields of University life favoured by the Scots and Continental systems. There is a little room at the end of the gallery of the Museum which, by the favour of Professor Wilson, may be entered. In this is a remarkable collection of the crania of the aborigines. The men who built the wonderful mounds, shaped in spherical heaps, or in circles or squares, often having mutual geometric proportions; or in long waving lines, suggesting the outlines of beasts or of serpents; have here their heads exhibited to the phrenological connoisseur.

The nomad Red Indian of the Plains, the buffalo hunter of the present day, may be seen grinning from the same shelf with the Pueblo or sunburnt-brick builder of the New Mexican steppes. There, too, are the skulls of those who in other times erected the stone dwellings in the ledges overhung by the stupendous cliffs of the sierras; and, more curious than all, the deformed brain coverings of the modern and ancient tribes who practised, and still practise, the flattening of the skull in infancy. This is a custom which is known to have had its Asian forerunner, and on the Pacific shore is yet the mark of dignity inflicted on the child in its cradle. A board is placed across the forehead until the crown of the head becomes like a London grocer's sugar-loaf.

If America and Canada can offer no ruins to the curiosity of the traveller, these countries have in the remains of the ancient races an archaeology mysterious and wonderful. One comforting reflection may be gathered from the silent growth and decay of so many tribes, leaving but little mark, and having found on the northern continent but little temptation to an abiding home. The thought is this: That our own forefathers in Britain left even less, before the days of the civilisation imported by the Romans; and although the North American tribes were not allowed by the waves of warfare to leave much, except their bones, those bones prove that all the races which roamed over the vast country were men of weight and muscle. Where the aborigines were men of stature and power, we may be certain that our own race will not degenerate under the climatic conditions which created so much sinew of old. Two centuries of occupation of the land has indeed already proved this.

Look in the Museum, also, at the heads of the deer. These are of all sizes, from the roebuck-like head of the Virginian deer, and the palmated horn of the cariboo, or American reindeer, to the gigantic wapiti and moose. The moose is almost identical with the elk of Northern Europe, and is far inferior in size to the but-recently-extinct Irish elk. But in the wapiti we have a red deer now living which is the equal in spread and beauty of antler to any of his fossil congeners. This animal is still numerous in the untrodden paths of the northern and western forests. One of the grandest sights man can see in the animal world is a big herd of wapiti. The grace of their form and movement is unrivalled, and it is worth while to take pains to get a view of one of these herds, which in the nature of things must soon perish, for the hunter and sportsman have already driven them from all the area of settlement. Still in the great wood-covered ranges near the Pacific and to the north of the Saskatchewan they may be met with.

Among the stuffed beasts you may study the long fur-clad sheep—buffalo of the Polar regions—the "musk ox," and the wild sheep, with his brown hairy fell, and the Rocky Mountain goat, a creature clad in pure white wool and hair.

After a day spent in seeing the churches, factories (and among these the furniture factories, say, for instance, that of Mr. Hay, M.P., should certainly be seen), and public institutions, it is a refreshing change to go down to the Lake shore, and watch from land or water the evolutions of the well-equipped yachts and pleasure sailing-boats which crowd the bay. There is a very pleasant house belonging to the Yacht Club on the "island," whence the interest-

ing engineering works for the preservation of the spit of sand which forms Toronto Harbour may be studied. The Lake is so wide, that it is only on very fine days that the opposite coast may be seen, and a tremendous sea can "get up" in a very few hours. With the exception of Hamilton and Toronto, there are no very good harbours, so that in the spring and autumn disasters are not unknown.

Leaving Toronto we pass by rail to Hamilton, a very thriving town of at least 40,000 inhabitants, and arrive at Niagara, where description is useless. Let any one try to write his thoughts as he looks at that waterfall from the Prospect or Clifton Hotels, and see what a mess he makes of it, and how ashamed he will be of his work a few months afterwards. No one should go and stay for less than two days; for the grandeur of the Falls "grows upon you" as you live beside them, and explore, in mist and spray, the caverns under that descending deluge. What is not often seen is the very pretty drive to the old Canadian town of Niagara. The road skirts the river, and is shaded by fine trees, and a return may be made by rail. The distance is, however, only about ten miles.

Westward lies Lake Erie, with its fertile and maple-groved shore; but the tourist's route takes him northward to Collingwood or Gravenhurst, through pleasant country, with scattered farms and villages; and the steamer awaits him on Lake Huron.

Loyalty gave the name of "Georgian Bay" to that portion of Lake Huron lying along the north-eastern shore, and sown with thousands of islets, whose rocks, carved smooth by ice, support in every instance a growth of brightly foliated trees. The terrors of open water are soon passed, for the vessel enters the archipelago, and glides rapidly along the smooth channels between the countless islands. No more delightful voyage can be undertaken, and the arrival at Sault Ste. Marie will be a cause of regret to many.

Here is the great canal through a mile of American soil, and the ship is carried into the wide sea of Lake Superior. This is a vast inland water, very deep and very cold, the home of several kinds of trout which attain a great size. There are a few big islands on its surface; all these rising to considerable heights, and generally of value on account of the deposits of copper. Along the Canadian shore the Pacific Railway is now being constructed. The line leaves Ottawa, and skirts for a long distance the river of that name, and then quits it to cross the height of land near Nipissing, and passing to the north of that lake, descends upon the shores of Lake Superior, which it follows until it has to deviate northwards through the wildernesses of Keewatin.

A mountain region it all is, broken by valleys which, like that of Nipigon, display great beauty. The trap formation of the hills which surround Thunder Bay gives some singular forms of boldness and picturesqueness.

A visit must here be made to the marvellous "Silver Island," a little rock platform from which some of the richest silver ore ever found has been brought to light. The whole neighbourhood is rich in minerals and semi-precious stones.

Amethyst River is well known as the district from which the blocks crowded with amethyst crystals have for years been taken, so that there is hardly a museum or private collection which does not possess specimens.

Gold has been found only in small quantities in the rock veins, but the great area called Keewatin, covered as it is with rough pine, fir, and some hardwood, seamed with lakes, and except along their borders most inaccessible, has been insufficiently explored. The silver which is so rich near Superior is not unlikely to be found again further inland.

We must pass at once to Winnipeg, lying near the border of this rough country, but situated itself on the rich alluvial valley of the Red River, where it receives the muddy waters of the Assiniboia. Of the wonderful growth of this city everybody has heard. We need only recapitulate the facts that in 1860 it contained nothing but a Hudson's Bay fort. In 1870 it had become the head-quarters of a French Canadian and half-breed colony living on bad terms with the Scots settlers dwelling further down the river. These had been brought into the country *via* the Hudson Bay, and did not at all relish the ambition of the French to found a small independent Republic. In 1880 the attention which the Red River Settlement had excited, owing to the disturbances which had been put down early in the decade by Lord Wolseley, was seen to have so brought the place into notice that a town of about 6,000 people had been created. The lands around it, and indeed for 900 miles to the north-west, were known to be rich, and emigrants began to pour in. Since that date they have gone through Winnipeg to the West at the rate of 30,000 to 40,000 each year, and the city has weathered the scarlatina—that is, it has found itself only temporarily the worse of that illness of the infancy of most prosperous American and Canadian towns known as "the Boom." This is the first great effort of a speculative nature, and the patient, who is imagined to be particularly well, is then overcome by a high fever, and has a laborious, difficult, and disagreeable convalescence, after which all trouble is over. In other words, prices of all property rise to an altogether artificial height, and then comes a collapse, depression, hard swearing, and ultimate recovery. Winnipeg's convalescence is likely to last through the first half of this decade, and by the year 1890 she will probably have at least 50,000 or 60,000 people on the banks of her larger Tiber, and see herself almost overtasked to perform the duties of a metropolis for the great numbers of her provincial clients.

Her grain trade is the most interesting feature about her. The reflection constantly forces itself upon one that the wild flowers of the untouched prairie grew only a few years ago where Main Street, with its plate-glass-fronted stores, big hotels, churches, and general bustle, shows already all the airs and graces of the principal street of a big town.

The banks of the Assiniboia are not without their pleasant copses, but the attraction to the man fresh from the wooded East will be the curiosity of the sensation of letting the eye range over the wide horizon of grass-covered plain, low and level and fertile, with nothing to arrest the gaze but the scattered homesteads, or perhaps the great columns of smoke which may be rising and curling in white masses into the sunlit sky from some portion of the prairie which has caught fire. In August these fires are of constant occurrence, and the effect of them at night is singularly

beautiful. It is as though whole armies were marching in lines and delivering their fire.

The grasses in the north are not, as a rule, sufficiently tall to cause the fire to be perilous to life, but the danger to crops is of course great, and very heavy penalties are inflicted on all who wilfully or carelessly give such a conflagration a start. Fires, early frosts, and grasshoppers have each done harm during certain years. The last is a pest from which Manitoba has for some years been entirely free, and experience in the United States demonstrates that as the country becomes more settled so does the chance of such a visitation diminish. The evils of early frosts must be guarded against by early or autumn sowing. If the seed be sown early in October the winter cold setting in soon afterwards will prevent it from germinating until the spring, and the harvest will be in the first days of August. The excellence of the soil of the country between St. Paul and Winnipeg is apparent enough in the magnificent crops of all kinds, and especially of wheat, but the black friable loam is an unpleasant compound when stripped of the covering sod, and when ploughed or stirred up by rain and the wheels of carriages. Its stickiness is most extraordinary, and it adheres to the tires until the elegant and spider-web-like circles of the buggy wheels look as though they belonged to clumsy carts. Sometimes in the spring the rains and melting snows, with the pack of ice on the rock ledges of the river near Lake Winnipeg, have caused floods which it is believed may be mitigated, if not entirely prevented, by the use of dynamite on the river bed.

The general aspect of the plains is very monotonous. The whole land is flat or slightly undulating; the shores of Winnipeg have some variety on the eastern side, for there the banks are more elevated, but on the west, and around Lake Manitoba, the firs and poplars alone relieve the monotony. These lakes are very shallow. Into Winnipeg the Saskatchewan pours itself, and out of Winnipeg flows the Nelson, discharging into Hudson's Bay. Luckily for Canada, the rivers, in flowing from west to east, run in a direction useful for navigation, unlike those of the other biggest prairie country, namely, Russian Asia, where the streams have an unfortunate habit of running only into the Arctic. The lower course of the Saskatchewan, after the junction of its two branches, is very dreary, but near "The Forks" the rolling land begins. This character is still more marked when Alberta, the province nearest the mountains, is reached. Probably none of the members of the British Association will be able to afford time to see anything of the Saskatchewan Province. Their horizon will be bounded by what may be seen from the railway cars of the Canadian Pacific Railway as they traverse in turn Manitoba, Assiniboia, and Alberta. Near Qu'Appelle they will probably be shown the "Bell" Farm, so-called from its manager, who has lately put nearly 6,000 acres under the plough in one season.

What may be made of a prairie site is being proved at Regina, where, without any very special attraction, except its localisation on the railway line and its central position, a political capital has been formed. Water was at first said to be very scarce here, but it was reported at the beginning of this year that the last well sunk filled so rapidly that the men at work were nearly drowned. The place is a good headquarters for the Mounted Police, whose scattered detachments are wanted everywhere for the "regulation" both of White and Red men.

Near Medicine Hat, at the crossing of the South Saskatchewan, as well as at Regina and Calgary, the travellers will have a good chance of seeing some veritable Indians, either of the Cree or Black-foot tribes. They are having their native virtues and costume rapidly rubbed off them, and an opportunity to see some of the last relics of savagery should not be lost. In 1881 there was a camp on the Bow River which had all the ancient characteristics, and was quite unspoiled by modern costume or custom. Hide tents and plumed and half-naked warriors were to be seen as in Catlin's illustrations, but it is to be feared that they will already have deteriorated in appearance. But any disappointment felt in the natives will be amply made good by the pleasure of a sight of the view of the Rocky Mountains from the country around Calgary. This, with the view from Quebec, will live for ever in the memory, as what is most beautiful on the journey. I shall not attempt to describe it, but let no one go back from Calgary without entering the great gorges of the mountains. A day spent within sight of them will repay all the discomforts of the voyage and of the long journey.

Besides the trip to the mountains, members of the Association will be tempted by proposals to go south to see some of the American cities. Philadelphia especially has, we believe, a meeting of "scientists;" and Boston is not, after all, "a far cry" from Montreal. The Technical Colleges of the United States are an improvement on the German idea for such instruction, and the Institution at Boston is magnificent. The journey from St. John in the Province of Quebec, through the New England States, takes one through pretty scenery, and in hot weather the advantage of the seaside cannot be gainsaid. If it be desired to know something of our maritime Provinces, the "Intercolonial" Line along the St. Lawrence; then across the hills to the Bay of Chaleurs; and southward by the sea-coast towns of Chatham and Newcastle, to Truro, Amherst, and finally to Halifax, exhibits beautiful country. The geological interest of the Nova Scotian and New Brunswick littoral along the Bay of Fundy is great and varied. Good inns are to be found all over these long-settled Provinces, and in a day you may visit from Halifax the charming "Valley of Grand Pré," the scene of the opening action in Longfellow's "Evangeline."

A word of caution against the constant use of iced water, if the weather is hot, may close this chapter. September nights are cool enough, but August is a warm month, and America may be enjoyed wisely and not too well, if, by abstaining from ice-water, the traveller avoids taking with him the favourite American "complaint" of "dyspepsia."

Our engravings are taken from photographs by Messrs. W. Notman, Montreal; Hall and Lowe, Winnipeg; and L. P. Valée, Quebec; and from sketches and photographs furnished by the Marquis of Lorne, Captain R. W. Rutherford, Canadian Artillery, Kingston, Ontario; and by our special artists, Mr. Sydney P. Hall and Mr. J. C. Dollman.



SNOW-SHOEING BY MOONLIGHT



TOBOGGANING



SLEIGHING



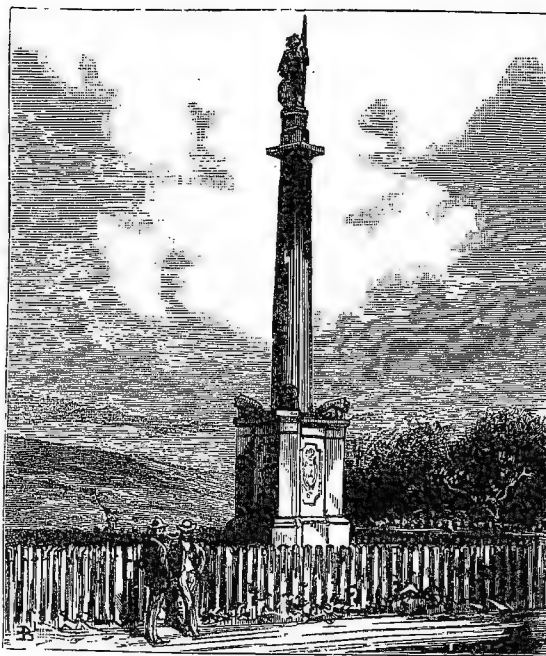
CANOEING



FANCY DRESS SKATING



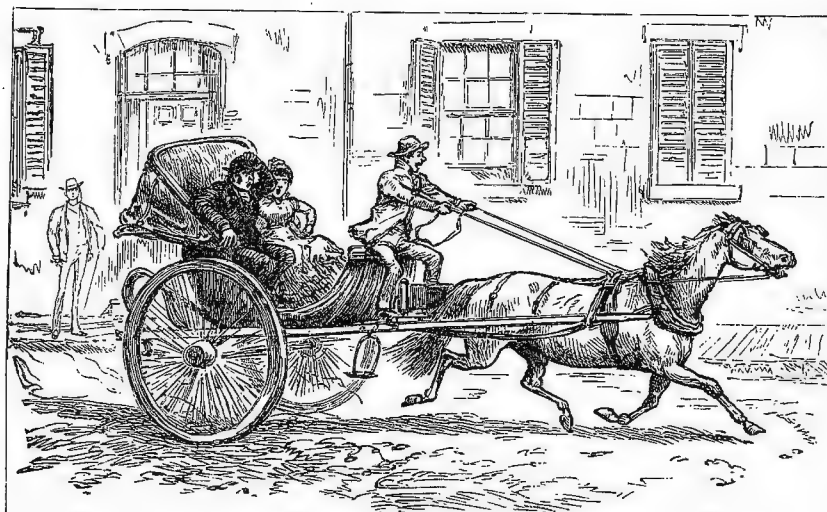
CHAMPLAIN STREET

THE ST. FOYE MONUMENT
"Aux Braves de 1760"

BREAKNECK STEPS

WHAT IS THEOSOPHY?

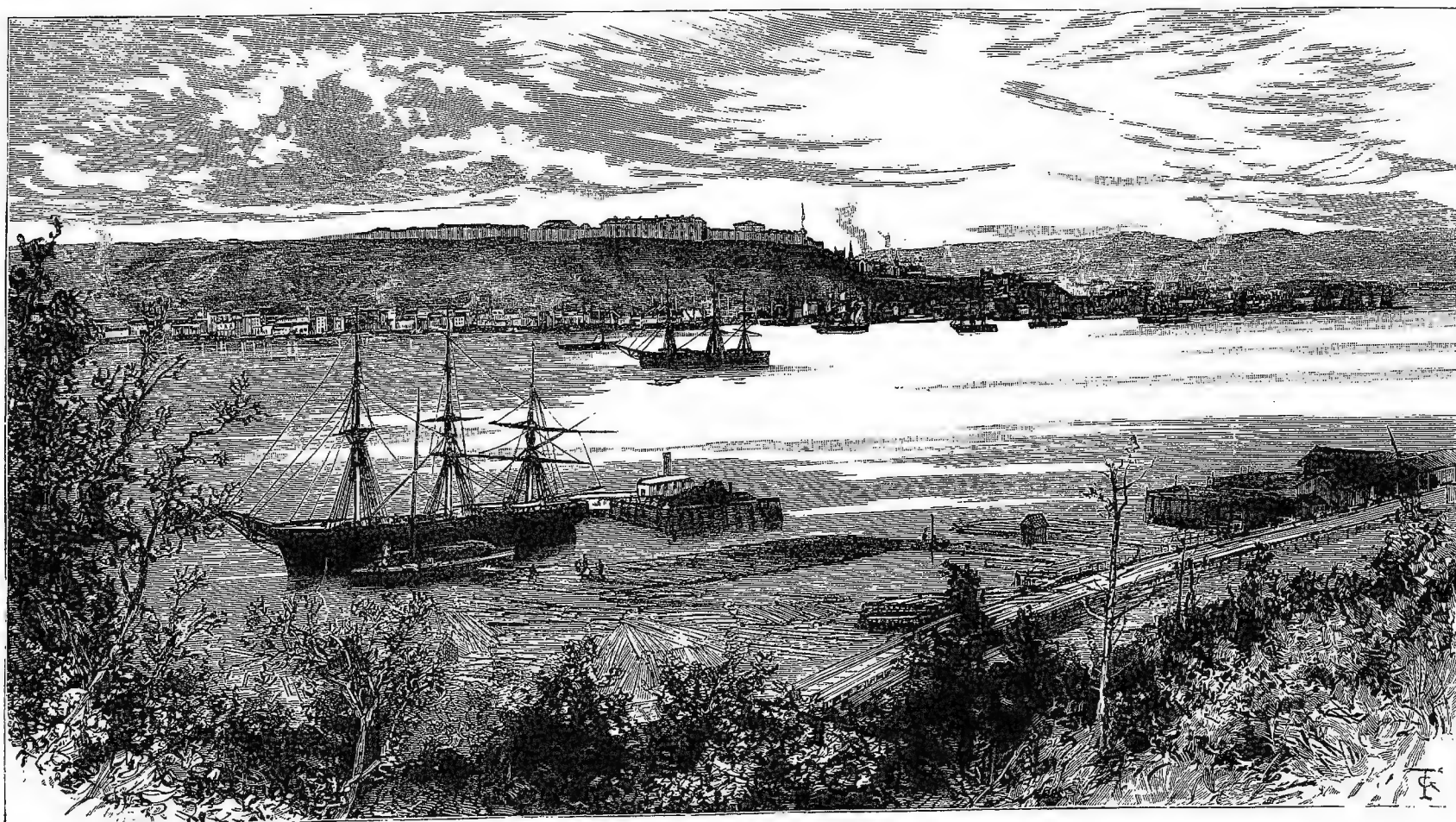
FOR some time past an impression, more or less vague, has been abroad that a new and strange propaganda is being carried on in London. For three years or more the Anglo-Indian Press has excitedly discussed certain remarkable phenomena, said to have been produced in Simla and elsewhere by Madame Helène P. Blavatsky, a Russian lady naturalised in the United States. The excitement spread to London. Casual references to the Theosophical Society and its leaders, mostly of a derisive or contemptuous kind, have been made in the Press; excited talk about it has been heard at æsthetic teas and intellectual luncheons. More than once lectures have been delivered in London by one of the Theosophical leaders. Finally the large gathering at the Prince's Hall, in July, held in honour of Madame Blavatsky herself and of Colonel Olcott, though unreported in the Press, brought the matter prominently before intellectual London. What is it, then, that the Theosophical Society has to



THE JOYS OF RIDING IN A CALÈCHE

teach? Neither more nor less than a new view of science, man, and the universe—a new philosophy, a new religion. It would be a long story to tell in all its details; but the outline may be stated in few words.

The whole discovery is due in the first instance to Madame Blavatsky. This remarkable woman is daughter of Colonel Peter Hahn and widow of Councillor Nicophore Blavatsky, formerly Vice-Governor of the Russian province of Erivan, Caucasus. She is at present on a visit to London. An observer would guess her age at sixty-five or more, and no one could fail to notice the unusual power revealed in her face. For forty years past Madame Blavatsky has devoted herself to "occult" studies, and she at last became aware (in what precise manner has not yet appeared) of the existence, in a remote part of Thibet, of a secret association or Brotherhood, endowed with extraordinary knowledge, and possessing what appear to be miraculous powers over the forces of Nature. To Thibet Madame Blavatsky journeyed. Seven long years she remained with the



VIEW OF THE CITY FROM POINT LEVI

Brothers, and undergoing a training of extraordinary severity; and at the end of that period she returned to the world, not indeed a fully-trained adept, but an initiate, possessing powers of an altogether abnormal kind. Acting under the guidance of the Brothers in the Himalayas, Madame Blavatsky visited America, and there (in conjunction with Colonel Olcott, whose spiritual apprenticeship on similar lines was then set on foot), founded the Theosophical Society, whose aims are to promote the universal brotherhood of mankind, to foster the study of Aryan literature, and to explore the latent psychological powers of man. Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott subsequently returned to India to establish the Society among the natives there.

In India Madame Blavatsky made the acquaintance of Mr. A. P. Sinnett, the gentleman who has written most on the theosophical movement. After distinguished work as a journalist in England, Mr. Sinnett had gone to India to assume the editorship of the *Pioneer* at Allahabad, and it was under his roof (in the year 1880) that Madame Blavatsky produced those remarkable series of phenomena which set all India talking, and which Mr. Sinnett has recorded in "The Occult World." These phenomena were neither more nor less than a series of what, for want of a more precise name, the ordinary mind must class as "miracles." Flowers fell from blank ceilings; letters were instantaneously transported through the air from Madame Blavatsky at Simla to the Brothers in Tibet, and answers were at once returned; cups and saucers lacking at pic-nics were "created" by Madame Blavatsky; a lady's brooch long lost was suddenly restored under the most remarkable circumstances; a piece was invisibly broken off from a plaster cast in Madame Blavatsky's house at Bombay, and was conveyed through the air to Mr. Sinnett, then at Allahabad. Nor were these miracles performed only in the presence of Madame Blavatsky; for Mr. Sinnett was himself admitted to the privileges of psychological telegraphy, and he received by this means many letters from a Brother, or Mahatma, named Koot Hoomi. All this, and much more, with the evidence for each phenomenon, and many of Koot Hoomi's letters, may be read by the curious in Mr. Sinnett's "Occult World." Mr. Sinnett returned to London, a branch of the Theosophical Society (now numbering some hundred persons) has been founded here, and Madame Blavatsky, Colonel Olcott, and Mr. Mohini Mohun Chatterjee (a pupil of the Mahatmas) are now in London. Such are the chief external facts of the Theosophical movement up to the present time, as stated by believers.

Speaking at the Prince's Hall meeting last week, Colonel Olcott strongly protested against the idea that the Theosophical Society was to be regarded as an institution for "miracle-mongering." This feature of the movement, indeed, has for long been studiously kept in the background by the leaders, though it is not unnaturally that which is most talked about. Abnormal powers over nature are possessed by no one save the Mahatmas themselves and their initiates. These powers have been merely occasionally displayed as evidence for the truth of the vast body of knowledge concerning nature, man, and the universe which the Brothers have acquired during centuries of seclusion and contemplation—knowledge which has hitherto been kept profoundly secret, but glimpses of which the Brothers have now granted to Mr. Sinnett for transmission to the world. "Esoteric Buddhism" is the name of the book in which Mr. Sinnett expounds so much of the learning of the Brothers as they are at present willing to reveal. It is a book of much more importance than the "Occult World." The two do not, indeed, stand on the same plane, for whereas the "Occult World" is to a great extent a narrative of events, "Esoteric Buddhism" is an exposition of a complete and very original view of man and the universe. Many features of it will not be unfamiliar to the student who has examined Buddhism through the ordinary authorities; others are strikingly new. Whatever may be thought of the genuineness of the sanctions on which the teaching claims to rest (and on this point the present writer offers no opinion) there can hardly be two opinions as to the value of the book as a contribution to religious and, we are tempted to say, to scientific literature. It presents a complete theory of evolution for the soul of man corresponding to the scheme of evolution in physical nature.

Such, stated in barest outline, are the history and aims of the Theosophical Society. It is among the strangest of the strange "movements" of these perplexed times. In India, where the ground is well prepared for the reception of such seed as the Theosophists have to scatter, the Society flourishes. Here it has been received in society with considerable interest, and in some cases with respectful sympathy; but in the press it has been scarcely noticed. Sceptics, of course, question the whole thing; the existence of the Brothers, the value of the teachings, the sincerity, and even the morality of its European professors.



MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—A group of songs by popular poets and composers is of more than ordinary merit. They are published in two or three keys. "The Pilgrim" is a charming poem by Beatrice Abercrombie of a semi-religious character, set to music by Stephen Adams in his most musicianly style. It will find a foremost place in many a programme for years to come.—Messrs. F. E. Weatherly and J. L. Molloy have written and composed a spirited song which has already made a very favourable impression on the public. It is entitled "The Roll of the Drum." It is a tale of rustic courtship with a happy ending.—F. H. Cowen has not been quite so successful as usual in his setting of Longfellow's graceful poem, "The Reaper and the Flowers," which he has published in three keys.—"When We Meet," written and composed by Mary Mark Lemon and Hope Temple, is a simple love ditty set to suitable music.—Of the same type is "One or Two," written and composed by Will Carleton and Henry Housley. It is a trifle more lively.—A bold and spirited march for the pianoforte by Audran is "En Avant," which will surely be encored with enthusiasm in the drawing-room.—A brilliant and showy piece for the pianoforte on leading themes in Goring Thomas's popular opera, *Esmeralda*, has been tastefully arranged by Herr Kuhe.—From the same opera Georges Lamothe has arranged a very telling set of waltzes, also entitled "Esmeralda."—Charles Godfrey has taken Louis Diehl's song, "Going to Market," as the leading theme for a set of fairly good waltzes, bearing the same title.—One of the most popular waltzes of the season is "Esprit de Corps," composed by John Riky.

MESSRS. AMBROSE AND CO.—Three songs, music by Churchill Sibley, are well worthy the attention of our readers. "The Gondolier," words by Madeleine L. E. W., is the prettiest of the group, and will be listened to with pleasure wherever it is well sung. Both words and music are very taking.—"In After Years" and "Two Hearts," for which the composer has supplied the words, are above the average of the ordinary tales of love with which the music publishers are flooded.—A love song of the reproachful school, words by Lord Byron, music by E. Clara Guillin, is "In Thee I Fondly Hoped," compass from E first line to the octave above.—By the same composer are two brief and tuneful pieces for the pianoforte entitled "Autumn Dreams."

"From Post to Finish"

(Continued from page 165)

perhaps gambled as fiercely; but I doubt if men of the present time can ever recall heavier gambling on the turf than when Sir Marmaduke Martindale was at the zenith of his career. There were all sorts of rumours concerning him. 'Twas said that he slept with his betting-book and a Derringer pistol under his pillow; that he lived chiefly upon champagne and cigarettes. The rumours of his winnings were fabulous; of his losses people never spoke; and yet the most reliable axiom connected with gambling is contained in the line, "But dice will run the contrary way."

It was some three weeks before the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket, and Tattersall's was in tremendous blast that Monday. Hotter and hotter was the desire to invest upon Pibroch; but, boldly as the backers came to the front, still the felders never flinched. No sooner was six to four taken in hundreds than the strident voice of Bob Broughton—one of the leading Northern bookmakers—rang through the room with:—

"Here's another seven hoondred to four against Pibroch."

Seated on one of the benches outside the little Subscription Room, with the eternal cigarette in his mouth, was the owner of that noble animal. His hat was tipped over his eyes on this occasion, and not thrown slightly back on his head, as was the case when he meant really transacting business; he seemed half asleep, and was only roused from his reverie by a good-looking man, who lounged up to him and said:—

"I say, Marm; they're knocking your horse about like the deuce inside. What's the matter?—is there anything wrong with him?"

"There wasn't at nine this morning. He did a good gallop, and pulled up fresh and well; and I should have been wired to in cipher had anything happened."

"All right, old man; blessed if I don't have another seven hundred to four about him at once. Broughton and some more of them there have got a craze that they know something."

"Well," said Sir Marmaduke in his usual languid manner; "I think I wouldn't be in a hurry if I were you."

"Why? You tell me the horse is all right; what the deuce do you mean?" exclaimed Captain Farrington.

"Well, as a rule, I usually mean what I say. I simply reiterate, the horse is well; but, if you take my advice, you won't be in a hurry to back him."

"But, hang it all, old fellow; just explain."

"My dear Farrington, if there's one thing I pride myself upon, it is the extreme simplicity of my English. I never go into verbose explanations. Do as you like; but don't turn round upon me afterwards and say I might have told you. Turf tactics are beautiful in their simplicity and ingenuity; but you can't win if you lay your cards upon the table."

Captain Farrington gave vent to a subdued whistle. He was a bold and daring plunger, and had concentrated such brains as Providence had given him on the study of the mysteries of the turf. He knew better than to attempt bookmaking, being conscious that arithmetic was one of his weak points; but in the backing of horses, like the backing of the colours in *rouge et noir*, there is a delightful simplicity requiring but little intellect to master. He did not do so very badly upon the whole. He was a popular man, and received various hints from the racing magnates as to judicious investments; although, as in the present case, it took a little hammering into his handsome head.

"Doosid clever fellow is Marmy. Suppose I'd better wait and see what his little game is."

He hadn't very long to wait. As the clock in the Subscription Room marked a quarter to five Martindale lounged in in his usual *nonchalant* manner. "Want to back a horse, Sir Marmaduke?" was shouted from more than one throat, but above the din thundered Broughton's voice with:—

"Here's seven fifties to four Pibroch!"

"I have a bet, Sir Marmaduke," said one of the wildest speculators in the turf market. "I've only just begun a book on the Guineas, and you haven't given me a turn yet. Let me write you down."

"So you shall," rejoined the baronet, "if you really mean betting."

"All right, Sir Marmaduke, what shall it be? In monkeys or thousands?"

"I'll tell you what you shall do," said the baronet, drawing his betting-book from his pocket, "you shall lay me ten thousand to a thousand against Bushranger, and if anybody wants to go on"—and here the baronet looked defiantly at the surrounding crowd of bookmakers—"they can lay it again!"

It was something like a shell exploding in that circle. Here was the owner of the favourite backing his new purchase instead of standing to his old love. There was a slight hesitation, and then from various quarters rang out offers to take the odds against Bushranger, with the natural consequence that his stable companion, Pibroch, began to decline in the betting. As for Sir Marmaduke, he was indelible. He offered to take ten to one not only again, but twice over, but the Ring had got a scare, and eight to one was the highest offer. Muttering something contemptuously to the effect that he really had no time to waste with a lot of men who didn't mean betting in earnest, but were simply all talk, the baronet snapped up his book and left the Subscription Room. As he made his way up the narrow passage to the outer door he was overtaken by Farrington.

"By Jove, old fellow!" said that gentleman, "you've set 'em a riddle inside that will keep 'em thinking all night. But I say, Marm, is Bushranger really the best?"

"My dear Farrington, don't ask indiscreet questions. Rest satisfied with what I told you at the beginning of the afternoon—namely, that if you waited you'd get longer odds about Pibroch."

The Honourable remained wrapped in reverie for some few minutes after the baronet left. At last his thoughts took tangible form, and he muttered, "It's a rum go, and which is the real pea I'm blest if I know."

CHAPTER X.

AN UNDERGRADUATE OF THE SADDLE

GERALD ROCKINGHAM, under the assumed name of Jim Forrest, had now been installed for some three weeks at Riddleton Grange. He stuck closely to his work, was excessively willing and punctual, though deviation in this last matter is a thing rarely known in a racing stable. He had won Joe Butters' regard, not only for these former qualities, but from his perfect nerve with the horses. Jim Forrest, indeed, seemed quite indifferent as to what he rode, and was now appointed to look after the Dancing Master. He got on pretty fairly with that amiable animal in his box, and could admittedly do more with the horse on the training ground than any one else. I don't at all mean that he had exorcised the devil entirely out of the brute. The horse still continued to show his savage temper as heretofore; he would suddenly decline to move at all, then he would buck, kick, and plunge like a very demon. Then again he would take hold of his bit, and for once in a way gallop with a vengeance, cutting down both Caterham and Phaeton at seven pound less than weight-for-age in marvellous fashion, making old Bill Greyson grind his teeth with exasperation when he thought of the brute's waywardness.

"There's all the stakes in the world at the villain's mercy if we could only rely upon him. What a thing temper is, both amongst horses and Christians."

One thing the astute trainer noticed was that the Dancing Master had never succeeded in getting rid of young Forrest. He had thrown every boy in the stable, not even excepting the redoubtable Joe Butters; but Jim Forrest, thanks to his firm seat and untiring vigilance, had never been so disposed of, unless the first morning, when the horse went back with him, should be so accounted. Not a pleasant horse to ride, by any manner of means. He would go along quietly and easily just to lull you to sleep, and then, without a word of warning, break out into his tantrums, the result of which was that many a boy turned a somersault in the air. Jim owed his immunity to never relaxing his vigilance. After that first morning he had never asked for the favour of a whip, and Bill Greyson had often admired the patience with which the lad would bear with the horse's vagaries. He would sometimes wear the Dancing Master out when he was in one of his sullen moods by sitting immovable as one of the sentries at the Horse Guards, and quietly waiting till it pleased him to move, when at last the horse, I presume from sheer weariness of spirit, would break into life again, and either kick or plunge, or start down the gallop like a steed possessed.

"Tell you what, Dollie, that was rather a good pick up, that last boy—that young Forrest. He's only been with us three weeks or so, and I'm blest if he isn't the best of the lot of them. Mark me, if he don't put on flesh, and become too heavy, he'll likely come out as a jockey some of these days," said Mr. Greyson one morning.

That Dollie watched her lover's progress with the keenest interest I need scarcely say; but she very rarely succeeded in exchanging a word with him. It would have been a terrible solecism for Miss Greyson to have been seen talking to one of the stable-boys. Should Jim Forrest ever become a jockey, then, of course, it would be perfectly correct, as, by the immutable law of nature, jockeys seem invariably to look amongst the trainer's daughters for a wife. Although Jim bore his lot with great resolution, it had more discomfort than usual connected with it. It need scarcely be said that association with his companions was extremely distasteful to him, and that they should bitterly resent his standing rather aloof from them was only natural. They speedily recognised that he was of a class above themselves, and liked him no better for that, stigmatising him as a "bloated swell," and subjecting him occasionally not only to their coarse jeers, but further electing him as a fit subject to play practical jokes upon. However, all this sort of thing came very speedily to an end. One of the biggest boys, encouraged by the placid manner with which Forrest tolerated this sort of horseplay, thought fit to indulge his humour rather further one evening. He caught a Tartar with a vengeance. Jim's left shot out straight and dead as the matador's sword, and stretched the joker flat upon his back. "A ring—a ring!" shouted his companions; and, with little stomach for the task, the aggressor found himself obliged to stand up to his victim and fight him in earnest. Bob Matthews—for such was the aggressor's name—would have very gladly compromised matters; but his comrades had no idea of being defrauded of all the gratifications of a fight. Jim was about a year older than his antagonist, and, besides a natural attribute for all athletic pursuits, had enjoyed the advantage of professional instruction. Three rounds saw the termination of the whole affair; and that Bob Matthews should have come up for the third time after the severe punishment he had received, showed that, though destitute of science, he was at all events not wanting in pluck.

I need scarcely say that, from this out, no one attempted to interfere with Jim. The stable boys had ascertained two very important points—not only that he would fight, but also that he could—in fact, the straightness, quickness, and severity of his hitting had excited no small admiration in the little community.

If the life was somewhat hard, it was at all events healthy. Early hours, lots of exercise on the bracing moorland, and plenty of wholesome food; for though jockeys are perforce condemned to lead the lives of anchorites, the boys in any stable of repute are well taken care of, and by no means "muzzled." Still it was galling to one who had been brought up as heir to Cranley Chase to have to endure at times sharp rating from a man who had stood almost in the capacity of servant to his father; and, willing as Jim was, the strapping down of his horse was new to him. He was not ignorant of how it ought to be done, but he lacked the practical knowledge. As Mr. Greyson said emphatically to him one morning, "You're better in the saddle than the stable, my lad. Don't be afraid of your horse; rub him down as if you were polishing a dining-table."

"He's a little awkward to deal with, sir," expostulated Jim.

"We never want answers unless asked for in a racing stable," replied Greyson sharply. "Your business, my lad, is to take in what's said to you, and offer no opinion upon it. If I take it into my head to train tigers, you'll have to do 'em properly, or go."

Trainers have their annoyances like other people. Annoyances as a rule are reflected in the temper like a face in a glass, and Mr. Greyson at times would almost shake his fist and curse the Dancing Master after some out-of-the-way misconduct on that provoking animal's part. It was aggravating after such a slice of luck as carrying off the Two Thousand and Leger the previous year to find yourself with a colt in the stable quite capable of a similar feat if he could only be induced to do his best. But there it was. A queerer-tempered animal than the Dancing Master it had never been Bill Greyson's lot to take charge of. His legs seemed of iron. He was never sick nor sorry, nor any anxiety to his trainer in that way, but what vagaries that wayward grey might indulge in on a racecourse no mortal could foresee. His owner, Cuthbert Elliston, felt more vindictive concerning him than even Greyson. His wrath with an animal that ought to be a veritable gold-mine to him, and obstinately declined to exert itself, was virulent in the extreme; and over and over again he declared that it was cheaper to shoot such bad-tempered brutes at once. You could not then be seduced by fallacious performances on the home gallops into losing your money over them on a racecourse, and the Dancing Master during his two-year-old career had proved a terribly expensive horse from his erratic caprices.

Gradually Jim got excessively fond of his charge, and the wayward grey seemed after his own fashion to reciprocate his attendant's regard. It was undoubted that he would behave better to Jim than to any other boy in the stable, but that was not saying so very much after all. It was never safe to be at all careless in dealing with him, and on the training-ground his behaviour was as often as not quite as unruly as ever. Still, Jim, after the manner of the class with which he had identified himself, believed that his charge was the greatest three-year-old in England.

"If you could only make up your mind to take things in reason, old man," he would say sometimes, as he caressed the grey's black muzzle, when that fickle quadruped was in an amiable mood, "you could take a double-first, you know you could. I know it's only your light-heartedness, but you carry it too far, you do indeed; and spoiling my waistcoat or fetching me one on the legs isn't a nice way of showing your gratitude."

Hazlitt has said "that the apprentice who does not believe that he will come to be Lord Mayor is in a fair way to be hanged." Similarly the stable-lad who does not think that the colt he looks after is a very possible Derby winner will do no good in his vocation. Jim stuck doggedly to his work, and never made answer again to any rebuke which Greyson addressed to him, rising gradually higher in that astute worthy's esteem than he could have imagined.

Another thing that had much perturbed Jim in the first few weeks of his novitiate was the fear of being recognised, but this gradually faded away, as he found how very few of his own class were ever to be seen about Riddleton Moor. True, he knew that some time or other he should probably have to encounter Cuthbert Elliston or Pearson, but, as Dollie pointed out, the difference of dress and their being so utterly unprepared to see him in such a position would make their noticing him improbable. If he would simply wear a wrap round his throat that he could pull well up if necessary, a very common article of attire with his companions, and take the precaution of pulling his cap well over his brows when such partial concealment of his face became necessary, there was little fear of his being recognised.

"Don't be offended, Gerald, dear, but our patrons don't take much notice of the stable lads as a rule," said Miss Greyson, "and you may trust me to let you know when we may expect visitors."

At eighteen, when we have done nothing, we are wont to think the eyes of the world are upon us. At eight-and-thirty, when we have shot our bolt, we know it is very unlikely to take heed of us. Jim Forrest meanwhile stuck stubbornly to the rough and somewhat monotonous existence he had marked out for himself. Wicked as the Dancing Master's temper was, Jim spent hours meditating over conciliatory measures concerning him, but the capricious brute, after exhibiting exemplary manners for two mornings running, and flattering his trainer into the belief that they had at last won his confidence, would on the third behave like a horse possessed, and even patient Bill Greyson, though firmly impressed as ever with what the grey could do if he chose, was getting more despondent every day about his ever being in the humour to try when wanted.

"It's hard, Dollie, confounded hard," he would say sometimes in the bitterness of his heart, "that grey colt trains on every day; no cause for uneasiness about him. He's sound in limb and wind as any I ever handled, and clears out his manger as a horse should do. That Forrest, who looks after him, is a smart lad, too. The brute's had every chance, and there the ungrateful devil stands. He's good enough to sweep the board this year, and bad enough to break the Bank of England."

"What does Mr. Elliston say about him, father?" asked the girl.

"Hates the very name of him. You see we had a rattling good year all round last, bar the Dancing Master. He took the gilt off the gingerbread considerable. What we dropped over him on the New Stakes at Ascot made a considerable hole in the Two Thousand winnings, while half the Phaeton money was down on him for the Middle Park, when he started first favourite and never even got placed."

"I'm sorry, father. It's very provoking. Will he gallop with what's-his-name—I mean Forrest—on his back?"

"Sometimes. But it's the old story: he will and he won't—and there's no guessing when he will."

"Shall you send him to Newmarket to follow in Caterham's footsteps, father?"

"Most unlikely he would follow even if sent," snapped Mr. Greyson; "but Mr. Elliston must decide that, and I don't think he'll trust him again. I should think one hundred and fifty or so would buy him, and to any one who wants a superannuated groom comfortably chewed up, or a loose-box kicked down, he's cheap at the money."

"He's not dangerous to the boy who looks after him, surely," said Dollie, quickly.

"No; not exactly. Forrest understands him, and he's fairly behaved with him in the stable; but he'd eat anybody who hadn't sense and quickness, and he kicks at times like a mad horse."

"And will win the Two Thousand?" interposed the girl, laughing.

"More likely never to have left Riddleton the day that race is run," replied her father. "However, Mr. Elliston is coming next week, and that will settle it."

"Yes, I suppose he will decide then," replied the girl, dreamily.

"Good night."

(To be continued)



MR. E. P. DAY assures us that it is "Only by large experience, great mental labour, and years of tedious research" that such a task as compiling his "Collaçon, or Encyclopædia of Prose Quotations" (Sampson Low) could be successfully accomplished. We can quite believe it. In some thousand pages he has brought together nearly 40,000 quotations from 8,000 authors known and unknown. They jostle one another without any arrangement—Bulwer coming before Raleigh, Sir P. Sidney before Julius Cæsar, Shakespeare before Sophocles. Many of the quotations, too, are about as appropriate as that celebrated index reference to Mr. So and So's "Great Mind;" while some of the subjects are treated of in a curiously one-sided way. Under "Election," for instance, there is nothing to denote that the word ever has a theological meaning. Under "Predestination" (which, by the way, comes after "Preface"), a bit of the Seventeenth Article is credited to C. Merivale. And this is only one out of many mistakes equally ludicrous. The portraits are amusing—why Ovid and Virgil and other poets should figure among prose writers we know not. Their size is not regulated by the dignity of those they represent. A big Noah Webster stands on the same page with a small Grotius and a middling Zoroaster; Peter the Great and Swedenborg, Josephus and Mahomet are set side by side. One's chief thought, after looking down a page of Mr. Day's "Collaçon," is how much great men, and little men, too, have been given to talk platitudes. Dr. S. Cutter, of Tompkins County, is answerable for the advertising puff, "Electricity is Life;" but the advertisers conveniently forget the other half of his axiom: "It is Death."

To master the different Revised Codes is a thing to be classed with learning the Chinese alphabet. Yet Mr. H. Craik has done it; and in "The State and Education" (Macmillan), the new volume of "The English Citizen," he is not only an unflinching guide through the mazes of educational legislation, but he also gives his readers a clear notion of what the State did before the days of Minutes and Grants and Supplementary Acts. It is well to be reminded that the Lords in 1807 threw out Mr. Whitbread's Bill for allowing Vestries to found rate-supported schools. Nor should we forget the mischief done to the cause of educational reform by Lord Brougham's brow-beating violence. We are glad Mr. Craik attributes to the clergy that unwearied zeal in education with which the Liberatorists obstinately refuse to credit them. In most poor parishes, and in many rich ones, they alone kept the school going. It is remarkable that in the Highlands the Reformation was an educational calamity; the endowments being seized by laymen the schools disappeared. Mr. Craik says very little on the important half-time question. He does not seem to know that in several rural districts it has been given up as unworkable.

Very seldom have we read a more touching tribute to rare mental gifts, coupled with that sweet moral nature that often belongs to the

consumptive, than Miss Anna Buckland's "Record of Ellen Watson" (Macmillan). Lung disease may be generated without hereditary tendency; and some may imagine that the illness and early death of Professor Clifford's favourite pupil, the first fruits of woman's admission to the physical and mathematical lectures at University College, was a case of overwork. However this may be, no one who cares about woman's higher education should miss reading this book. The analysis of such a mind as Miss Watson's is always interesting, and Miss Buckland very skillfully lets her express her own feelings and difficulties, and trace how she was gradually led up to dogmatic Anglican Christianity from a faith as vague as that of her idol Professor Clifford. The shadow of death was already upon her when she sailed for South Africa, feeling that for others' sakes she was bound to try to keep alive. Her work in Graham's Town, and her contributions to the *South African Review*, fill a considerable part of Miss Buckland's little book. "A picture drawn by unskilled hands" is the biographer's judgment on her work. If the hands are unskilled, love has given them a cunning unsurpassed by that of the most practised workman.

Some of Mr. H. N. Oxenham's "Short Studies in Ecclesiastical History and Biography" (Chapman and Hall), reprinted from the *Saturday Review*, are in the slashing style which that review so often affects. One who writes in such a style is always tempted to say smart things for the pleasure of saying them; but though Mr. Oxenham comes perilously near this in his strictures on Dean Stanley's sermon about Gothic architecture, he generally manages to master the temptation. The subjects of the essays—"Preaching, Ancient and Modern," the "Judenhaus in History," "Iconoclasm," "Dr. Cumming," &c.—are all interesting, and all give scope for plenty of literary swordplay. Mr. Oxenham prides himself on his impartiality; in "Base and Bloody Gardiner" he does his best to rehabilitate that prelate; in "The Prophecy of St. Malachy" he proves the spuriousness of what a good many Catholics believe to be genuine. These brilliant essays remind us of one thing, the sad mutability of the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Froude indeed is now as he was when Mr. Oxenham first wrote, the perverse schoolboy whose History paper is always full of wilful blunders; but how changed the tone of the review in regard to Mr. Gladstone!

Those who are not content to rush round the quondam capital of Italy, but intend to do it thoroughly and lovingly, will be thankful that Miss Horner and her sister have brought out a new and enlarged edition of "Walks in Florence and Its Environs" (Smith and Elder). The book is not only valuable for its exhaustive descriptions of churches, public buildings, galleries, museums, but also for its references to the best works on special subjects. Armed with these two volumes, the visitor will not only be sure of missing no object of interest, but will be put on the right track if he cares, during his stay, to go yet more deeply into archaeology, family history, &c. Nearly half the second volume is devoted to the environs, including the Villa Stibbert, with its curious collection of armour. We wish a few more details had been given about the University.

The following remark in reference to the story of Hagar gives the key to Mr. Heber Newton's views in "The Book of the Beginnings" (Putnam; New York and London):—"Morality grows with the growth of the race, and we must not judge the child by the standard of the man. The Hebrews became a monogamous people; but they frankly let their traditions stand, showing the lower social state of their great ancestors." He rightly judges that the age of the Pentateuch is a question for Hebrew scholars; if (as Dr. Davidson says) there is no important difference between the language of these books and that of those written shortly before the return from the Captivity, to assign the former to Moses is as if one should claim for Ælfréd the authorship of one of Macaulay's Essays. Mr. Newton, who is rector of All Souls', New York City, shows considerable insight as well as a thorough acquaintance with the latest authorities. In Genesis xxxviii. 9, for instance, he finds, "a hint of the change that was coming over society, the early communism breaking up, and men growing anxious to bequeath estates to their children, and to found families bearing their own names." The notes contain, in parallel columns, the Elohistic and Jehovistic accounts of the Flood; the preface explains Mr. Newton's appearance as a Bible critic. He was asked to "talk" about the Bible to the grown-up members of his congregation, much puzzled with the questions asked by "Young America." His Bishop stopped these "talks;" and Mr. Newton thought it right to publish them in self-defence. He is not destructive; he is simply probing for solid ground. The book is very interesting; but we object to Joseph being called a well-favoured major-domo; and it savours of the newspaper rather than the critical essay to talk of "fat tithes and snug cities unclaimed by the priesthood for eight centuries."

The author of "What is the Church?" (London Book Society) has studied F. D. Maurice as closely as Mr. Newton has Colenso. There are some very good remarks in the chapter on "The Study of the Old Testament:" "Deal with it as you ought to do with every book; leave behind you the spirit of criticism, and learn what truth and wisdom there is in it." Mr. Newton would fully assent to this, though his way of looking at Scripture is widely different from "A. C.'s." "A. C." gets rather into a dilemma about the sects. They have not been, in God's providence, an unmixed evil; and yet we cannot think of God deliberately willing evil that good might be brought out of it—a difficulty, by the way, which has puzzled wiser heads than "A. C.'s."

Grimm's tales were mostly gathered in North-Western Germany. Professor Vernaleken's collection, translated by Mr. E. Johnson under the title, "In the Land of Marvels" (Sonnenschein), comes from Lower Austria and Bohemia. Hence the book is not only a pleasant collection of fairy-tales, but also has considerable interest for the folk-lore. We are glad Mr. Johnson has the courage to give up the theory of Schwartz and Hahn, popularised among us by Max Müller and Cox, about solar and other natural phenomena. The theory falls to the ground, unless we are prepared to admit that men drew their ideas of spiritual being from watching the changes of the sky. In Goethe's "Erl King" the boy projects on the mist the idea already in his fancy; and this appears the more probable order of evolution. It seems that in Eastern Germany the dwarfs, so often malignant in the North, are in general cunningly benevolent; instead of being representatives of an earlier and persecuted race they are (like the Gaelic "good people") the spirits of ancestors. The little volume will make an excellent prize either for boys or girls; we have tried, and have found the tales highly appreciated. That strange creature, the "Judas She-Devil," lends a new and delicious horror to several of them.

Mr. Arthur Reade may be right in saying that a cyclist can go further on tea than he can on beer; but our experience does not coincide with his as to the growing preference for tea over beer in the harvest field. Nevertheless, we recommend his "Tea and Tea-Drinking" (Sampson Low) to those who care to know what men have said for and against "the Chinese nymph of tears," from the Dutchman who recommended 200 cups a day to the late unhappy Dean of Bangor, who held much the same views on the subject as John Wesley. The little book is full of amusing anecdotes. It also touches on the free breakfast-table question. Last year the revenue from tea was about 4¼ millions, that from strong drinks being nearly 125½ millions.

Of Mr. Saintsbury's revision of Scott's edition of "John Dryden's Works" (Paterson: Edinburgh), Vols. VII. and VIII. are before us. The former contains "The Duke of Guise," and its curious "Vindication," in which Dryden draws out at length the parallel between the League and the Parliament; and "Don Sebastian," with

its model dedication to Philip Sidney, Earl of Chichester, "the second Atticus, who owes nothing to the former besides the word Roman." The latter contains "Amphitryon," by no means a mere adaptation of Molière's play, which, by the way, far surpasses it in decency; "King Arthur," a dramatic opera, which makes one think sadly what Milton would have done had he taken in hand the Arthurian epic; "Cleomenes," with Creech's "Life," "Love Triumphant," and some doubtful plays, "The Mall," &c., the dull indecency of which makes one hope they are not Dryden's. To Sir Walter Scott's criticisms Mr. Saintsbury appends in each case a few apposite lines of his own. Thus in regard to "Cleomenes," in which the most incomplete character is the hero himself, he points out a curious (probably, he thinks, apocryphal) story given by Mr. Forshall (whose book we lately reviewed) of its having been acted at Westminster in 1695 in honour of the author. We wish the reviser had seen his way to give more of the modern criticisms on his author, including Mr. M. Arnold's and Mr. Swinburne's.

"Notes on Ingersoll" (Hodges, Soho Square) is a reprint from the *Buffalo Union and Times*, of the Rev. Louis A. Lambert's "crushing reply to that notorious little fraud." Ingersoll we take to be a shallow retailer of stale Atheism; and it is no very hard task "to hold him up, like another unmasked Mokanna, to the contempt and scorn of mankind"—a contempt which he has earned not by the matter of his objections but by the manner in which they are put forth. Still, though Colonel Ingersoll may be contemptible, a good many of his allegations are very much the reverse, and Mr. Lambert often forgets his own maxim that "every cause suffers from injudicious advocates." In talking of the Canaanites, for instance, he mistakes verbiage for argument; and in discussing the United States' wars against the Indians Ingersoll decidedly has the best of it. The book is in the form of pseudo-dialogue, a passage from Ingersoll being met by a comment from Lambert; but such a method is open to the charge of unfairness, inasmuch as the framer of the reply selects the passage to be replied to. So much of our infidelity is due to gross ignorance that a sledge-hammer style like Mr. Lambert's may, perhaps, be the best weapon against it.

The last word, "Supernatural," in Part X. of Dr. Stormonth's "Dictionary" (Blackwood) makes us regret the want of references, our only complaint against an otherwise admirable book. It is a want of which no one complains in Brachet and other compendiums; just because these do not run to 1,200 pp. imperial octavo.

The ninth vol. of *The Antiquary* (Elliot Stock) is decidedly above the average. Among many valuable papers we may note "The Study of Coins," by R. S. Poole; Mr. Tempny on the brasses in All Hallows', Barking, one of these being to W. Thynne, Clerk of the Kitchen to Henry VIII., and ancestor of the Marquis of Bath; Mrs. Damant's lively sketch of Brading in the Isle of Wight; Mr. Hubert Hill on "The Exchequer Chess Game." Mr. Gomme's "Old Land Rights of Municipal Corporations," and Mr. James Gairdner's "House of Lords," are papers of more enduring interest, and are both of them very timely just now.

Mr. Axel Gustafson has chosen a sensational title, "The Foundation of Death" (Kegan Paul), for a book so uncompromisingly teetotal that it condemns the use of fermented wine in the Sacrament. Mr. Gustafson has tried to write an exhaustive treatise, and has consulted more than 3,000 writers, from the German Schrick (1483), and our own Dr. Turner (1568), to the just-published work of Dr. Valpy Trench. Of course he has also studied the Ancients, but strangely enough, he classes these among French authors, having gone to the Paris editions of about 1550. His title, he says, is due to the conviction that "Alcohol, pre-eminently a destroyer in every department of life, is one chief foundation of that gradual change which we call death." The work deals with the subject under all its aspects—the history; the results, physiological, pathological, moral, social; the views of doctors on the use of alcohol as a medicine; and a full answer to the question, "What Can be Done?" Every one who is interested in the great Temperance question should read the book. We have noted one of the author's extravagances; *per contra* we must add that in accounting for the failure of Coffee Taverns he shows much common sense. They fail because they are apt to be frowsy and unattractive, and because they often sell unsavoury victuals.

"Greenhouse Management for Amateurs" (Upcott Gill) is a thoroughly practical book, containing the newest information about houses, heating, insects, and general culture, and also a dictionary of plants, with special directions for successfully growing and propagating them. Vines are naturally a separate subject, though there is something about them in the monthly calendar.

A DUTCH CAFÉ CHANTANT

ROTTERDAM boasts two very good theatres, the Groot Schomburg and the Nieuwe Schomburg, and how good Dutch acting is we had an opportunity of judging in London two or three years ago. But dramatic performances, however excellent, in a language of which one does not understand a word, soon pall, and as a Dutch hotel is not a lively place to pass a winter's evening in, one is naturally tempted to seek other places of amusement, and not to be too fastidious as to the quality of the entertainment therein presented, and that was how we first came to visit a *café chantant* in Rotterdam. The idea, however, emanated from my *compagnon de voyage*, who, having visited the famous city before, knew something of its ins and outs. Sallying forth from our hotel one cold winter's night, we made for one of the principal streets, which, after traversing for some little way, we quitted for a dark narrow thoroughfare, approached by a descent of three or four steps, and stopped before the door of a house which had nothing to distinguish it from its fellows save that a dim gas lamp shone above its portal, which stood wide open. From a hole in the passage wall a head peered out at us, and laying down a couple of small coins upon the sill of this doorway, we lifted a sort of blanket curtain which hung over an inner entrance, and found ourselves in a long narrow room, with seats and little round tables ranged on each side, until they met a rail-off space, which was reserved for the orchestra; beyond that there was a raised stage, decorated at the back with extraordinary manifestations in blue, yellow, and green, supposed to be a landscape. In the front of this, seated in a crescent, *à la Moore* and Burgess Minstrels, were about eight or nine girls, dressed in short skirts, reaching to the knee, and displaying arms, legs, and busts quite in accordance with our preconceived notions of the Dutch *wrouw*; all, with the help of pearl powder, rouge, and frizzed hair, were buxom and good-looking, but fat—no other word can describe their amplitude of person, bulk of limb, and, in a few, entire absence of waist. When we entered they were engaged in an amicable chat among themselves, varied by an occasional recognition of a new comer, who lifted his hat as he entered the room. There was no chairman, and the young ladies seemed to sing when they chose and what they chose; in the interim the orchestra, when it was not indulging in refreshment, played some lively tune. The audience was not large, and consisted principally of respectable-looking seamen and young fellows who might have been shopmen. All were smoking, and most were talking quietly among themselves. Everybody was thoroughly free and easy, the performers chatted, the orchestra chatted, and the audience chatted without any regard to each other. Presently one of the young ladies rose, and went off the stage, to return a minute or two afterwards with some music in her hand, which she passed down to the musicians, and we were surprised to hear the orchestra strike up the prelude to an English concert-hall song, which the fair cantatrice proceeded to give in the language and



HAULING TIMBER



A TIMBER "JAM"

style familiar to frequenters of the "Royal" or the "Middlesex." By and by we discovered that three-fourths of the company were English girls. Whether the Dutchmen understand these ditties we cannot say; at all events, they listened attentively and applauded vigorously—but so do Londoners at the French plays.

When a young lady had done her turn she occasionally descended from the stage, with a shawl or cloak wrapped round her to mark the transition from her ideal to her real existence, and partook of a bottle of wine with some admirer. Any one among the audience was permitted to show his appreciation of talent and beauty by paying for refreshment to be consumed by the same, but nothing less than wine could procure him the pleasure of the young lady's company; he might watch her drink his beer, or bottled stout, or *petit verre* of cognac, upon the stage, and share it with her companions, but he must sacrifice to Bacchus to bring her down from her pedestal.

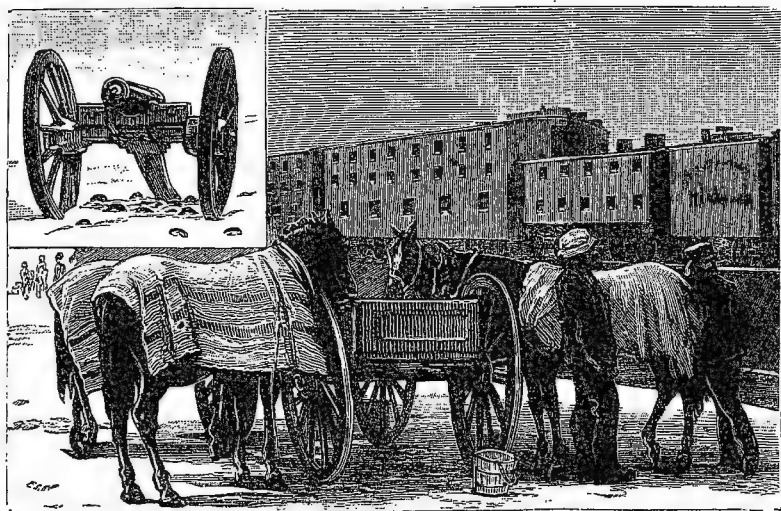
We had not been in the room long before the secret of the bulk of these representatives of the fleshly school was revealed to us by their astonishing capacity for liquids. It was marvellous! Beer and cognac, cognac and beer, stout, claret and lemonade, stout, and claret were sequences of constant occurrence—for all refreshments went the round of the crescent, and a sip was seldom refused by any, and what the ladies had no stomach for the double bass in the orchestra relieved them of—of course we mean the gentleman who played upon that instrument.

He was an extraordinary being, that double bass. The orchestra consisted of three, a pianist, a cornet, and the aforesaid. The pianist was but an ordinary colourless personage, a mere thumper of ivory, no more distinguished from other men than his piano was from others of equal octaves; but his *confrères* were men of character and dramatic contrast. The cornet was a man of sadness, a man who lived in the shadow of life; undoubtedly a pessimist—perhaps a disciple of Schopenhauer; he was of cadaverous complexion; he was heavy-eyed, and with drooping corners to his mouth; he turned his face full upon the stage, and played only when he felt disposed; once when a young lady handed him a part for her song he ignored the fact, and continued to discuss a hunk of bread and cheese and a glass of beer, and afterwards to fill his pipe and deliberately smoke before he resumed his professional duties. Then "he blew a blast so loud and drear" that it was evident his meal had disagreed with him. He was a man who had outlived all illusions; paint and pearl-powder and frizzed hair and syren voices had ceased to charm him; perhaps he was a man with a story; perhaps once upon a time he had loved some syren not wisely, but too well; or perhaps it was all liver. The double bass was the exact opposite of his *confrère*—he was an incarnate antic. Life to him was all fun and heel-taps; if the young ladies could not quite finish their stout, or beer, or cognac, or wine, or lemonade, they handed him down the glasses and mugs, and these were emptied in the twinkling of an eye. But this capacity for

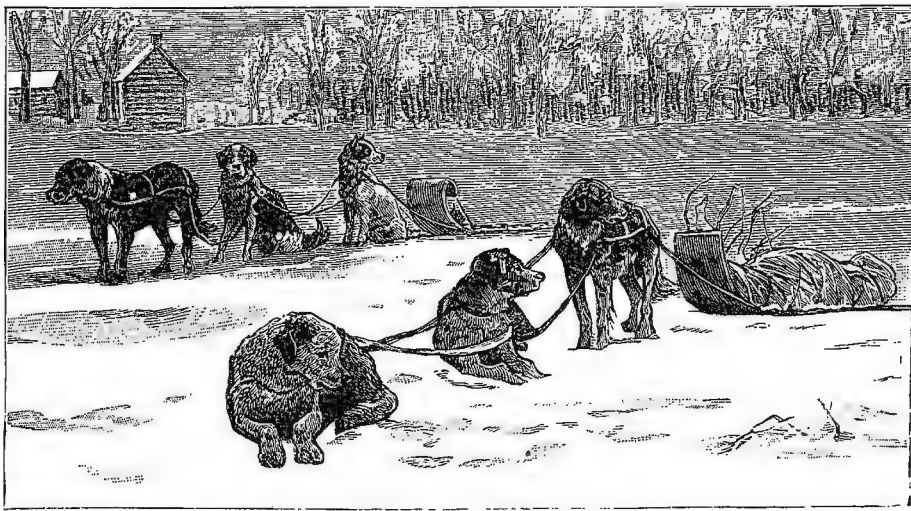
liquids had not affected him in the same manner as it had his fair associates, for he was lean and bony and lantern-jawed. He was as capricious in the discharge of his duties, and treated the singers with as scant respect, as did the cornet, but it was after a different fashion. He also ate and smoked when he should have wielded his bow, but he enjoyed the idea prodigiously. He laughed and chuckled, and contorted and grimaced—he was a perfect master of grimace, and worked his features like a piece of india rubber; he winked at the audience; he lolled out his tongue at the singers; he cracked jokes with his brother musicians, and went into convulsions of laughter; then he would suddenly seize the bow and perpetrate a wild fantasia obligato, and actually dance round his instrument. How such fantastic behaviour would have affected an English audience we need not stop to inquire, but upon the phlegmatic Rotterdamsche it produced scarcely a smile. We suppose they were used to it.

After a few songs had been sung, all the company suddenly quitted the stage and descended the short flight of steps that led into the body of the room; the waiter pushed back the seats, the orchestra struck up a waltz, the double-bass, setting to his instrument in the most pronounced Mabilite style, danced and played at the same time, each lady selected a partner, the few women there were among the audience did likewise, and in a few minutes all were whirling round the room in the mazes of the valse. When they had had enough of this the young ladies refreshed with

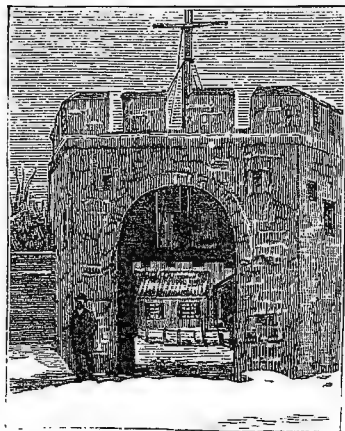
Field-Gun at Fort Garry



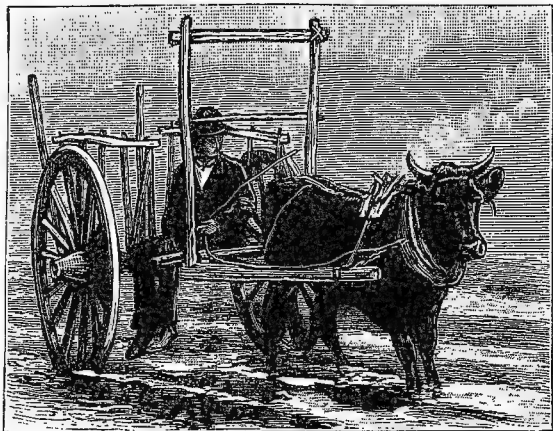
LABOURERS' LIVING CARS ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILWAY



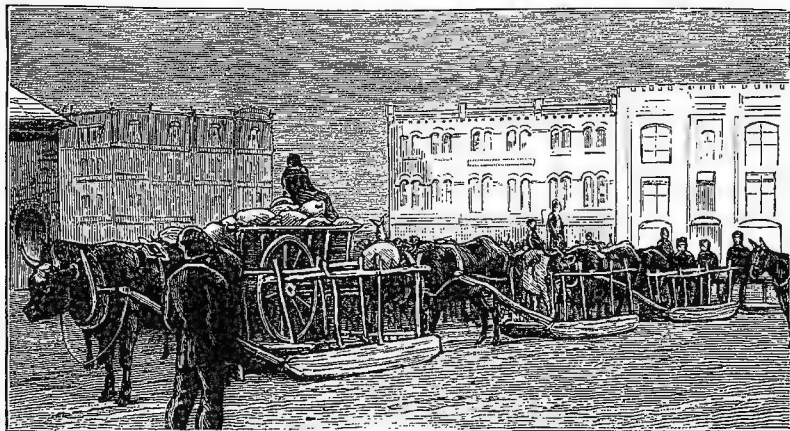
THE MAIL TRAIN FROM SELKIRK TO LAKE WINNIPEG



THE LAST OF FORT GARRY



A RED-RIVER OX-CART



OX-TRAIN, MARKET SQUARE, WINNIPEG



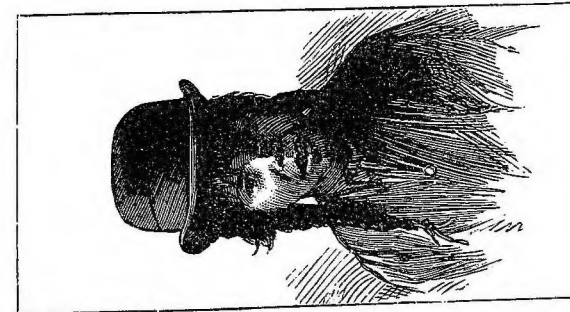
ASSINIBOINE INDIAN



ASSINIBOINE INDIAN



SQUAW WITH HALF-BRED PAPOOSE

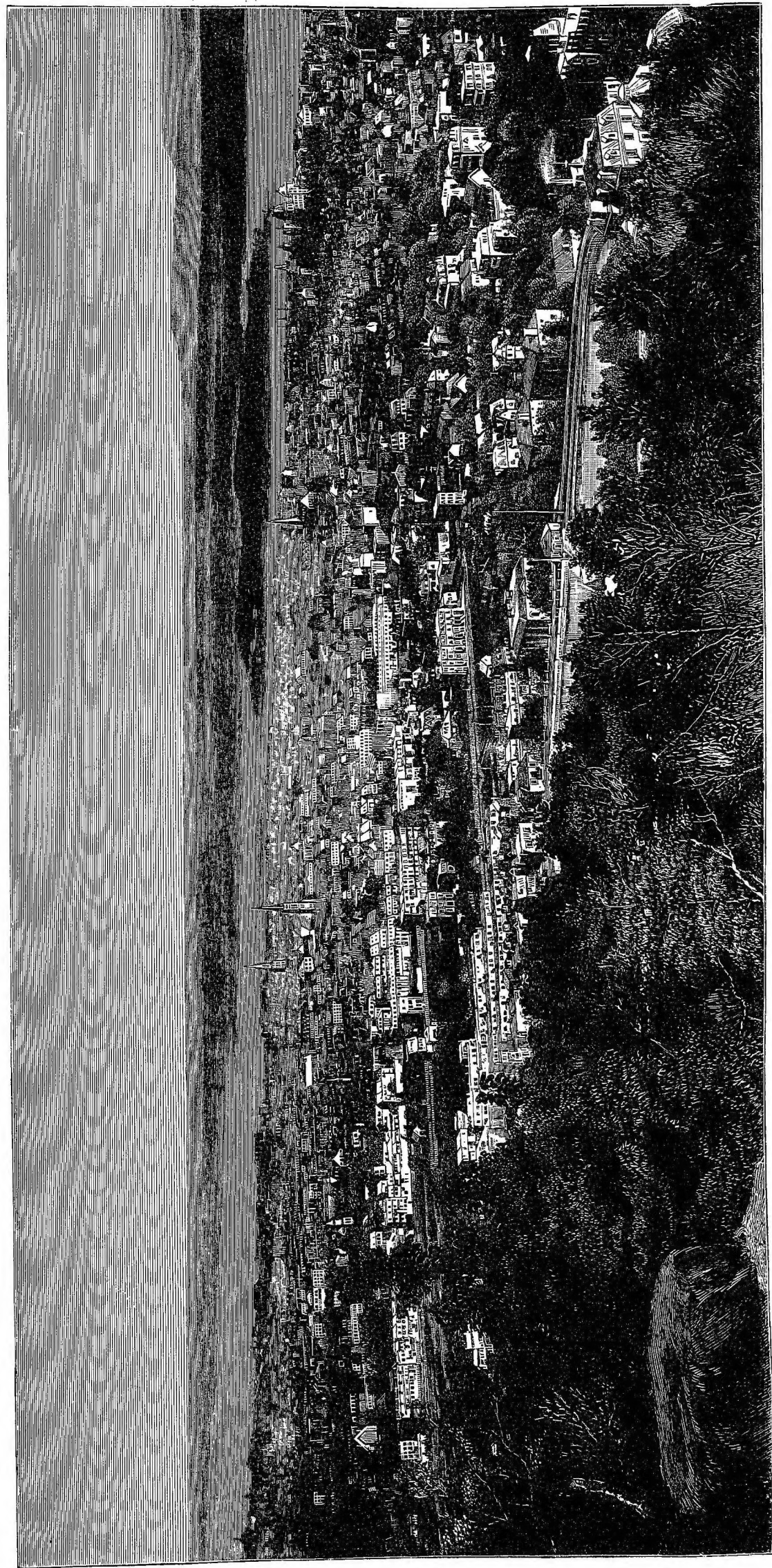


INDIAN LAD



A MEDICINE MAN

INDIAN TYPES AT WINNIPEG



VIEW OF MONTREAL
CANADA ILLUSTRATED

their partners, mounted to the stage again, and resumed their seats, where we left them.

The most curious and unique of all these places, however, we discovered at Amsterdam.

Passing along one of the busiest thoroughfares, our ears were caught by the tinkling of a piano, which proceeded from a house across the entrance to which was gathered a dingy curtain; drawing this aside, we found ourselves in a room not larger than a good-sized dining-room; near the door were a few tables and chairs, at which about half-a-dozen men were smoking and drinking; opposite, on the right, was a tiny counter, that served as a bar; on the shelves at the back were three or four bottles, supposed to contain claret or cognac, and beneath was a dark entrance that seemed to lead to a kitchen or cellar; in the left-hand corner, seated upon a platform, about the size and height of a kitchen table, were three women in tawdry finery, and faces that looked as if they had been painted the night before; on the floor, close against the platform, was a piano, at which presided a woman even grimmer than the vocalists. The routine was much the same as that we have just described, except that there was no dancing; the ladies sang when the spirit moved them, and talked when it did not, and the audience accepted the conditions. Presently there rushed out of the cellar and bounded upon the stage a young gentleman whom we had observed in his shirt sleeves snoking behind the bar when we entered; he had now donned a suit of striped cotton that would have been glaring had not its crimson and yellow bars been dimmed by dirt. The piano struck up a comic tune, and the young man yelled and screamed some extraordinary ditty in Dutch, at the end of each verse the ladies behind broke in with a mocking ha, ha, ha! at which the vocalist screamed and yelled more loudly than ever, knocked his hat over his eyes, jumped from one side of the stage to the other, and finished up with a demoniac break-down. There were about eight or nine verses of this terrible ear-splitting performance, at the end of which he sprang off the stage and dived back into the cellar, amidst the loud clapping of six pairs of hands.

One of the most remarkable features of these exhibitions was their decorousness— even when the girls sat and drank at the tables there was no whispering, no loud laughter, no romping, indeed, no suggestion of impropriety, and the dancing was not so lively as it might have been in an English private house.

We cannot say quite as much for the more pretentious Halls we visited, although the behaviour of the girls there scarcely passed beyond what may be observed nightly at London music-halls and at theatres devoted to burlesque. There is one street in a low part of Rotterdam, however, much frequented by sailors, in which at least every third house is a *café-chantant*, with simply a curtain drawn across the door, the sights and sounds of which recall the palmy days of Ratcliff Highway, and where the braying of cornets, the scraping of fiddles, and the tinkling of pianos render the night hideous.

H. B. B.



II.

THE *Scottish Review* for this month contains much that is valuable, although its great interest is, of course, for Scotch people. The opening essay is "Unpublished Notices of James Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrews," and is conclusive as to the unscrupulous and unprincipled character of the man, who fell a victim to men who, at all events, thought earnestly. Article 5, "The Scottish Loyalists," deals with the psychic and political movement that induced nobles like Huntley and Montrose to undergo danger and hardship for the Stuarts. "Highland Land Law Reform" treats of the depopulation of the Highlands caused by sheep-runs and deer-forests, and of the problem of giving new life and vigour to the North of Scotland by the creation of a peasant proprietary.

Harper's for August scarcely presents so many features of varied interest as usual. There is abundant description of localities in the United States and in Europe. Mr. George Boughton, A.R.A., writes on "Artists' Strolls in Holland," Mr. William Rideon on "The Gateway of Boston," Mr. Ernest Ingersoll on "Salt Lake City," and Mr. Treadwell Walden on "The Great Hall of William Rufus." These articles all deal with architecture or scenery, and are well illustrated. "Antelope Hunting in Montana" is very fair reading, and we have only praise for a story by Mrs. Katharine S. Macquoid, "The Manor House of Kersuel."

In this month's *Atlantic Monthly* we have "Bugs and Beasts Before the Law," an historical paper, illustrative of the powers claimed by the Church to act by spiritual threat against vermin noisome to man. "Dinky," by Miss Mary Brainerd, is a touching tale of a mulatto child in the days before the American Civil War. "An Old New England Divine" is a biographical sketch of Ezra Stiles, the friend of Jefferson and Franklin; and "A Modern Prophet" is warmly eulogistic of the life and work of Frederic Denison Maurice. "Maurice's thought," says the writer, "has influenced a vast number of minds in England and America, not in theology alone, but in the interpretation of history and politics. The inspirer of Tennyson, Kingsley, Hughes, Ludlow, to name no others, was and remains a power. The life which presents him, under the manly guidance of his son, to multitudes on both sides of the Atlantic who never saw him will unquestionably reinforce his influence, for it will associate his teachings with a large, distinct, and luminous personality."

Mr. Proctor contributes to the *North American Review* for August an article on "The Origin of Comets," in which he explains his theory that they are composed of meteoric stones ejected from solar and planetary bodies in violent eruption. Mr. John Hume asks, with reference to his countrymen of the United States, "Are We a Nation of Rascals?" His answer is more or less affirmative, and bears on the dishonoured debts of States and Municipalities. This same number contains an interesting essay on "The American Element in Fiction," by Mr. Julian Hawthorne. "Prohibition and Persuasion," by General Neal Dow and Dr. Dio Lewis, concerns itself with the measures to be pursued for the discouragement of drunkenness.

The two most valuable articles in the *Century* for August, perhaps, are "Carmen Sylva," Queen of Roumania, by Miss Helen Zimmern, and "Chinese Gordon," by Mr. W. T. Stead. The first paper is concerned with one of the most attractive of the princely personages in Europe, Miss Zimmern, moreover, having personal acquaintance with "Carmen Sylva." The second is by the interviewer of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who was so strangely instrumental in sending General Gordon to Khartoum. The story, "A Problematic Character," by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, promises well.

Mr. Ashley W. Cole opens *Manhattan* with a properly illustrated account of "The Yellowstone National Park." The descriptive work has been well done. "Poe in Paris," by Mr. Lewis Rosenthal, is striking evidence of the strange fascination exercised upon the Parisians by the author of "The Raven," and draws a literary parallel between the erratic American and Baudelaire. The short tales are good, and Mr. Julian Hawthorne on "Emerson as an American" is very suggestive.

In *Longman's* Mr. Proctor writes an historical paper on "Earth-

quakes in England." The number of seismic disturbances recorded in this country reaches the very respectable figure of 300. "A Blue Grass Penelope" is continued in characteristic style by Mr. Bret Harte. "Thackeray and the Theatre," a posthumous paper, by the late Mr. Dutton Cook, has a sad interest of its own apart from its intrinsic merit.

To-day contains a review by Mr. J. L. Joynes, of Eton and Irish fame, of Dr. Zacher's book, "The Red International." The most effective article else is "Revolution and Reform," by Mr. H. M. Hyndman, who unequivocally states his entire disagreement with Whigg, Tory, Liberal, and Conservative, with Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Salisbury, and is all for the achievement of socialistic ends by action.

The *St. Nicholas*, an illustrated magazine for young folks, is full of matters charming, we should suppose, for the young. It treats much of animals. "Old Sheep and the Central Park Sheep," by Franklin H. North, and "Eighth Spinning Wheel Story," by Louisa M. Allcott, deserve special notice. The contents, as a whole, are worthy of their kindly object—the amusement of the young.

In *The Cornhill* Mr. Payn's "Some Literary Recollections" are as entertaining and full of anecdote as ever. There is also a bright historical sketch of "Beaumont's," and the opening story, "Archdeacon Holden's Tribulations," is told with capital humour and delicate satire.

The frontispiece in the *English Illustrated Magazine* is an excellent engraving, by Balez István, from that charming picture, "Dawn," by Mr. E. J. Gregory, A.R.A. There is a good illustrated paper, by Mr. Henry Palmer, on "Cutlery and Cutlers at Sheffield." "Doughton Scrip" is an amusing account of one of his New Zealand experiences by Mr. Archibald Forbes. Mr. Swinburne contributes some musically rhythmic verse, "A Ballad of Sark." Mr. Weyman's tale, "Bab," is capital too, in its way.

In the *Magazine of Art* the frontispiece is an engraving, by Mr. H. Werdmüller, of Mr. George H. Boughton's picture in this month's Academy, "A Field Handmaiden, Brabant." Mr. David Hannay writes a valuable paper on "The Ship Before Steam," in which he regrets with justice that more has not been done in this country for the history of naval architecture and history. In this department of literature the French are ahead of us. "The Inns of Chancery," by Rev. W. J. Loftie, will be attractive to those interested in the old London which is gradually passing away. "St. Agnes Eve," from the picture by Adolf Schweitzer, is a charming moon-lit, snow-covered rustic landscape. The idea of winter and of silence is well conveyed.

Mr. J. Burnwell Clark contributes the frontispiece, "The Dinner Hour," to the *Art Journal*. It is drawn and etched by himself, and is not without merit. The harmony of thought between the wearied horse enjoying its repast and the wearied boy piping after his dinner may not be at once perceived, but it is there. "Landscapes in London," by Mr. Tristram Ellis, have general interest, but should have a special attraction both for the intelligent and the art-loving Londoner. Dr. Macmillan's "The Western Riviera, Nice," is good, and the illustrations are excellent; but well worthy of perusal is "Castelfranco and its Altar-Piece by Giorgione," by Henry Wallis. The illustrations by Mr. H. Darvall cannot be praised too highly.



"VENUS'S DOVES," by Ida Ashworth Taylor (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is apparently intended to be a study of such simplicity as is suggested by the title and its accompanying motto. Violet is unquestionably an *ingénue* of the first water. Her notions about love and marriage might, at starting, be summed up in a chapter corresponding to that about snakes in Ireland—in short, considering that she is an intelligent young woman of the nineteenth century, we cannot entirely believe in her. Granting her existence, however, and allowing for those preposterous misunderstandings out of which the plots of so many modern novels are constructed, the gradual development of her perception is exceedingly well described. Miss Taylor often displays genuine pathos, and her imagination is strong and true enough to convince the reader that everything she describes would be so if it only could be so. The story is pleasing enough in itself, though certainly conventional. The hero, who is supposed to be dead, through being confused with a namesake, and who contrives to turn up in the very nick of time on Christmas Day, is a very old acquaintance indeed, though perhaps not for that reason an unwelcome one. The authoress does not, however, depend for her interest upon incident or plot-making, or even much upon her portraiture of character, which is all of the simplest description. She keeps loyally to her main idea, as illustrated in Violet, of showing how effective may be made, by means of art and sympathy, that hitherto rather despised and neglected personage, the *ingénue* of fiction. A motive so clearly conceived and well-sustained is enough, without its more commonplace merits, to give "Venus's Doves" a place decidedly above the average merit.

"Point-Blank," by the author of "Jack Urquhart's Daughter" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), is the meaningless title of a novel for which it would certainly be difficult to discover any title that had a meaning. Its interest is apparently intended to be derived from a minute study of the idiosyncracies of the members of various families. These peculiarities consist of two—an indulgence in vulgar slang, and, on the part of the young women who are married, for attracting other young women's husbands. The author, in short, finds himself in this critical dilemma. If his people are actual, and his incidents true, then they are not worth reproducing or studying; if they are not true and actual, they are decidedly not worth imagining. The whole tone of the work is coarse and clumsy, and, indeed, it is impossible that any story in which these characters take all the parts could be made really interesting, even with much greater skill. As it is, however, the story could not well prove interesting even with the help of a very much better order of characters. Still we will not go so far as to say that, as a contribution to the slang dictionary, the novel is unamusing, if only for the eccentric flavour of some of the specimens, Transatlantic and otherwise. "Point-Blank" is, at any rate, outside the average run of novels, which is something in its favour, if it does not succeed in rising above them.

"Dissolving Views," by Mrs. Andrew Lang (2 vols.: Longmans, Green, and Co.), is presumably, an account of the more or less pleasant and amusing experiences which the authoress has shared in common with most people, whose lives run in the ordinary social grooves. She has a light and easy-going pen, and a considerable amount of what she rather too scornfully disparages as skin-deep learning, and would probably write capital letters to friends who lived in strict retirement, and were easily amused by sketches of sight-seeing taken at first hand. We have an account of a University match at Lord's, written with orthodox contempt for all who go from less noble motives than to watch the game; a performance of the *Clouds* of Aristophanes in Kensington, accompanied by a descriptive *résumé* of the comedy and translations from the choruses; critical visits to the Royal Academy, with special reference to the

Diploma Room; a dinner party; a garden party; a visit to a country-house in the Highlands; a tour in Brittany; a philanthropic entertainment in the East End; and any number of such experiences, which would take over-long to mention. All is strung together by a love story, never rising beyond the region of mild sentiment, wherein, according to the prevalent taste, the feeble attractions of youth fade into nothing beside the mature fascinations of a middle-aged Crichton, who has lived and loved before he becomes the fate of the heroine. The latter and her authoress hold all the proper drawing-room views about everything, from Art upwards or downwards, mingled with a little light satire at the expense of those who are unable to share them. The touch of super-fineness is perfectly sincere, and affords a faithful picture of the state of a large class of highly-superior minds. Though the effect is somewhat that of an expanded "London Letter," the novel has not the slightest tinge of vulgarity, and there are points here and there which suggest a genuine love of Nature, not entirely cut from the conventional pattern and made to order. Interested in this chronicle of small beer nobody can possibly be; but it is certain to be found amusing by those who like to see their own experiences in print, and especially those who like to feel that their flirtations and sentimental fancies are really things to be proud of, and worth being made the theme of a full-blown novel.

We have received also the following novels and tales:—"Love's Rainbow," by Philippa P. Jephson (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.); "A Country Doctor," by Sarah Orme Jewett (1 vol.: Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.); "Couleur de Rose," by Mick J. Burke (2 vols.: Sonnenschein and Co.); "Ayala's Angel," by Anthony Trollope (New Edition: Ward, Lock and Co.); "Le Dernier Scapin," by Richard Lesclide (1 vol.: Paris: Charavay Frères); "Mary Elwood," by J. M. Barker (2 vols.: Remington and Co.); "Jill," by E. A. Dillwyn (2 vols.: Macmillan and Co.).

THE LATEST FORM OF "SPORT" AND WAGERING seems to have been that of a match between an American and a German in New York, the issue being who could sit longest with a six-pound lump of ice in each hand.

COLLECTING THE BREAKFAST-ROLLS OF CELEBRITIES is the latest fancy amongst German relic-hunters. Part of the roll must have been eaten by some famous beauty, actress, or singer, or some distinguished man, and the remnant is then ticketed by the collector, "This roll was bitten into by — on — while taking coffee."

M. PASTEUR'S HYDROPHOBIA EXPERIMENTS are proving most satisfactory. He lately caused nineteen mad dogs to bite thirty-eight others, half of which had been inoculated with the hydrophobia virus and the remaining half left untouched. All the latter died of rabies, while those inoculated are well and perfectly healthy, although they will be carefully watched for a year, to test whether the inoculation does permanent or only temporary good. M. Pasteur holds that rabies is produced solely by the bite, and that accordingly a law compelling dogs to be inoculated would in the end completely extirpate hydrophobia.

NOTTING DALE TEMPERANCE HALL.—This hall, at 49, Tobin Street, which was opened lately, is interesting as having been built by the working men themselves. One of their number gave the ground on which it stands, sacrificing a large chicken-yard for the purpose. The hall will be open every evening, and on Sunday afternoons. Lectures, discussions, and entertainments will be given, and there will also be established a penny bank and free library. Gifts of books, flowers, and pictures will be thankfully received by the Hon. Secretary, Miss Kate Thornbury, 12, Horbury Crescent, Notting Hill Gate.

TELEGRAPHY IN THE UNITED STATES seems likely before long to come under the complete control of the Government, as the late strikes and difficulties have shown Americans the evil of so important an agent in public and business life being the monopoly of private companies and interests. A Bill has been agreed upon by a Parliamentary Committee, providing that the Government may contract with any telegraph company to carry messages for the Post-Office Department, which shall issue telegraph stamps or stamped papers, on the English plan. The maximum rate shall be one shilling for twenty words over a distance not exceeding 1,500 miles—a great reduction on present rates—and 7½d. for such short distances as between New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. This arrangement is regarded as a decisive step towards Governmental telegraphy, as when the Post-Office shows that it can thoroughly supervise and conduct the system, it will speedily acquire the whole management.

WORKING WOMEN well trained towards self-support find it no easy matter to earn a livelihood in these days of keen feminine competition. Those, therefore, who have never been brought up to help themselves, and are left poor or destitute by the death of their relatives, are in sad case, and sorely need the aid of some such association as the Gentlewomen's Self-Help Institute, whose work and claims were lately set forth at a meeting at the Mansion House. This Institute is intended to assist poor educated ladies, relatives of professional men, who are reduced in circumstances. Thus the Institute sells and undertakes orders for work of all kinds done by the members—plain and High Art needlework, wood-carving, painting in all branches, leather work, &c.—provides for translations copying MSS., and music, and includes a registry for governesses and companions. Working members are nominated through a subscriber. Considering the large numbers who come within the scope of the Institute's efforts, monetary help is much wanted, and will be gratefully received by the Hon. Sec., Miss M. G. Lupton, at the Institute, 15, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

MORTUARY FASHIONS occupy much attention across the Atlantic, where funeral ceremonies nowadays are of the most elaborate kind. Two journals—we learn from an account in the *New York Herald*—are specially devoted to this melancholy subject—the *Casket* and the *Shroud*, which are full of the latest novelties in burial toilettes and other funeral fashions, articles on "Æsthetic Burials," accounts of classes of the School of Embalming, &c. The most elaborate "caskets"—as the Americans style coffins—are prepared, gorgeously ornamented with silver, gimp, and cord ornaments, and luxuriously cushioned with velvet, satin, or cloth of the most delicate hues, while catafalques of Parian columns in tufted white satin, between which hang floating angels, are used to support the caskets during the last rites. The "doorknob sashes" at the house of the deceased are equally fanciful, and are often made to imitate black and white sunflowers. No Parisian ball-dress is more festive than some of the burial robes for women and children, which are of white or black satin, cashmere or velvet, smothered in lace and other costly ornaments, brown cashmere and satin robes, like a fanciful monk's habit, being preferred for men. To suit this fashionable garb for the lying-in-state, many corpses are artistically touched up after death, the lips and cheeks are faintly tinted, the hair curled, and the eyelids propped up with waxen eye-caps. Sometimes—especially for young girls—the funeral ceremonies are held at home, and the body lies on a couch, holding a farewell reception. Flowers are, of course, used in profusion, but the practice of sending wreaths has become such a burden that several wealthy families have attempted reform by publishing a notice, "Please omit flowers."

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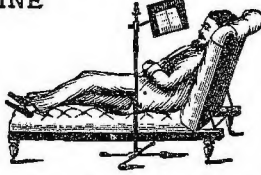
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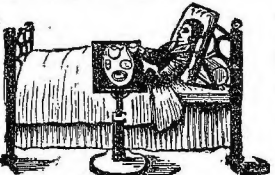


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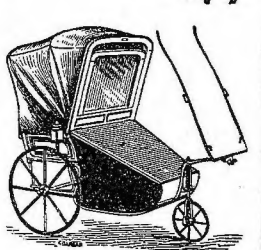


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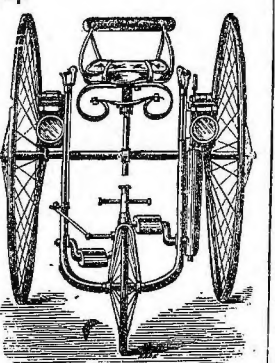
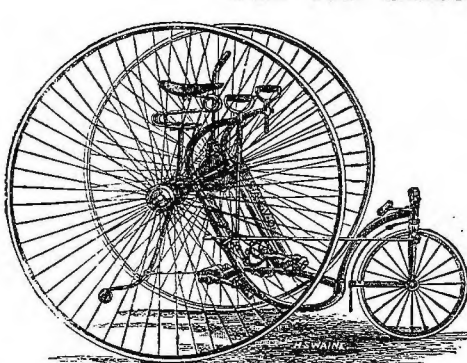
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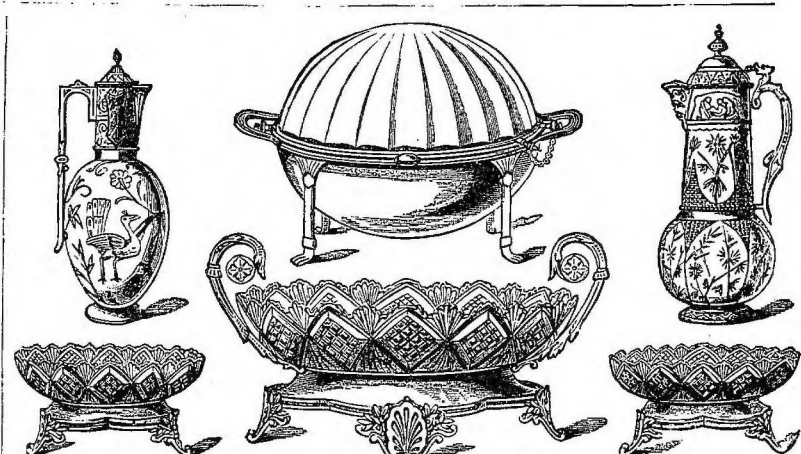
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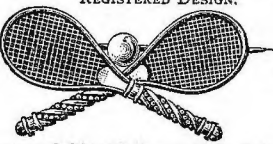
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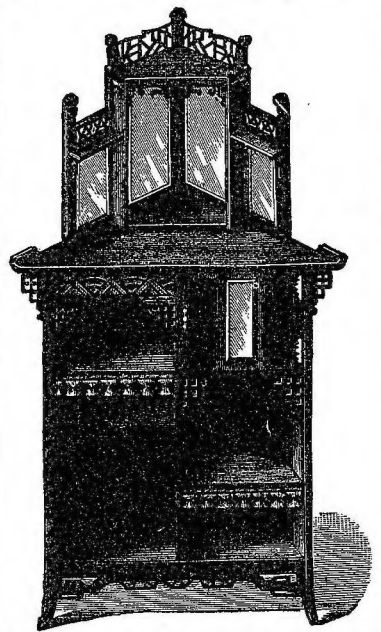
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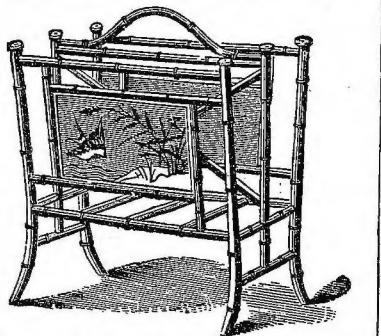
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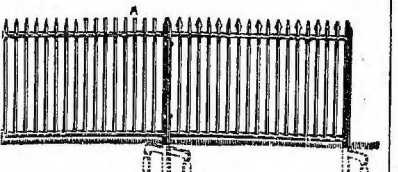
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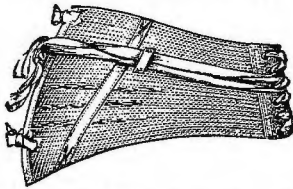
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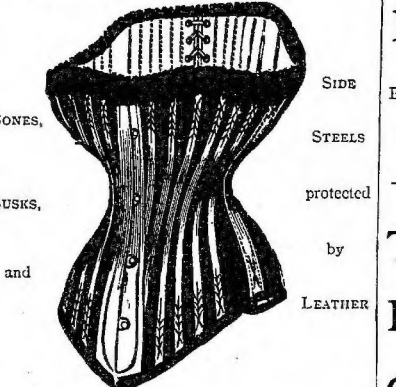
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